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PRICE



Right off the ICE

Do's and Don'ts for skating beginners

Are you going skating this winter?

If it's your first attempt on the ice you will have to learn some do's and don'ts before you're entitled to feel—if not quite look—like Sonja Henie.

SKATING looks so easy a child could do it—and hundreds of them are experts.

Their prodigious feats on the skates give adult beginners a bad inferiority complex and send them wobbling into the beginners' aisle (Mugs' Alley to you) with a look of maddened determination in their eyes.

Skating—like swimming or ballet-dancing—or anything else involving physical effort and your precious dignity is learned most easily in extreme youth.

Neither your curves nor your dignity are as sensitive when you can count your years on one hand.

If, however, your misspent youth did not include the exhilaration of ice-skating it is still not too late to begin.

By keeping your head—and your feet—you can become a proficient skater, instead of the heap of mangled bones you feared you'd be, in a few weeks of concentrated effort.

Here are some helpful "do's" and "don'ts" given by a professional skater:

Make sure your skates fit your feet well. Many begin-



ners make the mistake of allowing a lot of sock room. Thick woollen socks are unnecessary. Firm silk stockings are sufficient.

If you buy new skating boots allow for stretching by choosing boots that lace wide apart at first.

Be confident and relax.

Hold on to a rail or a friend

until you get the feel of your skates.

Lean slightly forward, with your weight over the skate that is striking out.

Bend the knee of the leg that is skating.

You don't skate with your legs only. Your whole body must help to keep your balance.

Don't listen to the horrific tales of skating accidents told by your non-skating friends. The number of injuries on ice is very small.

Don't be frightened. A fall doesn't hurt anything but your dignity.

Don't wear a tight skirt. You need a full skirt to allow for leg movement and to ensure your balance.

Don't wear spectacular skating clothes. They'll only make you more conspicuous if you do tie your skirt in a knot on the ice.

Don't let your more expert friends lure you away from the beginners' rail until you feel pretty confident or unless one of them is prepared to support you.

What not to do

BUT at the same time don't hug the rail when your instructor has pronounced you proficient enough to venture out across the ice. Remember Little Eva. She got across all right.

Don't linger in the centre while you're still a beginner. You'll get in the way of the experts and spoil their fun and your own.

Don't gaze up into your instructor's eyes while he's giving you a lesson. You're liable to lose your balance, and, anyway, he's probably pretty fed up with that sort of thing by now.

Don't say to him, "I'll bet I'm the wobbliest beginner

you've ever helped." He might agree with you.

Don't lean back on your skates. This will not only land you boom on the ice, but will make you look aldermanic in front.

Don't skate with only one foot. You're on skates, not a scooter. You take one stroke to the left, then to the right.

If you can remember these instructions you'll be whizzing more or less gracefully across the ice in no time.

You might not be quite up to the clover-leaf, cross-roll, or other feats of figure skating, but you'll be doing well enough to stay right end up on your skates and still retain that ballerina glamor.

For experts

AND here are some don'ts to remember if and when you become a dazzling expert:

Don't whiz past a beginner in a spectacular spiral just when she is taking her first nervous steps on the ice. It might drive her off in terror, never to return.

Don't laugh out loud when a beginner falls over. It happened to you and you didn't like it.

Don't be impatient with a beginner when you are piloting her over the ice. Your impatience will ruin her balance and probably your own with it, and you'll both fall over.

Don't hog the centre of the ice as if you're the star turn. There are other experts besides yourself who also like to swank a bit.

Don't invite a beginner to go skating with you with a promise to stand by, then desert her after a mere five minutes of your support, leaving her clinging terrified to the rails for a couple of hours.

In short, don't be a show-off.



CLIFF and Rona Thael show how

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN

Academician again.

CELEBRATED portrait painter

Mr. Augustus John was re-elected to the Royal Academy at the last general assembly of Academicians and Associates.

"There is a lack of understanding and difference of outlook between the Academy and myself," he said when he resigned from the Academy three years ago.



MISS ELIZABETH COWELL

Variety programmes.

FOR the first time in six years the British Broadcasting Commission has appointed a woman as announcer. She is Miss Elizabeth Cowell, who has been recalled from duty with the Women's Auxiliary Air Service.

Miss Cowell was one of the original television announcers, and is the B.B.C.'s first woman competitor. She will announce variety programmes.



SIR WILLIAM MITCHELL

No. 1 flying man.

RED-HAIRED, dynamic Air Marshal Sir William Mitchell is Air Officer Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East.

Born in Sydney and educated in England, he is the most senior Australian officer in the Empire's Air Force. Is known to flying men everywhere as "Ginger Mitch," a superb technician.



Radiant skin loveliness

with
**Pear's
Tonic Action**



ECONOMY NOTE: There is no waste with Pear's Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

Pear's tonic action stimulates your skin... leaves it glowingly young and smooth! So make-up looks lovelier—lasts longer. It's long maturing that makes Pear's so transparently pure.

Country nurse tells of the Sackville triplets

Resource and courage in dash to mother's aid

All over the Windsor (N.S.W.) district the residents call her the "Flying Nurse"...

Sturdy, energetic, and kindly, Margaret Butler has taken a personal interest in every one of the 300 babies at whose birth she has assisted during the last 4 years.

YET in all her career she had not anticipated the day when, with no doctor to assist her and working in the bedroom of a small country home, she would help bring into the world three little Australians born to Mrs. Clarence Stewart Noble, of Sackville.

The three babies, carefully swathed in cotton-wool, sleep the day away, while the neighborhood rings with the story of their dramatic arrival.

Nurse Butler lives at Windsor, and it was about 10.30 a.m. on April 22 when she received a call to go to the Noble home at Sackville, 12 miles away.

Her rather ratty old car refused to start, in spite of frenzied pushing it along the road, so she hastily hired another car and a driver.

Half-way out the car collided with a sulky driven by a woman. Nurse Butler jumped out, chased and caught the horse, which had started to run away.

She attended to the woman, who had been slightly injured, commandeered another car, and continued her journey.



"I was worried about Mrs. Noble because I thought that she was probably going to have twins," said Nurse Butler.

"So of course I couldn't waste any time in getting to her."

When she arrived at the punt which crosses the river near the homestead the nurse found it out of order.

Clutching her suitcase she got into the tiny boat moored by the river

bank, rowed across, and rushed up the remaining few hundred yards to the house.

At 1 p.m. the first baby, a boy which weighed 5lb., was born.

At 1.30 a girl, which weighed 5lb., was born, and only 10 minutes later the duet of baby cries became a trio when another boy weighing 4lb. arrived.

"My word, it was a hectic time," said the young nurse.

"Mrs. Noble was wonderful, and, though she was very ill, she had to laugh when she realised that her former family of three had suddenly risen to six."

"Mr. Noble was waiting outside, and I wondered what he would say when I took the three babies out to him, but he laughed, too, and he has been laughing ever since," she said.

Clothes for three

MRS. NOBLE had prepared only one layette, but the resourceful little nurse managed to find enough clothes for the three babies.

The chance of triplets occurring is 13,250 to one.

Only nine triple births occurred in Australia in 1938.

Nurse Butler was happy that the babies were all born normally, and were healthy. That was the big consideration.

She had felt confident that she could handle the case on her own, but when she realised there were to be triplets she rang Dr. Arnold, of Windsor.

"He was operating at the hospital and told me to go ahead," she said.

"I don't think I have ever worked so hard or so fast, even in my hospital training days."

"I had to attend to the babies as well as their mother, though Mrs. Davis, the aunt of Mrs. Noble, was a great help to us."

With a smile she admitted that the girl was the heaviest and yelled the loudest.

Although the babies were not premature, they needed extra care, of course.

Nurse Butler rolled cotton-wool around each little body, and made a lining for their bonnets and booties. She

NURSE BUTLER with the Noble triplets (from left), Brian Stewart, Gwendoline Margaret, and Ian William. See mother's picture on Page 33.

placed the babies side by side in the bassinet.

The three older children were outside with their father, who took charge of them till neighbors heard the news, and came to offer hospitality to them till all the excitement was over.

"I had to think of what we would do next," said the nurse.

Once the babies had arrived, and the mother had settled down, Nurse Butler allowed herself to take stock of the situation.

Continued on Page 22

WAR STOPS OUR FREE NOVEL

Effect of Government's need to ration overseas credits

AS announced last week, the free novel, which has been such a popular feature of The Australian Women's Weekly, will be discontinued after this issue.

This action we take with the greatest regret. Just as soon as circumstances permit, the novel will be restored.

The temporary discontinuance of the free novel has become necessary because war conditions have caused the Federal Government to ask all newspapers to assist in the conservation of dollars and newsprint.

The international exchange situation places a heavy strain on the overseas credits which are needed to buy war materials.

Newsprint has to be paid for in dollars. The total bought by all Australian newspapers runs into millions, and occupies thousands of tons of cargo space.

Our free novel alone consumes 1250 tons of newsprint yearly. This costs 68,000 dollars.

By ceasing to publish the novel, we lighten the strain on Australia's overseas credits by that amount. In effect, it enables the Federal Government to spend 68,000 more dollars on war materials, and to organise more fully Australia's finances for the war.

So, while you must be disappointed at not receiving the free novel as usual with your Australian Women's Weekly, please remember that this is a definite contribution towards the winning of the war.



In Osman Towels the word quality denotes a standard of excellence of design, materials and workmanship unsurpassed. Soft, absorbent and exceptionally hard-wearing, Osman towels are a joy to behold, a pleasure to use and an agreeable economy because they last so long and wash so well.



See the name on the Tag



SEE THEM AT
YOUR DRAPERS
AND STORES

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JANET JOHNSON, lovely young Australian actress at present appearing on the London stage, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Birkin, nephew and heir of Sir Alexander Birkin, Bart.

Australian girl to marry Baronet's heir

Lovely young actress met bridegroom in Hollywood

From London comes the announcement of the engagement of Janet Johnson, lovely young Australian actress, to Mr. Charles Birkin, nephew of Sir Alexander Birkin, Bart., and heir to the title as well as to a considerable fortune.

So another Australian girl will soon be joining the ranks of England's aristocracy.

JANET, who is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Johnson, of Toorak, Melbourne, has been busy making a successful career on the English stage for the past four years.

She is now appearing at the St. Martin's Theatre, London, with Lillian Braithwaite and Margaret Rawlings in "A House in the Square."

Though the engagement comes as a surprise to her Australian friends, this is no sudden romance. Janet has known her fiancé for two years.

They met in Hollywood. He was visiting the film centre, and she was there to fulfil a contract.

Since then they have been friends. Their engagement ring is an heirloom of the Birkin family.

Mr. Birkin belongs to one of the wealthiest families in Nottingham.

His grandfather, the first baronet, was a director of the Great Northern Railway and the Mercantile Steamship Co. His uncle, the second baronet, was High Sheriff for Nottingham in 1915. Another uncle, the third baronet, was a well-known racing motorist.

Mr. Birkin's sister is the smart and soignée Marquessa de Casa Maury, wife of a Spanish Marquis. Two other sisters are soldiers' wives. One is married to a former member of the Life Guards and the other to a Lieutenant in the Hussars.

Mr. Birkin, who is a short-story writer, is 33 years old.

Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, a daughter of the Marquessa de Maury by her first marriage, is a great friend of Miss Johnson and will become her niece after her marriage.

Miss Johnson will thus become related by marriage to the Dowager Countess of Dudley, formerly Miss Gerlie Miller, a famous actress, who married the late Earl of Dudley, former Governor-General of Australia.

The Earl was Miss Penelope Dudley Ward's uncle.

Marriage soon

HER aunt is Miss Patricia Dudley Ward, a sister of the late Earl, who as "Shop Hound" of "Vogue" is called "the aristocrat of Fleet Street." She was to have accompanied the Duchess of Kent to Australia.

Miss Johnson and Mr. Birkin hope to be married in about three months' time. The exact date is uncertain, as Mr. Birkin is waiting to be called up for the Army.

Janet cabled for her parents' consent in the good old-fashioned way.

"We appreciated that cable," said Mrs. Johnson. "So many young people don't worry about their parents' consent these days."

"We were able to send a favorable reply at once, as I had met Charles in Hollywood and liked him very much."

"When we had been six months in Hollywood Janet was called back to London to take Vivien Leigh's part in 'Bata in the Belfry.' I stayed behind in Hollywood for a time before coming back to Australia, and grew to like Charles very much."

"I am glad that Janet does not intend giving up her stage career. She always wanted to be an actress, even in the days when she used to take part in the school plays at St. Catherine's."

"We received a letter from her this morning, but of course it was sent long before the cable. It told us all about the new play—but not a word about the engagement."



MISS JOHNSON has taken part in several of the famous open-air performances of Shakespeare in Regent's Park, London. Here she is in "The Comedy of Errors."

Frances Thompson Cookery Book

THE Frances Thompson Cookery Book, published by The Australian Women's Weekly, has proved an amazing success, thousands of readers having written in expressing themselves as delighted with it.

The issue, however, is fast dwindling, and as it must necessarily be restricted, owing to paper shortage, readers who have not secured their copies should not delay in forwarding their applications.

Write in for your copy and enclose postal note for 2/6. Address for mailing applications will be found at top of Page 3.

Janet Johnson is small and graceful, scarcely more than 5ft. 2in. tall. She has a lovely oval face, large grey eyes, and black hair, which she is at present wearing in a shoulder-length bob parted in the middle. She has a decided flair for wearing clothes beautifully, and has a fine stage presence.

Soon after leaving school she toured Australia and New Zealand with J. G. Williamson Ltd., acting in "The Wind and the Rain" and other plays, returning to Melbourne for a season in "The Shining Hour" and "Sixteen."

Four years ago Mrs. Johnson and Janet set sail for England. Janet's sister Margaret was already there, and is still in London, where she has an interesting advertising job with "Vogue."

Janet intended studying at dramatic school, but almost as soon as she reached London she was given the role of the sixteen-year-old in "The Lady of La Paz."

Lillian Braithwaite was the star. Now they are playing together again, for the fourth time.

Between theatrical engagements Janet made a film with Cicely Courtneidge and landed a film contract in America.

With her mother she went to Hollywood in 1937, but found that though she was drawing a large salary she was doing very little work. When after six months she was called back to England to join the cast of "Bata in the Belfry," she returned to the stage, which is still her first favorite.

Since then she has played in many successes, but considers her present role the best she has ever had.

**SHE THOUGHT
HER HUSBAND'S SHIRT
WAS WHITE, until she saw
it against Kate's
Persil-washed jacket**

Persil
THE AMAZING
OXYGEN WASHER

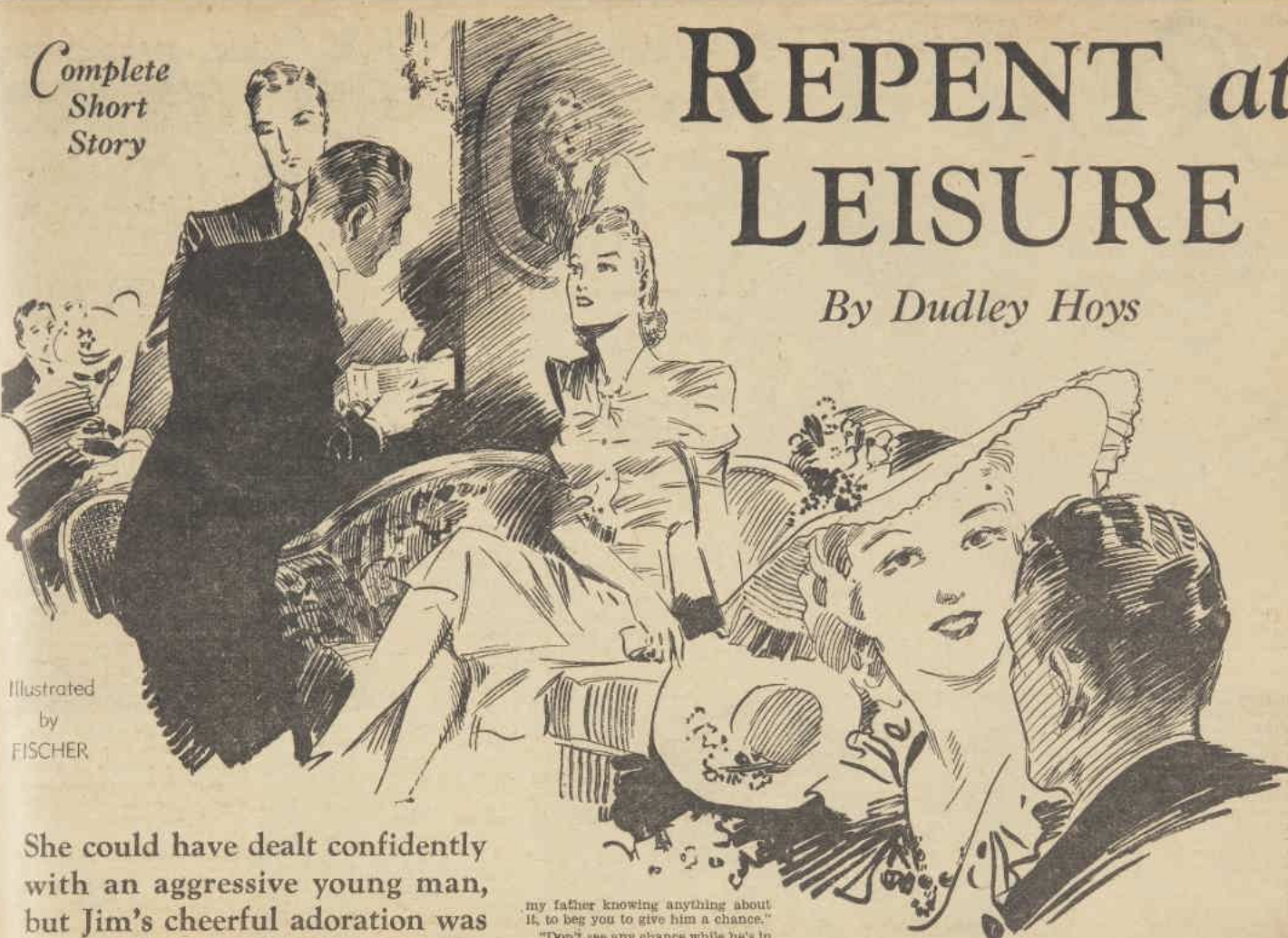
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REPENT at LEISURE

By Dudley Hoys



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

She could have dealt confidently with an aggressive young man, but Jim's cheerful adoration was touching and disarming

IT was a mistake to be early for the appointment. The five minutes to spare gave Sheila Brendon's imagination time to play tricks. Not that she showed any sign of nerves. She looked what she was, a girl who had lived from birth in pleasant, gracious places, a type to make young men inspired by a sudden chivalry. Nobody would have guessed that she had come to plead with a money-lender.

His name was on the brass plate in that impersonal doorway — "2nd Floor—M. Firlie."

With a gesture of abrupt decision she turned, went up the uncarpeted stairs, and tapped on the glass panel marked "Firlie."

The panel slid up. A girl with a pretty, pecky face and a sharp manner said, "Yes?"

"I'm Miss Brendon. I have an appointment with Mr. Firlie."

The girl was slow to answer. She considered Sheila's quietly dressed slowness, the indefinable manner about her that proclaimed the guile between them.

"Please take a chair," she said, hostility in her voice, and walked along the corridor.

Sheila waited, trying to picture Firlie's appearance. On the phone yesterday his tone had been uncompromising.

The girl returned. "Come this way." She led her along to a heavy, dark door at the end, tapped, and opened it.

Sheila went in, to meet utter surprise. Whatever vague idea of Matthew Firlie she had conjured up, it was certainly not this. A young man of about twenty-six had risen from his desk. He seemed the last person in the world to be a money-lender.

He stretched out his hand: "Pleased to meet you, Miss Brendon. What's up?" Then he laughed. "I've got you. Expecting a bearded old Shylock, eh? Anyway, I'm not M. Firlie. I'm his son. Dad's had to go out on business."

"Oh." She wanted to laugh, too, with relief.

"Do sit down. Cigarette? No? Well, let's get on with the business. What's it about? Major Brendon?"

"Yes."

He nodded gravely and picked up some documents. "He's in a hole. No doubt about it. Interest unpaid for the last three quarters on Loan No. 1. Interest and instalments of capital unpaid for two quarters on Loan 2."

"He's terribly short of money, but if you could give him a chance—"

"That's what they all say. We've been fair enough with your father. Take Loan 1." He flicked a betaped document. "An advance of £2000, the security being his share as an ultimate beneficiary in his father's estate. That share, at the very outside, is worth £2500. Can't say we aren't generous. As for Loan 2, we took a very long risk. An advance of £1000 on no security except his army pay and pension."

The shadow of anxiety clouded her eyes. "I don't understand much about these things, but—if you force his hand, won't he go bankrupt and have to resign from the army?"

Again he nodded. "Might be the best thing for him. Serving in India they don't half spread 'emself, I bet. Stick him in a quiet spot here on pension and he'd have no call to chuck his rhino about."

SHE stared at him, a sickness in her throat. He talked of another man's ruin as if it were a casual incident.

For a moment she had to close her eyes. Her father, the gay, the immaculate, the carelessly generous, still the best polo player in the 1st Crailehires, sinking out of his social world into a buried, penniless retirement—the thought was hideous.

Young Firlie said: "Run how people think we're blood-suckers. We aren't. Can't lend money for nothing. And we can't turn a loan into a present. Do I look like a blood-sucker? I ask you!"

She smiled faintly. "No, you don't. That's why I've come here, without

my father knowing anything about it, to beg you to give him a chance."

"Don't see any chance while he's in India. From what I've heard, it costs money to be a 'sahib.' Now, if you were out there and could make him go slow—"

"I am out there in the ordinary way."

He stared. "Come over for the trip, then? At that rate," he went on severely, "you can't be so hard up."

She shook her head. "The wife of the brigade commander, General Hayling, is rather an invalid, and I act as her travelling companion. They flew home on short leave and brought me with them—and paid my fare," she ended on a frigid note.

"Oke. Sorry." His grin was so boyish it was impossible to dislike him. "Don't often get people like you in here, Miss Brendon. It's a treat." His admiration was curiously humble, and quite without offence. "Dot must have wriggled with envy when she saw you."

She was forced to laugh. "Who's Dot?"

"Dot Green, the typist who let you in. Nice kid, and sharp as needles. She'd give her ears to be clumsy." He ruffled his oiled locks. "Funny thing, class. Can't buy it, even these days. D'you dance?"

Her brows rose in a warning fashion.

"Don't get me wrong," he said, with the pleading of a bashful child. "I was only thinking what a wonderful thing it would be to take you to a dance. I know you wouldn't come. But, still—"

It was hard to know whether to be embarrassed or amused. At one minute he seemed hard, unemotional, a business machine. The next, he was a cullow, awkward youth.

The slender, gloved fingers began to tap on the desk. "Mr. Firlie—"

"Mr. Jim Firlie."

"Mr. Jim Firlie, I'm going to be perfectly open about this. I'm hoping and praying you'll make things easier for my father. Because of that alone—I'm willing to come to a dance with you."

He whistled softly. "That's honest. Mind you, I'm not promising anything." He stopped, jumped up hilariously, tossed his papers and documents into a cascade. "I say! This is a bit of all right! You mean it; you really mean it? What about the Felicity? To-morrow night? Manage it? What hotel you staying?

Sheila almost gasped as Jim pushed towards her an expensive posy in a fancy box.

The Monopole? Call for you at seven, eh?"

She said gently: "You're a most extraordinary young man. You're making me feel a little mean."

"Not you! He flung back his head and laughed joyously.

TO the tick of seven the next evening he arrived at her hotel in a shining limousine. His evening clothes were a shade too shapely, his diamond studs emphatically too aggressive. She almost gasped as he pushed towards her an expensive posy in a fancy box. "It's terribly kind of you," she said, "but I can't accept it."

That boyish look came into his eyes—such a hurt, bewildered look. She added quickly: "You're absurdly kind. May I change my mind?" She lowered her face to the flowers, and at once he was all excitement and happiness again.

In the same moment she felt ashamed that she had deliberately not changed into evening dress before he arrived. She had wanted to keep him waiting, to belittle him, but now she hurried away to change, murmuring some weak excuse, and joined him again as soon as she could.

As they entered the crowded Felicity, his obvious pride in her was pathetic. At dinner he ordered the most expensive wines and refused to let her stop him. He laughed with the excessive loudness of excitement.

His dancing was extravagant. Here and there people stared. Despite her determination to ignore the pettiness of snobbery, she thanked heaven there was nobody here who knew her. Yet she had to admit he was likeable.

On the way back she said: "I've been thinking about my father's affairs."

He gave a sigh. "Thought that was coming. They want a bit of thinking about. Three thousand quid down the spout."

"But you'll think hard, won't you?"

He turned to her solemnly. "Look here, d'you trust me?"

"In what way?"

"As a chap, as a feller."

Her lips twitched, but her answer was quietly sincere. "Yes, I do."

He thrust out his chest and patted it. "Jim Firlie," he said huskily, "did you hear that?" He hesitated. "Tell us, you engaged or anything?" he asked anxiously.

"No." Her hand was close to his, but she made no attempt to remove it, for instinct told her he was reverent with control.

"How long you over here?"

"About eight weeks."

He tugged at his collar and his voice came out in an eager, doubting whisper. "Well, couldn't we go about a bit? No, please don't say nothing. I know I'm not. But I've got some money to burn, and you've said you trust me, and—I know what paradise is now."

She hated herself for having to bargain, but there was no option.

"I'm quite willing, but only on one condition. You've got to do your utmost about those debts."

"Promise," he said, and ran his finger across his throat. Then he gave a shivering, delighted laugh. "Could you—I mean, just you put me in my place if you think I've got a sauce—could you call me Jim? Just to be sort of pally."

"Yes, Jim. And if you like, I don't see why you shouldn't call me Sheila."

"If I like!" He was too exultant to say any more. When he ushered her out of the car he shook hands, and she realised that his radiant paleness was the measure of his feelings.

During the next few weeks she could have wished he had been less considerate. She might have dealt confidently with an aggressive, overbearing young man. But Jim's cheerful humility towards her was both touching and disarming.

Five weeks passed. Things could not go on indefinitely. Another letter from her father, actually despondent for once, jolted her into realising the darkness of the future.

She rang up Jim and met him outside his office. "Let's go for a walk in the park," she said gravely.

Please turn to Page 44

REACH for the STARS

Sarah makes her final choice between ambition and love. Conclusion of our romantic serial.

SARAH dressed herself very carefully, had her hair done, and went round the theatrical agencies in search of work. Her heart sank at the hopelessness of it all. For every part there seemed to be hundreds of girls, quite as good-looking and far better trained and equipped for such a life.

A week passed of hopeless trying and constant refusals. Her money was shrinking frighteningly. One had to look smart. Stockings, hair, fares, telephone calls, all made in-roads into her capital. But Jimmy had said someone was casting a revue—Teodor, Sol Teodor.

She telephoned to Teodor, and, to her surprise, got an appointment for the following day, and at eleven o'clock duly presented herself at his office. It was in a big shabby office building in the Charing Cross Road. Across the hall was Merriwell's office, the producer for whom Dominic was now working, and whose company Noreen would join at the end of "Unbidden Bloom."

She gave her name to the girl at the desk, and in a few moments was shown into a cramped and overheated office, plastered from floor to ceiling with photographs of smiling stars, all signed with highly affectionate personal messages to Sol Teodor. A fat, squat figure rose from an enormous walnut desk, and a podgy hand was extended to her.

"It was nice of you to see me, Mr. Teodor."

"Nonsense, nonsense, sit down." He waved her to a chair. "Jim Trevor asked me to see you if you applied for a job, and he's a good friend of mine." He looked at her again with his shrewd, small, kindly eyes. "I've been watching your career, young lady. I took my wife to your first night. You were very pretty."

"Are you trying to tell me I'm no good?" she said huskily.

He bent over and patted her hand. "I'm telling you to go home, my dear. You have a good home; things haven't turned out well for you. Things have been said about you." He met her eyes levelly. "Things I do not believe and I'm sure your father will not believe. But for your own sake I would advise you to go home."

"You've no part for me, then?" "It's true—there is a part. For a girl with looks and a figure, and a fair voice." He looked a trifle apologetic. "The part is one with not many clothes—not for you. You would not like it. Now, you take my advice and go home."

She rose, her lips set in a tragic little smile.

"I can see you won't give me the part. I'm sorry, but I can't take your advice. But it was nice of you to see me, Mr. Teodor, and you've tried to be kind." She put out her hand. "Good-bye."

He shook his head in a puzzled manner as he watched her go.

Sarah went out into the hall, her eyes pricking with tears of disappointment. Getting the interview so easily, she had had high hopes of being given the part. It would have been better if Teodor had not seen her. She took out her handkerchief and dried her eyes, put it into her bag, then stopped—someone was standing directly in front of her. Her eyes travelled up the tall figure in the loose tweed suit, and met Dominic's face looking concernedly down at her. He snatched off his hat.

"Sarah. What's the matter? Can I help?"

She tried to stifle her tears, but



Sarah came back to consciousness. Members of the company hovered anxiously around her.

she was badly caught. It was impossible to try to pretend everything was wonderful, with her lips trembling with disappointment and her eyes full of tears. She managed some kind of smile.

"It's nothing," she said, her nose wrinkling deprecatingly. "I'd set my heart on a part, and it seems that someone else has got it."

"Haven't you any work, then?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, yes. I've another part promised. But I thought this would be fun—a change, you know."

"Oh, I see," he said slowly.

Why had she always looked so young, with her straight smooth hair, her hands by her sides, like a child repeating a lesson? He watched her go, wondering if she really had a job. She wasn't used to going round the agencies after work. It must be hard for her, and her money must

be getting low. On an impulse, he went into a call box and telephoned Sol Teodor.

"No, no. I didn't give her a job," said Sol irritably. "I told her to go home. Stop these silly rumors."

Dominic's heart gave a queer little lift. Rumors. Old Sol Teodor thought they were only rumors, and he was one of the wisest men in the theatreland. Yet Noreen herself had told him Ferrier had paid for Sarah's Mayfair flat. His voice warmed. "You think they are rumors?"

"I know darn well they are. You've only to look at the girl."

Dominic said quickly: "You could have cashed in on her appearing in your show; plenty of publicity."

"I don't want that sort of publicity," snapped Teodor.

Dominic smiled. Ferrier had ruthlessly cashed in on the publicity attached to Sarah's name and position, yet old Sol Teodor was above it.

He said quickly, "Sol, will you give her the job? I believe she needs it. She's too proud to admit it to me—will you?"

There was a long silence, and then the exasperated voice at the end of the wire: "All right. If you really think she won't go home."

It was some weeks before Dominic saw Noreen. They were dining together at her flat.

She said to him: "Unbidden

By . . .

MARY HOWARD

Bloom' is finishing this week. Dominic. Even little Clare Morley can't rescue it. I'm sorry it wasn't a success."

He rose, peering through the window of the balcony, thinking of Sarah standing there in her silver dress, and the calamity that night had been.

"It's no use being sorry. I knew, that day at the farm, when Ferrier told me how he would produce it, that it would be a failure."

She caught his hands, laughing up at him.

"Don't be so gloomy, Dominic. Don't you see what this means? I shall be free—to work with you."

"Not with me, Noreen—I'm going away."

"Away?" she faltered.

"As soon as this matter about the costume and settings is settled. It's no use staying here. I'm no good; I can't work, I can't think."

"Because of Sarah?" she asked, in a queer, quiet voice.

He met her eyes. "Because of Sarah," he said simply, and the agony of loss was in his eyes, starkly, so that neither he nor she could deny it.

He said awkwardly, "Noreen, you have been wonderful to me. The heart I could give you isn't worth the taking, but it's yours if you want it."

There was a little silence, her eyes were deeply tragic, tenderly mocking.

"CHIVALROUS Dominic," she said slowly. "No, I don't want to marry you. Not any more. I've wanted to so long that it feels a little strange not wanting to any more."

She picked up the evening paper, and turned over the pages. "Last night when I went to get my cloak at the Magnifique, one of the society gossip girls got hold of me. She asked me if we were to be married. I was so sure that I had won that I didn't deny it." She tossed the paper over to him. There was a picture of them together, smiling, and an announcement that their engagement was pending.

He said, uncomfortably, "I'm terribly sorry, Noreen. I wouldn't have hurt you for worlds. You know how much I value your friendship."

"Oh, I know, I know. But it isn't your friendship I want—it's a little thing called love."

Ah, but what's the use? Let's go dancing some place."

"All right."

He waited until she changed, and came back, brittle and bright, her eyelids beautifully blued and mascaraed to hide the betraying redness. They went to a well-known restaurant for supper, and Dominic ordered champagne.

"When do you go back to your precious moor?" asked Noreen.

"In about three days' time."

"So soon?" She raised her glass.

"Well, here's hail and farewell, Dominic!"

He said, "Noreen, you're the most marvellous sport."

She put down her glass a little grimly. "No, Dominic. Few women are, when they're in love. For instance, you think Sarah cheated, deceived you? Well, perhaps she did. But how about me? I've only done one generous thing towards Sarah—I saved your letters for her."

"But—"

"Listen. I ruined her part when she had a fair chance of success, because I thought it would throw her and Ferrier together. I let you believe things about her that I knew were not true. There was nothing between them—Ferrier did pay for that flat, but Sarah did not know. As soon as she found out she left it and sent him a cheque for what he had paid."

He looked across at her incredulously. "Noreen, what are you saying?"

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FEUD ON THE HIGH SEAS

By . . . FRANCIS SIBSON

Mavis thought the voyage would be a delightful adventure, but to a young man on board the ship this trip meant only one thing—revenge!

DRESSED in his oldest uniform-jacket, a pair of dungaree trousers, and a singlet, the Second Engineer opened his cabin door and walked forward along the alleyway to the engine-room entrance.

He was an unweildy figure of a man, with a pastiness of skin which did not look healthy, and sagging pouches under his little eyes. In his smart deck-uniform, worn off duty, his bulk was almost imposing; but now, in his working rig, he looked neither more nor less than he was. No passenger would have recognised him without a second and more careful glance.

As he went to take over the first dog-watch (four to six p.m.), the Second Engineer seemed to move with a curiously reluctant hesitancy. It was as though there was something in his environment which made him afraid. He had been in this ship for two years, and was now on his last run aboard her. His next voyage would be as Chief in a fast cargo vessel the company had just launched. He had definitely succeeded in his profession.

The Tudor Queen was one of the smaller ships of the Line, and by no means new. She was still good enough for the Australian "via-Cape" run, and even her regular clientele of passengers—of the discriminating but unburied sort. A comfortable old craft and a happy one for her officers and men, despite the long months away from home.

Yet on this the first day of his last voyage in her before his long-dreamed-of promotion, Forbes was far from happy as he opened the engine-room door and looked down into the clangorous, echoing cavern below him. He paused there like a diver who must nerve himself to face the plunge—a plunge into the familiar, thudding, warm-oil atmosphere which was already pulsating in his nostrils. There should be nothing to fear in that.

But there was; and it centred in a small, remote figure on the control-platform, right aft between the dynamo and refrigerating-gear, where the telegraph-dials were and the desk with its big log-book open upon it. The figure was the Fourth Engineer, just joined this run.

So far the Second had managed to avoid a meeting. But now they had to come face to face. They would have to meet, down there beside that desk, every time the Fourth went off watch and he himself came on. That meant twice daily for nearly two months, until they made Sydney Harbor—and all the way home again. Second, Third, and Fourth Engineers; these were the officers who took turns over the engines. From day to day the effect of the shortened dog-watches was to change the hours, but the sequence was always the same.

He had served with young Murdoch before. He had never dreamed of the possibility of ever having to serve with him again; indeed, he had hardly ever thought of the fellow at all since he had seen him taken ashore that morning at Manila. And with all the ships under the Red and Blue Ensigns to choose from, the fates had sent Murdoch back to him here!

Slowly he went down the ladders

and towards that figure at the desk. Whether Murdoch had seen him coming he could not tell; but now the Fourth had his back to him and was writing up the log. An oiler stood nearby, hammer in hand, waiting beside the hanging steel bar which was used as a bell. The engine-room clock indicated three minutes to four.

Forbes came on, glancing up at the great engines on either side, his eyes anywhere now but on that quiet form bent over the desk. Once he stopped and turned, then, steeling himself for the inevitable, he moved on again.

HIS face was paler than ever. He tried to steady his eyes on Murdoch's square shoulders. A vague menace seemed to come thrilling from that stolidly motionless back. And at any moment the Fourth might turn. Then they would have to face each other. Every nerve in Forbes' body protested wincingly against the coming of that instant. He was not ready for it; he never would be. The things he had prepared himself to say appeared now utterly transparent in their flimsy untruth, such as could never deceive a child. And he would have to say something. If only he could think. But his brain was dulled and unresponsive.

Murdoch wrote on. Why couldn't he turn and get it over? The thing had to happen, and this waiting was becoming unbearable. Did Murdoch know it? Was he doing this of design? Forbes longed now for the

Murdoch turned, choking back his fury, as the chief engineer and a girl appeared.

moment he had dreaded. To his taunting senses anything must be better than this silent, studied ignoring of his very presence.

He achieved a throaty cough. And then, very deliberately, the Fourth Engineer put down his pencil, straightened himself and quietly confronted his senior.

His face seemed darker than Forbes had remembered it; thinner and much older, though even now he must be well under thirty. And the eyes looked out squarely, very still yet blazingly alive with a hatred that sprang right out at the other, boring into his sickened soul.

Without a word Murdoch turned away again and nodded to the oiler. Four double strokes sang from the steel bar. Right bells.

Murdoch indicated the log-book and his signature therein. Then, with a jerk of the head, he walked off down the line of the whirling starboard crankshaft. Forbes followed him in silence and an increasing inward shrinking. When would the man speak?

They paused together at each bearing, which the Second felt and examined and passed as correct, as the routine stands, a tour of inspection, all according to the law of engine-room reliefs. But they walked in silence, in the midst of an invisible circle which moved with them, an aura of hard-stretched, bitter strain, malignant and charged with pent and vengeful powers.

It was Forbes who released those

stressed potentials, speaking like one who has been tried beyond endurance. "Why don't you say something?" he cried. They were back at the desk now and Murdoch was free to go. But he had not gone. He was standing quite still, staring with dark fixity into the flabby face of his superior. His lips opened abruptly, as though they were part of some ruthless and terrible machine. And his words fell like drops of hot acid on Forbes' brain.

"There isn't much to say, is there?" he answered in a tone of dead monotony. "I can tell you all that's necessary in one simple sentence of two words. Look out!"

The Second Engineer flinched back from the sudden, fierce intensity of those two whiplash words, and found himself stammering incoherent explanations—those futile explanations . . .

I GAVE you the wrong parcel," he blurted out. "It was the truth I told you. I was going ashore. You know Manila—" "I ought to!" snapped Murdoch. "Go on. This is quite amusing." "I thought I'd handed you some curios I'd got for my—sister," Forbes blundered mechanically on. "To look after for me while I was ashore. I was afraid of some thieving stevedore sneaking down and . . . I swear I never meant to give you that opium. The packets were the same size and—"

Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES



He stammered to a stop. The grim enjoyment in Murdoch's steady gaze was paralysing his very soul. Then, suddenly and from nowhere, came inspiration.

"If I wanted to hide the stuff till the Customs had gone," he went on in a changed and more assured tone, "giving it to you was about the silliest thing I could have done! I never asked you to hide it or take any precautions, did I? D'you think I'd have let you just shove it in your top drawer as you did, where they could find it at once? I'd have—"

"But then," pointed out the other with ominous calm, "you wanted it found—in someone else's possession. Because you were afraid the Customs had had the tip and wouldn't leave the ship till they had found it. And you couldn't be sure whether they had any idea who'd got it. You thought I'd do as well as anybody to hold the baby, seeing I was only an inexperienced junior and hadn't sense enough to see your game. Look here, Mr. Forbes, six years is a longish time. Surely you could have thought of something better by now? You might even have had the savvy to tell me the truth—though to be quite fair I don't mind saying that that wouldn't have done you any good! I've spent four of those six years in a Philippine gaol. But you're going to tell me the truth all the same. You're going to say it after me! Listen!"

"You bought that opium at Hong-kong. The agent told you that you could make a big profit on it if you smuggled it ashore at Manila. When we got there you saw the Customs coming off and guessed the agent had cabled and double-crossed you. He'd got your money and was going to get the informer's reward as well. That's an old trick of theirs and you should have known better than to swallow the yarn—the April-fool yarn you've just tried to chuck at me again! You wanted to get rid of that opium, and you planted it on me. If it had been a false alarm you'd have collected it again afterwards."

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WRONG, DEAD WRONG

In the operating theatre, where a slip means death . . . a young doctor dared match his wits against the Chief Surgeon

GOOD MORNING, Doctor Hough. Lovely day, isn't it? Morning, Doctor Greely." Miss Beemis smiled respectfully at the surgical chief and his assistant as she waited for the retinue to pass, so that she and the student nurse could fall in at the end of the line. To MacDonald, the surgical resident, she nodded briefly. To Cyrus Harvey, she merely smiled faintly.

And quite enough, too, for a mere intern. Cyrus grinned back. The grin lingered as he flapped his white duck coat a little to cool off—operating always left you sweating for hours—and glanced ahead at the well-tailored backs of the two chiefs and the not-so-well-tailored back of MacDonald.

Beemis had it down pat, the proper greeting for every rank in the hospital, and that, probably, was how you got to be a head nurse. Beemis with a title would have done well at Court.

The coronation procession couldn't have been much more ceremonious than this, but that only happened once in a lifetime, while this came twice a week, every week. Making rounds, they called it, but—no wonder old Hough—Hough as in "plum duff," please, doctor, not as in "how-do-you-do"—no wonder he'd got a king-can-do-no-wrong complex.

Well, if anybody deserved a retinue, he probably did. You had to admit it. That appendix they'd just finished—fifteen minutes by the clock.

Old Huff-and-Puff had looked shocked—funny how much delicacy most of these older chiefs had managed to preserve—and bristled his clipped moustache till he looked more like a walrus than ever, but, bristles and all, he'd lapped up the cream. Funny, that knowing you were so good didn't carry you out of range of flattery, but it didn't work that way. The surer you were of yourself the more people had to agree with you, or else, Cyrus knew all about the "or else." He'd ventured, perfectly politely, to disagree with old Huff-and-Puff a couple of times since he'd been on surgical and it hadn't gone so well.

WHEN you've had as much experience as your father had, Harvey, or as I've had, you'll know—"and "It's remarkable how simple everything seems when we're young, doctor." He'd made it pretty clear he didn't consider Cyrus half the man the old Humanitarian had been, or with half the capabilities for being a doctor, either. Well—Cyrus set his jaw—time would tell that. Meanwhile, what was the use of starting trouble? No matter what came up to-day, no matter what he thought, he was going to be a yes-man like Greely.

He drew a step nearer to the chiefs as they entered the ward, and stood at respectful attention, noticing with a suppressed chuckle, as he always did, how much more scrubbed and ironed the ward looked for Hough than it ever did when Greely made rounds alone. The king motif again. Even the sickest patients looked reverent—those on Hough's side of the ward, that is. Those on the other side, subjects of King Thomas, who made rounds Mondays and Thursdays and

had a different assistant and intern, merely looked curious. Hough gave a casual glance at the other side of the ward, the side that wasn't his territory, swept his eye critically over the side that was, and glanced expectantly at Cyrus.

"Three new admissions since Saturday, Doctor Hough, and that transfer from Women's Medical," Cyrus' tones couldn't have been more efficiently respectful, "the one with gallstones you saw yesterday."

"Umph? Umph? Oh, yes, badly jaundiced, wasn't she? Perfect gallstone picture, fair, fat and forty—surprisingly common in that type, doctor. You might remember it."

I ought to, thought Cyrus grimly; been hearing it since I was a freshman. But as the chief said: "Well, let's have a look at her," his grimness vanished in the fascination he always felt at the familiar ritual. The procession moved regally down to one of the middle beds; the student nurse rolled up the screens and began, with careful modesty, to uncover the patient; Miss Beemis selected the proper chart from the chart rack and handed it to the chief. It was like one of those fancy German clocks; the hour struck and the little figures came out and began to move automatically around.

"Look, doctor." The chief was addressing all three younger men as one person. "Yellow as a Chinaman, you see, history of jaundice for over a month now, and critical gallstone colic in the right upper quadrant. Hurts quite a little, doesn't it, Mrs. Riley? Well, we're going to fix that up, and this yellow color of yours, too. Send you home looking like a girl. Your husband won't know you."

Lord, thought Cyrus, momentarily respectful in spite of himself, if he's like this for nothing, what a bedside manner he must have when it's fifty bucks a look.

"Yes, sir," he answered automatically, as the chief turned to him and said, "Get her ready, Harvey, and we'll schedule this operation for Saturday morning." But then his mind snapped to eager attention as the older man added, "What else have we?" Here was something interesting.

"Why, funny coincidence, Doctor Hough," Cyrus deliberately avoided the conventional address, "Doctor"—it always sounded ostentatious to him. "There's another case almost exactly like this one, yellower, if anything. Came in right after you left last Saturday. She doesn't complain of much pain, but MacDonald

"No pain?" the older doctor interrupted him. "You can't have gallstones without pain. How long has she been jaundiced? . . . Six weeks? Probably carcinoma. Where is she?"

Well, that, thought Cyrus with disgust, as he indicated a bed two down from where they were standing, is a very nice thing to shout right out. Hough's way behind the times if he thinks a high-sounding word like carcinoma doesn't mean just plain cancer, even to a ward patient. Anyway, he's wrong this time.

"Doctor MacDonald," he repeated, with patient politeness, as they moved down to the other bed, "helped deliver her ninth child a couple of years ago, and he thought you

ought to know she seems to have a very high threshold of pain, doesn't make any fuss about it, anyway. So we thought—"

"Harvey"—Cyrus could feel the amusement in the sharp grey eyes of the chief, though his face was sober—"I've been hearing for thirty-five years about these strange people who don't feel pain, but I've never run across one yet who wouldn't

Complete Short Story by
HANNAH LEES

yell if you stuck a knife into him. And the pain of gallstone colic, remember, is described as like a knife thrust. I believe I'd discount that lack of reaction to pain if I were you. Any other reason for thinking it's gallstones?"

They were at the bed now. Cyrus looked down at the woman. Thin-faced, with fair hair going grey in streaks and a close-lipped, patient mouth. He hadn't any reason—no really good one, that was—except what Mac had told him. She was a hospital legend—the Scandinavian stoic, the men called her—been coming in every few years for the last fifteen, and never a yip

out of her. No reason except that, and the way she'd looked when he examined her and asked, "Much pain in your stomach?" "No, doctor, none to mention," she answered; but, after all, even pain was relative.

"Well," he answered slowly, "she's had nine children, and the books give pregnancy as a predisposing cause. She says she can't digest eggs and fried things and the G.I. X-ray didn't show anything. Of course, I know none of that absolutely proves anything, but—"

His reasons sounded lame, even to himself, and he could see they sounded lame to the chief by the



As Cyrus struggled with his gloves, Dr. Hough's voice came to him mockingly, "Try a little more powder, Harvey."



Something in the surgeon's tones had steadied his nerves, and Cyrus found himself working calmly and quickly.

impatient way he said, "Well, we'll see."

Again the screens were pushed up. Again the student nurse did her efficient uncovering act under the eagle eye of Miss Beemis. Again the chief stooped to prod and feel and ask questions. Again he beamed down as he covered her up. "Don't you worry, Mrs. Gelstrom. You'll be all right, but we'll watch you for a week or so before we do anything." Only this time there was no bridling response. The mouth stayed tight-lipped.

"What have I got, doctor? I've got to get home to my kids."

"Don't you worry." Sure, Hough could be gay as a lark. It wasn't his jaundice. "We'll take care of you."

Then the low-voiced conference in the middle of the ward. Cyrus listened with resentment and scorn that almost burst out of him as the chief turned from Greely to MacDonald and back again to Greely with veiled amusement.

"I know Harvey here has a reputation, possibly hereditary, but still a reputation, for diagnosis. Afraid this time he's slipped. I'd stake my practice the trouble isn't gallstones, but advanced CA of the head of the pancreas, no pain, you see, and she's been losing weight—typical symptoms, doctor."

Cyrus' jaw was so stiff it ached. Sure she'd been losing weight. She hadn't been getting enough to eat, but Hough wouldn't take the trouble to find that out. He'd decided what she had before he even looked, and decided wrong. Reasons or no reasons, Cyrus would have staked his practice, if he'd had one, on that. He shot a glance at MacDonald. MacDonald, he knew, agreed with him, but MacDonald had had more experience with important chiefs.

He lifted one shoulder imperceptibly.

Cyrus didn't say anything then. What was the use? But every muscle of his body registered protest as they moved on to the next case. A nice obvious goitre."

"Goitre?" Doctor Hough turned to him with a quizzical lift of his bushy eyebrow. "Do you agree with me about this case, doctor?"

He managed a passably civil "Yes, sir;" but as he made a note to schedule the thyroid for operation Saturday, along with the gall bladder and, a few minutes later, added an open reduction of a fractured hip that hadn't been doing well and then listed half a dozen minor operations for Greely to do in the meantime, he was thinking viciously to himself: Go ahead and have your fun; big shot, but you're wrong, dead wrong. You'll see if you ever open up that second gall bladder. And along with it he was thinking, more flatteringly than usual, of the old Humanitarian who had made life so difficult for his son—nicknamed

his father. But what was the use, he shrugged. Old Huff-and-Puff would argue with Father Time himself.

Back in the ward the next afternoon, preparing the scheduled patients for operation, he was still in a black mood. There was such a lot of business to get ready for even the simplest operation.

He wouldn't mind, he kept telling himself angrily, if he could be doing all this for two women instead of one, if only old Rough Stuff—Gosh, how could a man pass up a chance to operate on two women with almost the same clinical picture, operate on them right together and see how much alike they turned out to be inside? And pretty much alike that would be, too. A night's brooding hadn't made him any less sure of that. How could a man be so dumb and stubborn? There ought to be two gall bladders scheduled for Saturday! Riley and Gelstrom. If only to stop Gelstrom from worrying, that would be reason enough.

He knew she knew, because Miss Beemis had come to him in quite a state about it yesterday afternoon. Miss Beemis was always getting in a state about things. Why did they ever let the perfect-lady type go into training and, if she had to, why did they ever let her get in charge of a ward? Knowing whom to be polite to, and how polite, and when, was all very well, but it didn't help the patients much.

YOU had to admit she had something to flutter about this time, though, with Hough shouting about carcinoma all over the ward, and one of the old regulars who'd been in first for an appendix, then for adhesions, and now for intestinal obstruction, turning to Gelstrom the minute the retinue had left with: "My goodness, dearie, do you know that means cancer."

Mrs. Gelstrom had just looked at her when she said it, Miss Beemis told him, then turned to the nurse and asked, perfectly quietly, "That means I'm going to die, doesn't it? And if I'm going to die anyway, I might as well be home."

Beemis had tried to fix things up in her fussy little way, but once you got an idea like that in your head it stayed there until—Oh, it didn't help any that it wasn't true. Huff-and-Puff was so sure it was, he might keep her here a month or so, watching her, and then send her home as inoperable.

He was passing her bed again, for probably the thirteenth time that day, and her eyes were fixed on him, as they had been all the other dozen times. He stopped abruptly.

"Look here, Mrs. Gelstrom," he said roughly, "get over this idea you're going to die. You're not. We aren't sure just yet what is causing this jaundice of yours, but I'll bet you a new silk dress against a batch of Swedish fish cakes that it isn't the cancer some busybody told you it is." And he'd better be right now, for where he would get the money for a new silk dress heaven knew, when he didn't even have money enough to take that little blonde, down in Social Service, to the movies. And what good would a new dress do Gelstrom anyway if he was wrong?

Her eyes seemed to be asking him that, searching his, as she asked patiently, "Are you going to operate soon and find out, doctor?" Oh, Lord, every once in a while you got an intelligent woman in this charity hospital! And the place wasn't organized for them. Nobody was prepared for it, certainly not the interns.

"We'll operate as soon as we can," he said uncomfortably, knowing she was taking the remark as an admission of inadequacy, which it was. And when he added, "But you haven't got a thing to worry about," and heard the forced cheer in his tones, he wanted to kick himself. He sounded just like old Huff-and-Puff. If there was only some way to get him to change his mind! Suppose she were inoperable, suppose the operation finished her off even, she'd still be better off than this way, because if that were true she didn't have anything very pleasant to look forward to, anyway. But it wasn't. Hough was wrong, dead wrong.

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Youth's Challenge

Hard-Boiled, in contrast, and proud of it—by leaving a Harvey tradition of sentimental service with a capital S.

Maybe the old man had been a bit soft, but at least he'd been too good a doctor to make snap diagnoses. He could hear his father's voice, "Time is the only infallible diagnostician, Cyrus. Remember that, and never be too sure you're right." He would have liked to quote it at this chief who pretended to think so highly of

Every time he'd passed her bed since rounds, Wednesday morning, she'd looked up at him, sort of patiently, and said, "Doctor, when am I going to get back to my kids? My husband, he's sick, too, over in the chest ward, and the older kids are all boys and off working," or "I don't feel so bad now, doctor. Can't I just get up and go home now?" Saying that, then she was yellow as a black-eyed Susan, and knew the chief thought it was CA.

Wrong, Dead Wrong

Continued from Page 9

THE conviction grew in Cyrus every time he looked at the woman. She could be up and about as soon as Riley, if only. Perhaps if he tackled him again about it, but what was the use? He could see the amusement in the cold, grey eyes, then the irritation.

What if he just went ahead and scheduled her? Hough wouldn't know till he was half-way through the operation. But, gosh, you couldn't do that. You'd be out of the hospital on your ear—right or wrong, you'd be out—and if you were wrong—He could see Hough's face, and shuddered, then grinned. Picture old Hough's face if you were right. What, just what, could he do and say then? Nobody else would know. Everybody'd think he'd ordered it, even MacDonald.

Cyrus tried to pull himself up, every service he'd been on so far he'd skated on pretty thin ice; acting as a donor, expressly contrary to regulations, exposing a whole ward full of kids to measles just to keep one of them in the hospital for a crazy sentimental reason. What if he had got away with it so far? That didn't mean this time. And if he got kicked out of here no other decent place would have him, and that would just about be that. No, sir, he'd made up his mind that on this service, no matter what broke loose, he'd be a good little boy.

But while he was thinking all this he found himself saying, "Miss Beemis, tell Social Service to get some of Mrs. Gelstrom's family in for typing. We may want one of them as a donor. I gathered from something Doctor Greely said this morning that Doctor Hough may change his mind about operating on her Saturday. Let you know for sure to-morrow afternoon, but we'd better have her ready, in case. Tell the night nurse to get ready for two intravenous glucoses this evening, too. I'll be too busy to give them till then."

Good Lord, what did he think he was doing? But there was excitement along his spine, and his heart was pounding. To see what this gall bladder was going to look like. To show old Hough, and to see his face.

He didn't sleep much when he finally got back to his room that night after giving the intravenous. He knew he could settle everything quite simply and safely with a few words: "No orders on Gelstrom, after all, Miss Beemis. Doctor Hough wants to watch her for a while longer." But he knew he wasn't going to say them.

He tried to, he kept telling himself, to over in the ward the next morning, and again after lunch. But instead he found himself wait-

ing, watching till there was no chance of Greely coming back and asking questions, till late in the afternoon when Mac was with him, but too hungry and bored to be inquisitive, because Mac, obviously, had to know what was going on, but he didn't have to know by whose order.

He had an unpleasant sense of impending doom as he wrote the pre-operative orders for Mrs. Gelstrom and answered Mac's "What the deuce?" with a "Hough seems to have changed his mind for once," and then Mac's "First time in history; the guy's cracking up," with a shrug and a scowl.

But it didn't make him stop writing. And when he picked up the telephone and got the operating room and said, "Look, schedule them this way for Doctor Hough to-morrow . . . Got it? And have them ready at nine, for Pete's sake. Rough Stuff bites when he's kept waiting," it was like a compulsion.

The nasty superior expression in Hough's eyes when he said, "Do you agree with me about this case, doctor?" The expression in Gelstrom's eyes, quiet and still and lost. Darn Hough and his snap pat diagnoses and his condescending manner

anyway. You might be nothing but an intern, but you could still have a few brain cells.

Mac was still looking surprised, and it made him nervous. When he asked curiously, "How on earth did you work it, Cy?" Cyrus snapped, "Work it? Me work it? I'm just the little messenger of the gods—didn't you know?"

He slept even less that night, and, by the next morning, waiting in the operating room for the anaesthetist to say "All right," he had such a fit of the jitters he was afraid the nurses could see him shake. There was a bad time ahead of him, bad either way, he was perfectly aware, and worth it, maybe, if he were right; but what, just what, to do if he were wrong?

But when Hough came in, pink and glowing with cleanliness where he wasn't covered with white, he had everything ready. As he mumbled a good morning through his mask he shot a last quick glance along the sheet-covered figure, its head hidden in the anaesthetist's cradle, and took a deep breath.

Hough was feeling very sure of himself this morning—you could see it in his step and the turn of his head—and, therefore, very kindly toward the world.

TO A MOTHER

*There's music in your gentle voice,
Kind lovelight in your eyes,
Sweet healing in your tender hands
That hold the dear home ties.
Bright sunshine lingers in your smile,
Our cares and woes depart
In secrets given and received
By your understanding heart.*

—Kathleen Rice.

"All ready," he said as affably as if Cyrus were his favorite intern. Darn him, thought Cyrus. Hough turned briskly to MacDonald, "We'll let Harvey be first assistant at this operation and you be second. We'll reverse it on the next one." Darn him, thought Cyrus again, this is a great time to go magnanimous.

The instrument nurse wheeled up the little table. Doctor Hough selected a knife. "This ought to be very interesting," he remarked conversationally. "I'm going to try to explain, as I go along, what you would find if it were carcinoma. I've been thinking about the question a good deal since Wednesday."

Cyrus thought for a moment he was going to fold up. His stomach felt hollow and he wished desperately that he'd had sense enough to eat something for breakfast besides coffee. But he couldn't then, and he couldn't fold up now. He stood there holding hemostats, hardly able to breathe with the effort of waiting.

The chief began to work, talking easily as he did so, as if to a class of students. "I prefer the oblique incision to the linear because it gives a better exposure . . . There you see the gall bladder right under the liver . . . The pancreas is perfectly normal to the touch. If it were carcinoma you would feel a definite mass here . . . Hold your hands back, please, Harvey, and quite still!"—Cyrus was trembling with suspense and then triumph—"the important task of an assistant is to keep the incision clear . . . Here in the gall bladder and ducts, you see, it is quite easy to feel the cause of the obstruction. No wonder the woman was in pain." Cyrus didn't look at Mac, though he was so close he could feel him stiffen in surprise, and could almost see the thin Scotch mouth shaped into a whistle, but he was too busy with his own thoughts to worry about that. He was right, he was right, he was right.

"I WOULD like to remove the gall bladder entirely, but I doubt if the patient's condition would warrant it, so we'll merely remove the stones and drain." His voice went on and on, as light and deft as his fingers. Cyrus watched and listened, half-hypnotised by the sureness and precision of the performance, almost forgetting, in his fascination, to keep on feeling triumphant.

"There . . . Now, Harvey, you close the incision, and always be careful on a woman, even if she's a ward patient, and not young, to keep the stitches as small and neat as possible." He put down his instrument with a little smile. "It seems to matter to them for some reason, I find."

Cyrus found himself working calmly and quickly. Something in the surgeon's tones, some note of confidence and authority took all the jitter out of him, and, with it, his resentment and triumph, as if the performance he'd just watched lifted the performer above mere questions of diagnosis and vanity.

The man was good, and he wasn't so young, either. Probably you couldn't help being sure of yourself if you'd been consistently good for over thirty years—thirty years, more by quite a few than Cyrus had been alive. For a moment he almost wished—it would hurt badly to find after thirty years that you didn't always guess right. While of the chief, too, to let him close the incision. He hadn't had to. It had been magnanimity—Cyrus tried to feel anger again at the gesture, but he found all he was feeling was gratitude—sheer magnanimity.

Please turn to Page 12

A Perfect Partner

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



Protect your smile! Let Ipana and massage help make your gums firm, your teeth sparkling.

WITH her flawless face and her head tipped—so—you'd think to yourself, "She's the loveliest thing I've ever seen!" And so she is—or rather, so she was. For the moment she smiles, much of the illusion of the "Perfect Partner" vanishes. Gone is the vivid beauty of face and figure. For neither charm nor beauty can atone for a ruined smile, dull teeth and dingy gums.

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Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• A TRAY OF FLOWERS offered for sale by Kathleen Noss while Henrietta Loder stands by to watch the customer at "Gone With the Wind" charity premiere.



• WHITE FEATHER MOUNT on her hat completes smart cocktail-party ensemble worn by Mrs. Tempe Houston.



• THE FINISHING TOUCH given by Shirley Ann Richards to fellow mannequin Pamela Boyes at parade for R.S.P.C.A.



• FIRST GUESTS at new Restaurant Normandie. Mrs. John Faviell (left) entertains her mother, Mrs. H. C. Rosenthal, of Melbourne.

Glamor at work...

GLAMOR in these days of war work not so easy to come by, so I'm all admiration for Lord Mayor's Younger Set, who rival film stars while doing strenuous night's work as ushers, reception committee and flower sellers at "Gone With the Wind" premiere.

Not so simple as it sounds when it has to be done in a square inch of space, too.

Sheila Tonkin, attaining fame as the "orchid girl," lives up to her name with cluster of purple blooms in hand and hair. Country girl Marcelle Bishop loyally wears wool gown of eau-de-nil-green with long sleeves and shoulder-spray of orchids.

Younger Set member Hon. Henrietta Loder is early in the foyer to see how things are going before she joins Lady Wakehurst and Vice-Regal party. Governor misses premiere because of a cold.

Find Kath Noss resting somewhere in upper lounge. Has succumbed to the crush, but, even making her escape, business instinct to the fore. She sells two boutonnieres.

Premier saleswoman of the night, Ruth Walker. Finishes up at 8 p.m. with an empty tray and pile of money.

Another Osborne...

THIS Wednesday at St. Mark's latest addition to Osborne clan will receive the name of Stephen Shaun. He is the second son of the Lawrence Osbornes, of Adaminaby.

Influx of country visitors for the occasion. Paternal grandmother, Mrs. Stephen Osborne, and aunt, Mrs. Douglas McLarty, of Silver Pines, Bundure Siding, staying at the Queen's Club.

Douglas is to be a godfather with Jim Gordon, of Bungendore. Nancy Heath comes from Melbourne to perform godmotherly duties.

After ceremony family will gather at the house in Double Bay which Mrs. Osborne has rented during her stay in Sydney. With husband and two babies and mother, Mrs. James Balfe, she returns home later this week.

Procession in white...

ARRIVE at University Great Hall on Friday night just in time to see the disappearing procession of thirty-two white gowned figures—the fresher-debutantes of 1940.

All seasoned students by now, one tells me, as the ball has been held later than usual this year on account of deferred examinations for militia trainees, who have monopolised Great Hall, traditional setting for the ceremony.

Record number of "debs." from any college comes from Sancta Sophia.

Names of these include Helen Burfitt, now in first year Agricultural Science, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Burfitt; Cecily de Monchaux, Maria Priddis, Mitta Foy, Pat Ancombe, Dymphna Lennon, Terese Parks, Margaret Connolly, and Moya McDade.

Among others I espy Judith Shortland, daughter of Judge P. D. Shortland, and Shirley Bradfield, granddaughter of bridge-builder Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield.

First with news...

HAD unexpected privilege of breaking to Mr. Arthur Allen news of birth of grandchild, son and heir of Lord and Lady Gifford.

"What? When? Where did you hear it?" he says before I realise that cable of good news has not yet reached him.

He's delighted. "Margaret will be so happy," he says ecstatically.

Really feel I'm in on historic occasion. Lord Gifford, 5th Baron, was last of his line, till arrival of his heir ensured succession to hundred-and-sixteen-year-old title.

"Gift"—so known to Australian friends—and Margaret have been living in Dolphin Square, but Grandpa Allen thinks it likely that new mother and babe may now go to country home. Picturesque name of The Little Bridge House, Haywood Heath, Sussex.

All in one...

WE'VE helped the Finns and the Poles and the Czechs in bewildering succession. Now there's a committee to raise funds for all three—and the French, too. I have this explained to me when I discuss War Victims' Relief Fund with honorary organiser, Madame Ferrari Passmore.

She's having a wildly energetic month making arrangements for W.V.R. Day in Marlin Place on May 17. Fifty stalls under way; 15,000 buttons of varying sizes and prices already distributed; and the never-tiring band of Bright Young Things ready once again to take up their posts on street corners to sell others.

Familiar names among button sellers, Nancy Croaker, Jean Anderson, Gwen King, Kathleen Noss, Lyle Mason, Sheila Vale, Bette Crichton-Brown, and Roslyn Bowman.

Popular catch...

SCRAMBLE for bridal bouquet at reception after wedding of Margaret Manchee and John Keene results in triumph for Florence McKell.

A popular catch as Florence is one of Margaret's oldest friends. Spent schooldays together at N.E.G.S.

Lots of country visitors dance at the Yacht Squadron reception. Ted Keenes (Yetta, Walgett), Mrs. Barry Henry (Merriwa), Mr. Geoffrey Manchee (Moree), Ron Brady (Girambone, Qld.).

John himself has been living at Walgett for some time, but he and Margaret will now settle in at Neutral Bay.

They are, by the way, apparently both sun-lovers, as honeymoon is to be spent at Cairns. Flew to Brisbane and boarded northward ship there.

Have you heard?...

MRS. VICTOR WHITE has left her suite at the Australia Hotel and taken Coorabel, in Darling Point Road.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Tim Boydell expected in Sydney from Brisbane. Tim to go overseas shortly.

Or seen?...

SHIRLEY FOYNTER sporting lovely diamond and platinum wristlet watch.

Barbara Salenger's engagement ring—an eternity ring set in a circle of diamonds.



• SOLDIER'S CONGRATULATIONS. For Mrs. Jimmy Singer, formerly Betty Siddaway, from Sergeant Peter Lister.



• GAY AND PENSIVE. Alison Bowman and Phyllis Goodwin watch the parade at a Battalion Comforts Fund fashion tea at Prince's.



• AT YE OLDE CRUSTY CELLAR. Hostesses Mrs. Charles Buchanan and Mrs. G. J. M. Best, whose cocktail party was to raise funds for Stork Ball.



• ONE CUSTOMER and two saleswomen. Marie Louise Doyle buys sweets from Margaret Christmas and Betty Goodwin at card party for R.P.A. Hospital.

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Wrong, Dead Wrong

Continued from Page 10

He snipped off the last stitch and looked up. Doctor Hough was watching him. "Good work, Harvey." Then glancing up at the clock above the door, "Thirty-five minutes. That's pretty quick, but it's important to remember that careful work can never be done with haste. What have we next? The thyroid? That ought to be fairly simple."

They were scrubbing again at the little row of washbasins outside, moving on to the second operating room, drawing on fresh gowns and gloves. Cyrus' fingers were coming back, double strength. The thyroid would be all right, but after that—after that. He had trouble getting on his gloves.

"Try a little more powder, Harvey," Doctor Hough's voice was mocking, but all Cyrus could hear now was the friendliness underneath the mockery, and as he managed a "Thank you, sir," his hands trembled more than ever. It was all he could do, as the thyroid operation progressed, to hold the retractors still and steady, so that Mac and the chief could see their way clearly, because what was he going to do, now that he'd got what he wanted; how was he going to tell him?

He couldn't, he couldn't tell him and stand there watching him while he heard what had happened. He could pretend to be sick—interna had been known to get sick at operations—and just let him discover the other woman waiting in the other operating room. He could say he'd made a mistake and thought Doctor Hough had ordered it, or—"Hold those back a little farther, doctor. That's right." Or what, or what?

The operation was over and they were outside again. Doctor Hough was drawing off his gloves, moving over toward the washbasin again. Cyrus moved over beside him. He had to tell him. He had to tell him now while Mac was still talking to the anaesthetist.

They began to scrub, ten minutes of it here, side by side, but he had to tell him now, quick, before Mac came up.

"Mrs. Riley is scheduled next, Doctor Hough," he said abruptly, his hands busy with the brush, his eyes on his hands.

"Mrs. Riley?" Doctor Hough stopped washing and shot him a glance. He could see it, even looking at his hands. "But we just did her." He had to meet the glance. He had to go on.

"That," said Cyrus in a toneless voice, straightening up for a moment as if bracing himself, and facing the older man squarely, "was Mrs. Gelstrom you did, Doctor Hough."

The chief flushed violently, a brief sudden flicker of anger and shame. Then his face went completely stiff and expressionless, and his eyes cold. Cyrus didn't seem to care what was going to happen. It didn't matter now, somehow. The thing was done, and that, however much you might wish it wasn't, was that.

"I see," said Doctor Hough evenly, after a silence of interminable seconds; "then we must by all means operate on Mrs. Riley now." That was all. He turned back to the washbasin and began to scrub again. Cyrus stood there as if life were suspended for a moment, and then went back to his own scrubbing.

The man had to say something more than that. He had to! But apparently he hadn't. They stood there, side by side, with no sound but the rhythmic scrubbing of the stiff little brushes. Until MacDonald hurried up and began, as he turned on the water, to ask questions about the last operation.

Hough answered them quietly and amiably, as if he hadn't just been informed of a flagrant affront, as if Cyrus wasn't there, didn't exist. As Cyrus stood there automatically scrubbing, the triumph that had never really had a chance to bloom withered away completely. It was too easy.

There didn't even seem to be room in him for satisfaction that Mrs. Gelstrom's brooding was over, that she would be well and home in a few more weeks. He felt not victorious but defeated, flat.

When the other two men moved toward the operating room, he moved silently, springingly after them, and as Doctor Hough went quietly and efficiently to work on the patient a few minutes later he felt flatter and flatter.

"Hold that retractor over this way, please, Harvey," his face and voice

expressive of nothing but interest in the operation. "Interesting, isn't it, doctor, to have two such similar cases in one day?" But Cyrus kept seeing the brief flicker, the sudden flush. What a rotten thing to have done, making a fine old man feel like a fool. Yes, fine. What if he was opinionated and intolerant—who had a better right to be? Certainly not one stuck-up kid by the name of Harvey.

That angle hadn't occurred to him. Why hadn't he thought the thing through? Why hadn't he had sense enough to realize—

"The pancreas, you see, in perfect condition... several large stones in the gall bladder... A surgeon never really knows what he is going to find—never a glance at Cyrus—until his patient is open before him. That is the chief charm of surgery, a continual, I might almost say gamble... This patient I think can stand the removal, so we'll go ahead. She ought to get along all right without her gall bladder. Hundreds of people do."

The patient was wheeled out. Doctor Hough was taking off his gloves. Mac was congratulating him in his dry Scotch way on the operation. Cyrus stood by, saying nothing, waiting for Doctor Hough to speak and strike. He wasn't afraid. He just felt sick, the way you feel when you are too ashamed even to feel shame.

"THAT fracture next, I believe, MacDonald," said Doctor Hough, with an inquiring inflexion, and then were finished. Rather a full morning. Still he didn't look at Cyrus. He started quickly across the big white room. Mac beside him.

"Doctor Hough," said Cyrus almost desperately. The man paused, letting the resident go on ahead, and stood looking at him with the same stiff expressionless face. "Doctor Hough," said Cyrus rapidly, without looking at him. "That was a rotten thing to have done. I didn't think I didn't realize, all afterwards, just how rotten, just what a rotten position it would place you in. If there is any way I can square it, any way at all, even to getting kicked out of the hospital on some other pretext, why—Because I see how rotten and small it was, simply wanting to show you, I tried to kid myself that it was because I was sorry for the woman but it was really wanting to prove I was right—and I'm properly sorry. He lifted his eyes then, and looked straight into the face of the older

Animal Antics



"EVERY TIME he sees a poor little defenceless rabbit he gets a lump in his throat."

man. Doctor Hough dropped his eyes to Cyrus' feet and then brought them slowly upwards, looking him over coldly, appraisingly.

"That coup, as you might perhaps call it, Harvey," he said dryly, "was something your father would never have done, never, because your father, even as an intern, Harvey—I know because I interned with him—knew enough to realise you can never be sure of anything in medicine."

"No, Harvey"—he paused and rubbed his temple reflectively—"your father would never in the world have done a rotten—as you call it—thing like that." There was a longer pause, then he looked straight into Cyrus' eyes and smiled a little. Cyrus felt the smile like a knife and braced himself for withering sarcasm.

"But I would have," said the chief suddenly. "I would have, like a shot, if I'd had the chance you had. So watch out, Harvey, that, when you're sixty and successful, you aren't just as foully opinionated as I am, and just as wrong."

As Cyrus' dark blue eyes met the keen grey ones of the chief, there came into them, for perhaps the first time in his life, the look of a small boy gazing at the captain of his school football team.

"I'll remember, sir," he said humbly. "I'll remember—everything." And then he had to turn abruptly away and work energetically at getting his gloves off, for his lips were trembling. (Copyright.)

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BE INTELLIGENT

WHY is that many Australians refuse to take anything seriously?

At a most interesting and educational A.R.P. demonstration recently it was almost impossible to hear the lecturer because of the giggling of most of the spectators. They appeared to find the man in his decontamination suit terribly amusing, and, at the wail of the air-raid siren, they literally roared with laughter.

If it isn't too much for money and time to be spent trying to teach us how to help ourselves and others in a time of stress, surely it isn't too much for us to try to show a little intelligence.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. P. Dowsett, 49 Combermere St., Essendon, Vic.

OFFICE DRESS

WITHIN the last few months I have engaged about a dozen typists and in every case each one has worn a different dress for the first week.

Is this universal, and is there any need for it? How can the girls manage it on their salaries?

This dress parade upsets the rest of the staff and puts them off their work.

Thomas W. Smith, 195 Burke Rd., Glen Iris S.E.S., Vic.

ANTICIPATION BEST?

CYNICS say that anticipation is better than realisation.

Is the joy surrounding the anticipation of a happening really greater than when the event becomes a reality? Or is it that people sometimes buy themselves up so much during the period of anticipation that things take on an added glow?

Mrs. D. Walter, 42 Ramsgate St., Glenelg, S.A.

Do women dress to please men or women?

WOMEN find a natural pleasure in the loveliness of clothes and fabrics, Mrs. Creelman (20/4/40).

This is quite apart from the feminine desire to please men.

In countries where marriages are arranged when the girls are only small children, there is no desire for them to outshine each other, because their lives have already been fixed.

Yet even these women like "dressing up."

Miss O. Maher, Post Office, Kogarah, N.S.W.

For own benefit

WOMEN do not dress to please the men, neither do they dress to please the women.

They dress entirely to please themselves, to give themselves confidence, and to have the satisfaction of knowing that they look their very best and can compete successfully with other well-dressed women.

Mrs. E. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

To impress escort

WHEN we see the way in which many women and girls wear sloppy, untidy clothes, when they are alone at home, it is obvious that they dress to please men.

The same women if they are to be taken out by men friends will undergo a complete transformation.

The best "hair-do," the prettiest frock, and the most glamorous make-up all appear for the masculine approval.

Lester Adams, Bay St., Brighton, Vic.

Masculine comment

IF a woman is able to don clothes to good advantage and look nicer than her sisters, they are loath to admire and usually remain silent.

But, on the other hand, men will immediately admire or condemn clothes if they do not look suitable.

Miss Rirdan, 12 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

Right to retain men friends after marriage

PROVIDED that women invite their men friends to the home, Mrs. Harris (20/4/40) or meet them when out with their husbands, there is no reason to give them up.

If, on the other hand, a woman's men friends are not also her husband's friends, and her husband will not accept them as such, he must have some very good reason for his objections.

In this case I would say give them up by all means.

Mrs. C. Dale, c/o P.O., Balacava, Vic.

Know too much

ANY man knows more about his fellow men than any nice woman should know.

Perhaps that is why husbands object to other male interests in the lives of their wives.

Platonic friendships apparently do exist, but it means that someone is exercising self-control.

What normal husband could be expected to ignore his wife's wish for the company of some other man?

M. Vickers, 84 Concord Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

Will start gossip

THE reason why women usually have to give up their men friends after marriage lies not with the persons concerned, but with the outside world which loves to gossip.

The appearance of a married woman with a man not her husband will start gossip almost immediately.

To ignore the chatter is to invite trouble. Homes have been wrecked through such bravado.

Miss J. N. Owen, Adelaide Rd., Gawler, S.A.

Do women become snobbish more quickly than men?

IS snobbery more noticeable among women than men? I think so.

A man will never forget a friend, no matter how different their positions become.

A woman who rides in a car hates to be reminded that once she used to walk to save fares.

A man will make a joke of how he used to skimp and save. Most men do not change their minds about people and things as quickly as most women, who place high value on material achievements.

Mrs. D. Blair, Alderley Ave., Alderley NW2, Brisbane.

Danger ahead

WE are human beings, consequently there is a large streak of jealousy in our natures. Peculiarly enough, the wife who insists on having men friends usually objects strenuously when her husband decides to acquire a few women friends.

Of course, the ideal is that such friendships should be platonic, but how can anyone be certain of this?

Such friendships can end in tragedy. That is their danger.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, Qld.

Marriage laws

THE marriage service says, "For-saking all others." So why get married if one wishes to retain the "right" to act as a single woman?

Speculation and censure follow married men and women who go about with others.

Platonic friendships are possible, but not proof against human nature. Who knows when they might turn into something deeper, irrespective of the good intentions of the man and woman concerned?

Mrs. Y. Ford, c/o P.O., Botany, N.S.W.

Teasing the girl who refuses a drink

TO tease a girl who refuses to smoke or drink is both unkind and unwise, Mrs. B. M. Wright (20/4/40).

Sensitive girls who go to parties are often made to feel hopelessly out of date when they refuse a cigarette or a cocktail.

The cry of "be a good sport" now-



Afraid of being out of the party.

days has a meaning that is quite different from its original sense.

Mrs. James White, Franklin Ave., Flinders Park, S.A.

Be prepared

IF parents prepared their daughters against the temptations of over-indulgence in drink or smoking there would be less of both.

A girl who does not want cocktails and cigarettes can refuse and not mind the teasing she may get.

It is not so much the refusal as the horrified manner in which it is sometimes made that causes unthinking people to tease and criticise.

Mrs. G. L. Little, Queen's Rd., Melbourne.

Set example

SO long as a girl is doing right, ridicule will not harm her.

Many young moderns think it is smart to drink and smoke, but the non-drinking and non-smoking girl should endeavor to set an example to her friends and not allow teasing to influence her to do as they do.

Miss Joyce Hope, 16a Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

INDIGESTION ended!



"I was afraid to eat"

Here is proof that chronic indigestion can be overcome. Read this report, just one more of the remarkable tributes to De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Another user, Mr. V. E. Willis, says:

"I suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. I was afraid to eat anything and was just about a wreck when I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder. Within a week I was looking forward to my meals. Now I really thank De Witt's Antacid Powder for having made me feel better than I have done for years."

The first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder gives instant relief because it immediately neutralises stomach acidity, the cause of heartburn, flatulence or pain after meals. One ingredient soothes and protects the stomach lining and another helps to digest your food.

In fact, De Witt's Antacid Powder is really the modern triple-action treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

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WHEN passing through a French village, Leading Aircraftman Gordon Spencer, nursing orderly attached to the British troops, was accosted by an agitated grandmother. He hurried home with her to find her daughter about to give birth to a baby. As no doctor was available Spencer, who in civil life is a male nurse, attended the woman and safely delivered the child, a girl. Picture shows the mother, Madame Hauwell, with her baby, Marie Paul, and Aircraftman Spencer.

WRITTEN STARS IN THE SKY

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Taurians can be nice, also not-so-nice. It all depends on their training.

WHETHER you are an enemy or a friend, a partner or a would-be partner of a Taurian—a person born between April 21 and May 22—you must never overlook the fact that these people have "IT." Their magnetic qualities are so strong that they can be forces for either good or evil in the lives of others.

If they develop their worst side, they will make many enemies, but if they cultivate their lovable, charming, and jolly characteristics they can hold their friends for life.

If life runs smoothly for them, and there is no cause for their sulky and stubborn tantrums, they are likely to become placid in the extreme, and not care about anything other than having a peaceful and jolly time, and plenty to eat.

Taurians are rare eaters. They know good food, and not only want it themselves, but love to dispense it to others. In fact, they have the best chances of all of winning the love of men through their stomachs. Their genuine delight in dinners and entertainments with the opposite sex makes them pleasant companions who seldom lack attention.

Can't be driven

THESE folk usually have plenty of appeal, and are likely to marry young and perhaps suddenly. Consequently, mothers of youthful Taurians (of either sex) should try to understand this element in their make-up, and allow them to bring their friends into the home circle where they will be more likely to retain their balance and common sense.

Remember, also, that Taurian children can be led but seldom driven. Like the bull that symbolises their sign, they must be held gently but firmly, and the restraint must be cunningly disguised.

Unless this be done they will go on the rampage against restriction, and there will be plenty of trouble ahead.

The wilful and the selfish, stubborn, jealous and defiant elements in the character will gain the upper hand, and drive them, even against their own wisdom, along dangerous paths.

Understand and teach self-control to Taurian children and you'll live to be thankful. Don't, and you will regret it.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair for you on May 16 and 17 (to dusk).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): You can do lots to help yourself at this time: to get busy. Ask favors, make changes, seek promotion and start new ventures from May 13, 14, and 15 (to dusk) poor, but May 15 (evening), 16, and 17 (to dusk) out, produce, gain.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Just a week of days. Plan ahead. May 18 just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Quite fair for hard-working Cancerians on May 11, 12, and 13 (morning). Get semi-important things under way.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Let your conscience be your guide this week. If you look for trouble you'll get it, especially on May 13, 14, and 15.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be your own best friend by working hard, planning wisely, being optimistic, enthusiastic, and everprising. Seek favors or advancements and changes. Don't waste any of May 13 (night only), 16, and 17 (to dusk).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Be patient and plan for the near future. Complete outstanding routine matters. May 17 (night), and 18 fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): If you are uneasy your stars can bring you lots of trouble, opposition, arguments, losses, and even partings and disappointments. Don't take chances. Concentrate on routine. Beware on May 13, 14, and 15.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Not spectacular. Get all important matters which cannot stand over, under way before the month grows old. May 13 (after noon), 14, and 15 weak but helpful.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Don't let the grass grow under your feet. Be sure to improve your affairs in some way on May 13 (night), 16, and 17 (to dusk).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Adverse times for you now, so live quickly and cautiously. Better times ahead, so concentrate routine matters and plan for future. Be guarded on May 13, 14, and 15.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Quite fair for Pisceans on May 11, 12, and 13 (morning).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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HE KEPT WATCH

Complete Short Story

by . . .

**Theodore
Sturgeon**

CHIN on hand, Joye leaned on the rail, her eyes fixed on the horizon. It was one of those nights when one should be glad that there is a sea, so that there might be nights like this. They went well together, the night and Joye. Both were lovely in their soft, warm way, and both hid their untold strength in a moonlight mood.

A porpoise leaped near the ship's side, almost below her, and startled her with its wheeze and its great splash.

"Beat it, son," she told the porpoise softly. "This hulk may be a plaything to you, but it's a gal to me. Why anyone would want to be around a dirty old tanker when there is an out is beyond me. Beat it, boy."

"Oh, I don't know," said a quiet voice at her side. "If you'd been soaking in salt water for nineteen years you'd be pretty crusty yourself."

She started violently and gasped. "How—who—what do you mean by sneaking up on me like that?"

"What do you mean by monopolising my wailing wall?"

"For your information, shellback," she said to the seaman, "I was taking advantage of a much-needed solitude, which seems to have been rudely snatched from me."

She looked him over coolly. He had the face of a slender man and the arms of a wrestler. The rest of him was lithe and tall, and not the least bit bulky. "Satisfied?"

"Not at all," he said politely. "This is not a passenger ship, and never will be. She's a gasoline carrier. Yet every time someone pulls a few gold-plated wires and ships a Jonah aboard us, said Jonah immediately assumes all privileges formerly reserved for licensed men and the crew off watch."

"And you are—?"

"The 12 to 4 ordinary seaman, at your service within limits."

"Do tell me all about it," she said in the gentle voice that meant she was losing her temper.

"With pleasure," he said, and added modestly, "the pleasure, you understand, lasts as long as I am the subject of the conversation."

"I quite understand," she said through tight lips. Little flicks of fire danced in her dark eyes, and she trembled slightly with the effort of keeping herself under control. That violent temper of hers had done her no good; wasn't it responsible for her being here with this insufferable person, on this disreputable old ship?

"At twenty minutes to twelve every night," the insufferable person went on suavely, "my friend the 8 to 12 A.B. wakes me with the words, 'One bell, lug.' I slide into my dungarees, grab my watch cap and come up 'midships, up here on the boat-deck, where for fifteen minutes I smell the wind and say to myself, 'Charming—'"

"Charming?"

"Yes, aren't I? Charming, my dear lady—" he clicked the heels of his fabric-soled tanker man's shoes—"is my humble name. 'Charming,' I say to myself, 'it will rain to-night.' Or, 'It will not rain to-night.' I am always right, and I say to myself, 'Charming, you are an admirable fellow.' Then I review my past and find it satisfactory."

"What is this?" she burst out furiously.

"To-night," he continued in his deep, quiet voice, "I came up here as usual, expecting it to be as usual. The rest—he threw an arm up dramatically—"you know. The spell was broken. No more can I say to myself, 'Charming, that is a fine girl. She is very pretty, and she stays out of my life.' It will rain to-night."

"Stop it," she gasped. "I can't stand any more. Go away!"

"I shall go," he told her firmly, "because it is my duty. I must relieve the 8 to 12 ordinary, and for that reason only I shall leave you. Good night, Joye."

"Good night," she said before she could stop herself.

"My first name is, of course, Prince," he said, and disappeared down the ladder forward.

Prince Charming.

She leaned weakly against a davit and tried to pull herself together. Then went below and turned in.

After half an hour of restless listening to the increasing whine of the wind and the quickened slap of the waves, she gave it up, turned on her bunk light and thought about this awful trip. It was Aunt Hagar's wild idea, of course. Her anger, never quite quenched since that impossible ordinary seaman left her, turned to the memory of her frozen-faced aunt. It had happened this way:

Joye's father had been one of those legendary figures of humble beginnings who had, by the sweat of his brow and the astuteness of his business sense, made a considerable fortune. When, at Joye's birth, his wife died, he buried his grief in work, and the result of that work was wealth in six figures. But in throwing himself into his affairs he had had little time for his baby daughter, and had turned her over to his sister Hagar with instructions that Joye was to be given the best private education, with particular emphasis on controlling her temper.

For Joye had a terrible temper. The father she had seen only four or five times before his death three years ago when she was in college knew all about that temper, for she had inherited it from him. And the upbringing she had had under Aunt Hagar and her bevy of tutors had been carefully calculated to submerge that temper in a flood of rules and regulations.

Well, it just hadn't worked. The temper was still there, all the more violent for being suppressed so long.

SHE had exploded when Aunt Hagar told her about this trip. "It was your father's last wish, my dear, that you should be placed in some utterly new and different environment, where any vestige of that temperament which he feared for in you might be removed." Aunt Hagar always talked that way—like the classics.

"I have no temperament!" Joye said violently.

"Do not interrupt," Aunt Hagar said primly. "I have found just the right thing for you. You will board the s.s. Nueva at noon tomorrow, and will sail to Port Arthur, Texas. I shall go by land and meet you there."

"Oh! A ship? A cruise ship?"

"She is a seven-thousand-ton tanker, Joye, and I have gone to considerable trouble to get you aboard her. It was a special concession given me through a friend of your father's."

That was when Joye had exploded. A filthy old tanker! Her aunt had sat passively watching her while she stormed and stamped. She had said only:

"That settles it, Joye. Your father said in his will that I was to have the choice of this finishing touch to your education. If you accepted my judgment in the matter, no more was to be said. But if you objected, you were to be forced to obey me. Get ready, Joye."

That was the last straw. But further defiance was useless. Joye found it physically impossible to avoid the trip.

Please turn to Page 16



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BUT

once on board she had found it very pleasant. She hated to admit it, but she was fundamentally honest and had to. Captain Avery and the Chief Engineer, with whom she dined, made everything as pleasant as they could. In about three days she had calmed down a little, and by the fourth she was almost normal. And then she had to meet this disgustingly conceited seaman and be upset again! She wondered if she should tell the Captain about it, and then decided not to.

The next day she was up early, full of her plans to ignore him. She would cut him dead. She would insult him by her lack of interest. She would—but somehow nothing seemed to work out right. All the morning she watched for him in vain.

By eleven o'clock she couldn't stand it any longer. She wandered up into the wheelhouse and asked the quartermaster what the 12 to 4 watch did in the morning. "Sleep," he told her gruffly, and returned to his steering.

Which made her feel very, very foolish.

She saw him after lunch painting busily on the pump-room hatch. He

glanced up at her and then went on with his painting. She felt her anger choke her again. "Hello," she said sweetly.

"Beat it," he said. "Do you want me to get fired?"

"Yes," she said, and strode back to her room. The colossal nerve of him! There—there were no words. She'd never speak to him again!

Which, considering that she was up on the midship boat-deck at exactly eleven-forty that night, was a peculiar resolve. It was calm again, though overcast, and very dark. She heard his firm steps plainly by the time he was half-way over the catwalk. She waited rather breathlessly until his shadow loomed towards her from the ladder and then she turned her back.

He began talking to himself. She caught the words. "Yes, Ivan, you were right. She is here again, that stupid girl, to spoil your evening. But bear up, Ivan, my fine fellow, bear up. In two days we dock at Galveston and then she will be out of your life."

He Kept Watch

Continued from Page 15

"Ivan?" she said, her curiosity overcoming her anger for the moment. She moved closer and looked up into his face. Yes, it was the same bronzed countenance, with the same annoying smile. "I thought you said you were Prince Charming."

"You don't think so? Well, then, I am no longer Prince Charming. I am Ivan. I am also the centre of the universe, Ugly."

"Are you calling me Ugly?"

"Certainly. I have been thinking about you. I believe that you have been called everything imaginable but Ugly!"

She felt her cheeks flame, and was glad of the dark. What he said was perfectly true, and could be called a tribute of sorts.

"So you're the one who makes the world go round," she said conversationally. "Do tell me about it."

"It will not rain to-night," he said irrelevantly. "You are a spoiled brat with an ungovernable temper. You are very inconsiderate of other people's feelings. You are snobbish and narrow-minded and generally unproductive. Besides—"

The calm, even tone of his voice was broken by the small hand that lashed across his lips. He did not step back or exclaim; simply reached over, took her by the scruff of the neck, and slapped her cheek smartly.

They stood there in the blackness, staring at each other in silence—she with her eyes smarting with angry tears, he quite impassive but for his raised eyebrows and the tiniest quiver at the corner of his mouth.

"I must deprive you of myself for four hours. Good night, Joye," he said suddenly.

Trembling a little, she said, "Good night, Mr—"

"Hoe," he said from the ladder, and was gone.

Ivan Hoe!

It must have been two hours later when she suddenly sat bolt upright in bed. What was that he had said? Something about "I must deprive you of myself for four hours." And he was off watch in four hours! And that was his way of telling her to be there waiting for him when he came off the fo'c'sle head.

"Giving me orders," she muttered indignantly as she slid out of the bunk. "Expects me to"—she pulled on some clothes—"be at his beck and call!" And she threw a sweater over a slender arm. "Who does he think he is?" She slipped softly out on deck and made her way to the boat-deck, fuming. "Ordering me to meet him at four in the morning!"

She was early, though. Seven bells struck, and she sat down on the tub that held the boat-fall. A half hour to wait.

After an age, one bell rang. Twenty minutes to go. She heard the A.B. on watch walking aft in the still, damp air. She shuddered, looking at the moon. It was like a ghost suffocating in grey mists.

She may have dozed; eight bells frightened her. She jumped up and into the arms of the 12 to 4 ordinary, who had appeared at the sound of the bells as if he were Aladdin's djinn. He held her and kissed her very gently. He had been quite right. He was the centre of the universe.

Quite without warning he released her and shoved her against the tub, on which she sat with a very ungraceful thump. "Listen, Ugly," he said. "Listen well and shut please the mouth." She did, surprisingly.

"First place," he began without flourishes, "I'm seventy kinds of a cad. I've led you astray on I don't know how many counts."

"Oh, Ivan—"

"Will that decorative mouth of yours remain closed, or must I close it? As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, I've been a cad. Now I'm going to tell you why."

"Your Aunt Hagar is a friend of mine and was a friend of my dad's before he died. She is a very astute business woman in spite of the Model T silks she wears. I don't know if you ever appreciated that in her, but you can thank her for more than that, too. She has—Lord knows why—a great affection for you. It's up to you to live up to it. I'll help you."

"Oh, you will!" Joye said icily, the glow of his kiss suddenly leaving her. "And who are you?"

For the first time surprise entered his voice. "Why, I'm Vince Randall. I'm the man who's going to marry you." Ignoring her gasp he went right on with his speech. "Well, the part of your father's will that you don't know about states that when you were thrown into an environment in which it would make no difference what you broke or how furious you got—this is it, you see—then someone was to be appointed temporary guardian angel. That's where I come in. My orders from your aunt were to keep you as furious as possible until you realised what a fool you were. The first three days you did quite well by yourself; I could tell that by looking at you. When you started enjoying yourself I stepped in and spoiled it all."

She put a hand on his arm. "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because I couldn't carry it through. I fell in love with you," he said matter-of-factly. "It was my fault, the whole thing. I shipped on here last month to get a vacation. I told Hagar about the ship, I promised to look after you for the trip. Now I promise to look after you forever. What say?"

"Oh, you are asking me, after all? Why you comestible, overbearing, cold-blooded reptile! You—you—oh, darling, of course I will! I don't care what Aunt Hagar says."

"She says it's grand. She says it pleases her sense of the ridiculous. I radioed her yesterday. Let's go down and wake up the Old Man and have him marry us."

"Captain Avery . . . but will he? I mean, won't he be furious?"

"Why should he be? He works for me. I own this company."

So they woke up the Old Man and the mate.

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As a boy, Luke Castle, son and grandson of Castell's—that famous show family—made up his mind that Castell's Circus, once renowned, would be created again by him.

The book is the record of his struggle. The reader is introduced into surround-

ings to which he is utterly foreign, meets people who lead a life restricted to contacts with their own kind, and who regard all outside the sphere of the circus as outsiders—"flaties." He learns of a code which is as exacting as any code of religion, if somewhat different in its demands, rubs shoulders with performers, tent men, grooms, for whom one thing dominates all else—the show.

Symbol of all circus folk is old Marta Castelli, Luke's great-aunt, who, when he is still a small boy, entranced him with her stories of the glorious past.

Drama and action

"SEE," she says, holding up a green velvet tunic trimmed with ostrich feathers, "I wore this one in the Courier act, astride of three horses. The great Andrew Ducrow—you've heard me tell about him—he never straddled but two, so they say, but I straddled me three, easy."

Headly stuff for a youngster already dreaming of great feats for himself.

The description of Marta's end is one of the thrilling scenes of the book. Luke is attacked in the area by one of a troupe

of lions he is rehearsing. In a moment pandemonium breaks loose as Luke, streaming with blood, fighting off the lioness, endeavors to regain control.

"Across the field Luke heard shouting, heard the cage door rattle, someone coming in. 'Keep out there!' he gasped. 'Seats, Venus! Seats, Stripes! Seats, Jupiter!'" And all the time scarcely conscious of the teeth and claws of Stars that tore at his flesh. 'Seats! Seats! Jupiter would obey, but Stripes won't let him. Jupiter bounds once more upon Stripes, the two of them fall upon Luke. Luke goes down again and sees, beyond his reddened hands that are battling against Stars' jaws, the heroic figure of old Marta plunging a feeding fork with all her force into Stars' shoulder.

"With a roar Stars let go her hold of Luke and turned on Marta. 'Come on and welcome!' screamed Marta with a yell of laughter.

"The yell was broken off short as Stars seized Marta in her jaws and shook her like a rag."

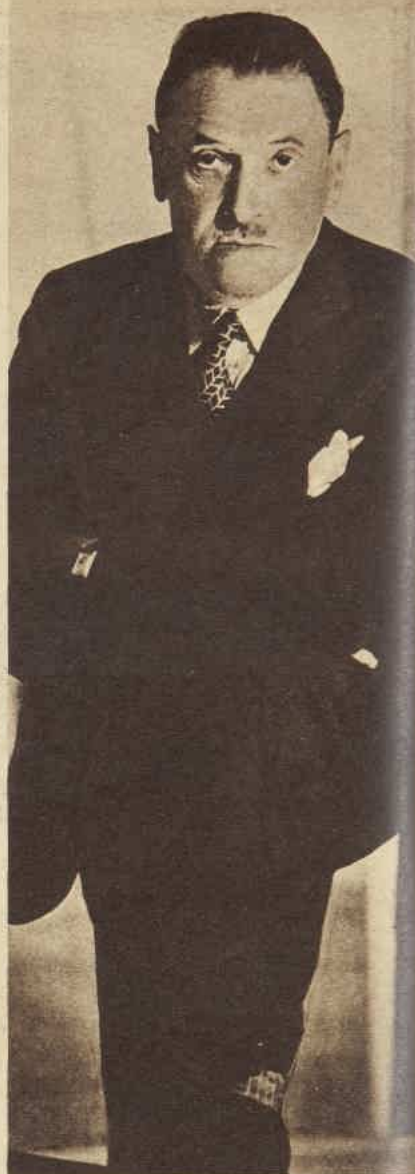
They buried Marta Castelli in the circus manner, "gay, as she would have liked, with a band playin' round her grave."

Mrs. Manning-Sanders has managed well the romantic content of her story. Luke and Anna Beckett, the child who gives him his "luck" when he goes to the first circus he has ever seen, are predestined to mate. In both, the blood of show folk rules their lives; both share the same ideals. But their creator makes them suffer before she allows them to enter into the fullness of living to which you will feel they are deserving.

Luke goes through a first marriage with Elsie, a shallow, selfish type, who, even though she loves him in her fashion, cannot enter into his life and share his ambitions. Anna has her share of unhappiness as wife to Leobe, a fine trapeze artist who gradually deteriorates mentally and physically because of a weakness for drink and women.

"Luke's Circus," Ruth Manning-Sanders. (Collins.)

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, famous British novelist, has called his latest book of short stories, "The Mixture as Before."



Give him this cosy All-Wool Underwear

THAT HARD WASHING IN HOT SUDSY WATER WON'T SHRINK OR THICKEN

Is your husband one of those men who "never wear woollen underwear"? Here's news that will change his ideas about the comfort of wool and change yours also about the washing qualities of all wool underwear.

Thanks to a new world process of which Eagley has the exclusive rights for underwear in Australia, Eagley 'NEVASHRINK' all wool underwear remain soft and cosy and retain their original fit despite repeated rubbing and scrubbing in hot soapy water. Your husband will enjoy the softness, the warmth, the freedom from shrinking and binding in this revolutionary new underwear. But insist on Eagley 'NEVASHRINK'.

Not only do you obtain these exclusive features in Eagley 'NEVASHRINK', but when you look over the 'NEVASHRINK' range in light, medium and heavy weight merino wool—when you see the smart new styles, cut and finish of these garments—Well, you'll only want to know that the price of Eagley underwear is no more than that of ordinary garments.

Have a look at the range in your favourite

Eagley 'NEVASHRINK' store today!



Look for the **Eagley NEVASHRINK** Registered Brand.

NEVASHRINK

ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR

Made only by **Eagley**

RUB IT—SCRUB IT... You Can't Shrink It!

CONVINCING PROOF UNDER STRICT SUPERVISION!



Pounded, rubbed and scrubbed for 15 minutes in soapy water (100 deg. temperature under official supervision at trading laundries—that's the test to which Eagley 'NEVASHRINK' garments were put, and not a sign of shrinking or pilling. Under the same conditions other 'so-called' shrinkable underwear purchased at city stores all matted and shrank. Look at these photos taken after the tests.



HOW TO KISS

When you kiss a man, or he kisses you, if there's one thing that ruins your kisses, it's to smother him with lipstick. A man hates that tell-tale smear of lipstick on his mouth, his chin, his cheeks—or on his handkerchief!

Now, Pond's bring you a really indelible lipstick that stays on... if you kiss, eat, swim or smoke. Pond's Indelible Lipstick is never greasy or drying on your lips. It

has a satiny smooth yet firm texture. It is natural looking, constant in colour. And remember, Pond's Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich colour in the bright daylight, or under the glare of electric lights. For lovely lips, night and day, use Pond's Indelible Lipstick. 6 smart shades. Only 2/- and 1/- at all stores and chemists.



24-12



Canvasser: Will you buy a ticket in a lottery for a poor man in the next street?

Housewife: Whatever would I do with him if I won?



"How did you break your leg?"

"I threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it."

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

Then You Need

Zam-Buk

HOW many thousands of women say to themselves during the day, "Oh, my poor feet!" Hours of standing and walking — cleaning, cooking and other household duties — shopping or out at business, are responsible for tired, aching feet and swollen ankles. Therefore, be sure your hard-worked feet have regular care.

First, bathe them every night in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, chilblains are healed, joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in perfect comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists and stores.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



"Housework made my feet very tender. I also had corns and callouses. Zam-Buk so relieved and strengthened my feet they are now in splendid condition all the time." Mrs. M. Burroughs.

"I've had a busy life, being on my feet all day in business. Zam-Buk proved wonderful for relieving pain and tiredness, and enables me to get about in real comfort." Mrs. P. Dixon.

Some NEW LAUGHS



"So you have no objection to your wife singing over the radio?"

"No, I can always turn the radio off."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Have you really read this book?"

"I certainly have! And I've already finished nine pages of suggestions to the author."



"My daughter is going to play Beethoven to-night."

"I hope she wins."

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE class was being examined in general knowledge.

"If you were alone in a motor car on a lonely road," said the examiner, "and were being chased by a thief in another car, travelling at 50 miles an hour, what would you do?"

"Sixty," replied a puzzled but hopeful candidate.

"MAY I have the day off to get married?"

"But you've just had two weeks' holiday. Why didn't you get married then?"

"I didn't want to spoil my holiday."

A WOMAN whose husband had enlisted was seeing him off at the station on his return to camp when she burst into tears.

"Friends tried to cheer her up but—'It's not him I'm crying for,' she said. 'It's those poor Germans. I know what my Bill's temper's like when he starts.'"

"NOW, are you truthful?" asked the employer of a prospective office boy in the presence of his mother.

"Certainly," replied the mother quickly. "But, of course, he understands that business is business."

"THE reason I'm asking for a rise, sir, is that two other companies are after me."

"You surprise me! Who are they?"

"The gas company and the time-payment company."

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Name and Address



An Editorial

MAY 11, 1940.

MOTHER'S DAY AND THE WAR



MOTHER'S DAY this year will be celebrated in vastly different circumstances from that of the peaceful years of the past.

On Sunday in honoring the mothers of Australia we can pay a tribute also to the valiant way they have stood up to the anxieties of the war and the doubts and uncertainties of the past months.

War makes its first demand on the mothers when their sons join the fighting forces. They are part of the war machine from the declaration of war until the last shot in the conflict is fired.

They have anxieties deeper even than the fighting men, but these must be hidden.

There is something magnificent in the serenity of the mothers of the Empire and the way in which they have faced up to the war.

You see them everywhere, these mothers — at Cenotaph and march past, at Red Cross work and Comforts Fund organisations. They did not want war. But when it came they went quietly to their posts to see it through.

The mother of 1939 was a domestic person concerned with the welfare of her home, husband, and children.

The mother of 1940 whom we honor to-day is the same person with an infinitely more difficult task.

In many cases war has scattered her children. Mail comes from Palestine, sons are in the militia. There are visits to camp, socks to be knitted. The orderly days of peace are interrupted by the martial contacts of war.

Yet the mothers stick to their posts seeing it through, praying that the reward be victory — and the end a permanent and lasting peace.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

Books from the Queen

THOUSANDS of new and old books have been sent to the National Book Council in London to provide libraries for men on active service.

Queen Elizabeth has sent a varied collection of new books, including Fisher's "History of Europe," "Marlborough," by Winston Churchill, "Gone With the Wind," Homer's "Odyssey," the Oxford Book of Verse, Shakespeare's Plays, "Cakes and Ale," by Somerset Maugham, "Many Cargoes," by W. W. Jacobs, "The Temple of Costly Experience," by Daniel Vane, and novels by P. G. Wodehouse, Agatha Christie, Victor Hugo, John Masefield, and Vicki Baum.

Requests from the Services show varied tastes in reading — Dostoevski, de Quincey, Freud, Wodehouse, Dorothy Sayers, Turgenev are some of the authors in demand.

Biographies asked for include Cecil Rhodes, Napoleon, Lenin, Charlotte Bronte, and Gerald du Maurier.

Wrong address

MELBOURNE'S suburb of Camberwell had a thrill the other day when a large furniture van bearing a crate labelled "Berlin to Sydney" drew up and started unloading furniture into a newly-built house.

Citizens sang Victoria Barracks and suggested that in view of the recent activities of the 5th Column it would be as well for Military Intelligence to keep an eye on the occupants of the house.

When the new tenant arrived they declared he had a countenance which resembled Goebbels.

Investigations were carried out. The new occupant of the house proved to be a highly-placed Government official, who had been transferred from Sydney to Melbourne.

The carrier explained that he had just taken that particular freight-box out of storage, and had not had time to paint out the markings placed on it when it was used more than a year ago to bring out the possessions of a refugee.

Believe it or not

AN R.A.A.F. officer, addressing a batch of very young recruits, told them gambling was forbidden.

Solemn voice in the back row: Does that mean I must destroy my tripoli set, sir?

Transfer, please!

HAVE you heard this one?

A bright young man joined the A.A.M.C. with the Second A.I.F. He got along nicely for a couple of months then applied to his commander for a transfer to the artillery.

Asked why he wished to change, he explained.

"It's like this, sir. I met a pal of mine in the street the other day. He asked me what I was in. When I said the A.A.M.C., he said: 'Are you? I've got a sister in that.'"

Winnie the war winner



"Now nobody will bomb MY tent."

Vegs. among the fountains

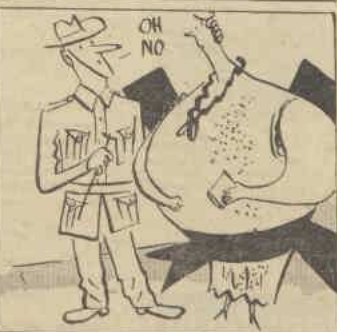
THREE hundred years of tourists and fashionable society have strolled in the beautifully-laid-out Tuilleries Gardens that stretch from the Place de la Concorde to the famous Louvre art museum.

A traveller returned recently tells me that the men who kept the gardens bright with flowers were mobilised early in the war.

Rather than allow weeds to take possession, the French Government has let out plots to the public, and vegetables are now planted among the statues and fountains.

Carrots and cabbages are thriving round the feet of the Muses.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Swedish woman who wrote of freedom

SELMA LAGERLOF, the first woman in the world to win the Nobel Prize for Literature, died recently at her ancestral home at Marbacka, in Sweden. She was 82 years of age.

The heart of this noble woman must have been saddened in recent years as she witnessed the growing challenge of Hitlerism to everything in which she believed.

Teller of great legends and epic sagas, she also has been instrumental in arousing widespread interest in the life and history of her country.

She was born in 1858 into a family of landowners.

As a child she suffered for a number of years from paralysis of the legs. It is significant, in view of her subsequent career as a creator of beauty, that it was through the agency of something beautiful that she was cured.

One day, during a holiday at a small Swedish seaside resort, she was taken aboard a relative's ship.

A small cousin suddenly emerged from his father's cabin holding a magnificent stuffed Bird of Paradise. Overcome with its beauty, the crippled child involuntarily stood up and walked forward, hands outstretched to touch the dazzling plumage. From then on she was able to walk.

After this illness, however, she never grew strong enough to run around the farm like the rest of the children. Instead she would sit in the chimney corner, listening to sagas about "all the wonderful things that have happened in the world."

She was allowed to browse in the home library, her parents supervising her choice of books.

Saga of her people

WHEN she was thirty-three and a teacher it became necessary for the family home at Marbacka to be sold and she suddenly decided to write the story of a famous saga heard in her youth.

She thought out the first chapter while driving in a sleigh through a blinding snowstorm. The first five chapters were submitted to the magazine "Tiden," which had announced a competition, and won the prize.

The book was completed three years later in 1894 and became known to the world as "Gosta Berling."

After the publication of her second book, "The Invisible Bonds," the King of Sweden gave her a scholarship from the Swedish Academy. She gave up teaching at the girls' grammar school, where she had taught for ten years, and went to study in Italy.

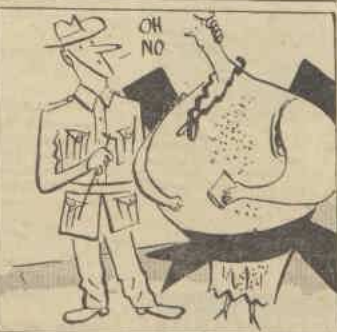
On her return home, she wrote "Miracles of Antichrist," dealing with the problem of religious sects prominent in Sweden.

The report that religious fanaticism had caused a number of peasants at Dalerne, a little Swedish village, to emigrate to Palestine prompted her to depict the experiences of the migrants. She visited the Swedish farmers in their Palestinian home and wrote the great peasant work "Jerusalem" in 1902.

Her 50th birthday was celebrated throughout Sweden as a national holiday and in 1909 she received the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Selma Lagerlof then was referred to as a star of the first magnitude, in which the Academy recognised "the best of purest traits of our Swedish mother who has touched the deepest chords in the human breast and whose name and literary renown have spread beyond the Swedish borders."

With the money which she received with the Nobel Prize she repurchased the old family house at Marbacka with its wide verandah, white pillars, rose gardens and old trees. There she would spend her summers cultivating the 140 acres of land and supervising the well-being of her 53 tenants. She spent the winters at Dalerne, where she wrote many of her greatest works.





L. W. Lower tells a hard-luck story to the Hardship Tribunal.

OYEZ! OYEZ!! ... The Hardship Tribunal is now open

Troubles cured while you wait ... if you care to wait long enough

The Federal Government has decided to create hardship tribunals to hear complaints from farmers. I wouldn't be a member of that tribunal for worlds.

If a farmer has nothing to complain about he regards that as an evil omen, and starts grumbling about how crook things are going to be later on.

I don't see why farmers should be molly-coddled like this to the exclusion of everybody else.

I've got a few things to complain about, myself. And nobody

will listen to me. When they do stop to listen to me, they keep on butting in with their own piffing complaints.

For instance, a friend said to me yesterday, "Good-day!"

"Call this a good day!" I replied. "If this weather keeps up I'll be a dead man before the week's out. You'd scarcely believe how that catarrh grips you by the throat. And not only that. My corns are playing up lately. Did you notice how I limp? I'll walk a few paces

and show you. There. Did you see that? I know what's going to happen. I'll be limping across the road and be knocked down by a car and have my back broken. Think of it! Lying for years in a hospital, helpless. Forgotten by all your friends and ignored by the nurses."

"Well, at least you've got a job. How would you like to be me, tramping about the streets day after day, having to put up with rebuffs and insults with the spectre of want dogging your footsteps ready at any moment to reach out a bony hand and drag you down into oblivion—or worse?"

"Ah, but you've at least got your health, while I—"

"Health! I haven't felt well for years! I'm afraid to go and see a doctor for fear of what he'll tell me. Of course, I don't go about whining about things like some people." And all that.

Before the court

If farmers are to have hardship tribunals, we all ought to have them.

"I wanna see the Hardship Tribunal."

"Yes, sir. What name?"

"Leonard Woeful Lower."

Now here arises a point which must be carefully considered.

Should the members of the tribunal be cheerful or miserable? If they're too cheerful it's insulting, and if they're over-miserable a man might find himself out-miseried, so to speak. That would be intolerable.

I think a judicious mingling of the two attitudes would be suitable.

"Sit down, Mr. Lower. My word, you do look a wreck!"

"It's my sciatica. Terrible, it is."

"Sciatica, eh? That's bad. That's very bad. Jones! Just look up the death-rate statistics for sciatica, will you?"

"I've got them here, sir. Ninety-eight out of every hundred die of it in terrific agony."

"There you are, Mr. Lower! Out of a hundred sciatica sufferers two don't die in terrific agony."

"Who knows? You might be one of the lucky ones. I suggest that you form a Sciatica Club—limited to a hundred members. It would give you an interest in life."

"You could keep a score-board and, as they died off one by one, or, perhaps, on a good day you might get three or four together, you just mark them off on the score-board. When there are only two members left—you being one of them—you'll know you won't die of sciatica."

"Humph! I'll bet a man would die of something else while he was waiting. Probably catch a cold or something."

"Yes. That's very likely. Just come along to us if you do. We'll think of something. Now what other hardships and complaints have you?"

"Well, I'm always short of money."

"Sorry, Mr. Lower. That is not

regarded by this tribunal as a hardship. It makes you a fellow of that vast fraternity of people who are always short of money. You should be glad to be in such extinguished company."

"Can you draw? No? Well, we suggest that you learn to draw, paint, or etch. Then you could draw, paint, or etch such elaborately decorative I.O.U.'s that people would be unwilling to part with them."

"Look at Wep, for instance. How do you think he can afford to run a car and motor-launch?"

"But I couldn't learn to draw like Wep."

"No, No! Heaven forbid! Don't! My colleagues agree that one Wep in the community is quite enough. Quite enough. Kindness to others, you know. And here is a suggestion. Brighten your own life by going about being kind to others. Now is there anything else?"

"The wife wants me to cut out smoking. She says, 'Take that filthy pipe—'"

"My dear man, can't you go and smoke in the woodshed?"

"I haven't got a woodshed."

"Hire a woodshed. Or perhaps you have a friend who owns a woodshed. That is a trifling matter. Is there anything else?"

"Yes, but I can't think of it just now. Oh, yes. My memory is failing me. I borrow money from people and then forget to repay them."

"What! Listen, my man, there's nothing wrong with you. Just wasting our time, that's what you're doing. This tribunal will now adjourn. Show Mr. Lower out."

Friends, if the business of living weighs heavily on you, try making a model of the Sydney Harbor bridge out of used safety matches. A full-scale model. Or you might consult the ouija-board.

Remember that even in your darkest moments something is bound to turn up—if it's only your toes.

Anyhow, we seem to be winning the war. And, after all, that's something.

Smooth surfaces are easier to clean and to keep clean. Old Dutch doesn't scratch or roughen surfaces. That's why you should use Old Dutch, the one cleanser that is made with Seismotite—not with sandy grit like ordinary cleansers. Buy 3 tins to-day. Place one in the kitchen ... bathroom ... garage. It will save you time and steps.

A.1. SILVERWARE CAKE SERVER

Grace and enrich your table with this beautiful, heavy-weight, A.1. Silver-plated Cake Server. With it you can serve sponges, cake, pie, ice cream, sandwiches, etc., easily, daintily, and in the correct manner. Valued at 2/6, the Server is offered to Old Dutch users for only 2/3 and 2 Old Dutch labels. Send for yours NOW!

CUDART & CO. PTY. LTD., ELGER ST., GLEBE, N.S.W.

Please send me the Silver-plated Cake Server described above. I enclose 2 Old Dutch labels and 2/6 Postal Note.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Don't miss this OFFER!



D93.16

How does she keep her Youth and Beauty

She's got what everyone admires—a slim, graceful figure, a lovely complexion and the beauty of radiant health. If you asked her she'd tell you her secret is just "a couple of Bile Beans nightly."

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system and ensure that internal health which keeps you young, slim, and attractive.

So start taking Bile Beans nightly if you want to be youthful, slender and beautiful.



"The nightly doses of Bile Beans keep me in radiant health, brimful of energy, and enable me to look my very best. In the 'Miss England' competition I was the chosen representative for the City of Sheffield."—Miss L. Mackenzie, Sheffield, Eng.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than 21 and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss L. Leckie.

BILE BEANS

Keep You Happy, Healthy and Slim



A CHARMING STUDY OF THE SLEEPING NOBLE TRIPLETS, BRIAN, IAN, AND GWEN.

Country nurse tells of Sackville triplets

Continued from Page 3

THE rest of the day was spent planning for the immediate future of the triplets and their mother.

News of their arrival soon spread around the district, and offers of help were overwhelming.

The firm from whom Mrs. Noble had purchased the layette sent out a couple more as a gift, and kindly women neighbors called to offer help in the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble proudly showed their triplets to The Australian Women's Weekly representative, and

both referred to the wonderful work done by little Nurse Butler during and since their arrival.

As she sat up in bed in her beautifully kept home Mrs. Noble smiled as she recalled the reaction of her other three children to the new babies.

"I think Valerie, my four-year-old daughter, was the most excited," said Mrs. Noble.

"When we told her she rushed outside and said:—

"Mummy has three babies, one for Noel, one for Kevin, and one for me."

"So far as we know there are no (wins in my husband's family or in mine, and certainly no triplets," she said as she looked at the three little faces lying on a pillow beside her.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble both were born in the Sackville district.

With the help of an aunt, Mrs. Davis, and the daily visits of Nurse Butler, the triplets will be cared for

Write Section "A", Box 2713C, Sydney, for free "Beauty Book".



A bride's

happy discovery

TWAS THE LOVELIEST WEDDING EVER! Truly heart-stirring. Linda dear, and we did rather emotionally bubble over. A charming couple—the gallant Grahame ———, of the third Australian generation, and his English bride, radiantly beautiful in a gown she had brought from Paris.



SIX BRIDESMAIDS, NO LESS, looking as fragrant as their posies of lavender. And every lass's complexion as perfect as if she had used nothing but Yardley's celebrated English complexion safeguards all their young lives—as, of course most of us do.



"AN INSPIRATION!" said the bride of my gift of Yardley preparations. The poor darling had almost feared she'd have one day to forego her beloved English complexion care. But when she learned that all the nicest Australian shops sell Yardley, her happiness was complete!

The Yardley regimen of beauty care, preferred by generations of England's fairest women, is the perfect aid to modern beauty. Lavender Perfume 3/- to 21/-. Lavender Soap 1/6. Face Powder 2/6 and 3/9. Day and Night Creams 5/6. Also Cream Rouge, Lipstick, Talc, Brilliantine. At leading chemists and fine stores.

YARDLEY LAVENDER



YARDLEY & COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, SYDNEY—And at 33 Old Bond Street, LONDON—NEW YORK—PARIS—TORONTO



Loves the life of bush nurse

NURSE BUTLER loves her work in the country.

"It's a hard life, but, heavens, it's an exciting one," she said.

"I visit every expectant mother for ten days before and ten days after their babies arrive.

"The district is large, and of course I get a call at any hour of the day or night.

"I go everywhere in my car, and I've had lots of adventures with it, such as the day two days after the triplets were born and I was hurrying out to attend to them.

"Suddenly a wheel came off the car and I had to pull up very quickly.

"I've sometimes had to go on horseback when there was no road for the car, and in places where I have to cross the river and there is no punt I always row myself across."

until their mother is strong enough to look after them.

"It will be more than a job and a half, won't it?" she said, "but we will love doing it."

The babies have been called Brian Stewart, Gwendoline Margaret (after Nurse Butler), and Ian William.

At present they display little interest in the fuss that they have caused, but as soon as they are old enough they are to be told of the wonderful day of their birth.

There is more than a slight parallel between the circumstances of their birth and that of the famous Dionne "Quins."

But it was a young Australian mother and a young Australian nurse who together brought three healthy little babies into a world that needs all the babies it can get.

Clear Your Spotty Skin

KEEP DOWN UNHEALTHY FAT

Good looks can never be really attractive and inviting if your food tract is constipated. Accumulations of poisonous matter contaminate the blood stream, spoil the skin with spots and pimples, dull the eyes, form unhealthy fat tissue and make you feel despondent and depressed.

Never be careless or neglectful of constipation and congested liver. Health and attractiveness are too precious to be endangered. Take Pinkettes, which are scientifically compounded of ingredients recognized as the best for the treatment of constipation and torpid liver. These pills painlessly encourage the bowels to exercise properly and disperse the digestive wastes regularly. See what a wonderful difference Pinkettes will make to your eyes, skin, breath, looks, and how unhealthy fat and despondency vanish. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.

FASHION PORTFOLIO

May 11, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

TAILORED COATS... with that Paris-model air



● Navy-blue coat from Creed made on slim, straight lines, smartly double-breasted and garnished with flapped hip pockets. (Above.)

● Coachman coat in finely checked black-and-white wool, with extended shoulder-line and black velvet accents. (Left.)



● Sports coat of beige striped with cinnamon-brown and zipped snugly high at the neck. Four largish patch pockets add a note of importance to the sleekly tailored lines.



● Classic in its form-fitting simplicity—the princess coat with a tiny, crisp white collar, and unusual scalloped opening, with buttons marching all the way down.



Smart Topper — "Sally" Design. Takes 10 ins. of Patons TOTEM Wool. Instructions for making in Specialty Book No. 114. Price 6d. (Posted 7d.)

A wool known name... Patons & Baldwins

● Look! Made with Patons TOTEM Knitting Wool — it's quick-to-knit and will give the wearer pleasure... anytime... anywhere.

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A BEST WOOL FOR EVERY PURPOSE

2209



• 1.—Youthfully simple little afternoon frock in colorful plaid silk taffeta. Featuring an ungarnished neckline, the "long torso" bodice and a swing skirt.

• 2.—Fullness and casualness combined in a plaid fashion. Important features are the very full, bloused sleeves, the bias working of the tweed in yoke and sleeves and cord belt.

• 3.—The bigger the plaid, and the more daring its coloring, the more "high style" it is. For evenings, Paris loves this plaid taffeta skirt cut on bias with long bodice of black velvet.

• 4.—For gala nights, an eye-catching plaid taffeta with bare midriff with shirred brassiere top and wide skirt gathered into a waistband.

Airmailed from London by
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Last minute Fashions

Sketches
by
PETROV



● 5.—The cute little sailor returns triumphant in plaid taffeta, with brim edge fringed and material brought down to a peak at the back. With it a matching cravat.

● 6.—Thick, hand-knitted stockings turned down at the knee, in the gayest plaids, are very popular just now and worn with low-heeled brogues.

● 7.—On a sleek little military style, a London designer introduces telling touches of plaid in winged collar and gloves with large gauntlets.

● 8.—Bright flickers of plaid on a simple black wool afternoon frock that's moulded to the figure. Plaid introduced in wing-like insertions and topped with a pussy-cat bow.

● 9.—Interesting little dress in dull crepe, vivified with a zig-zag midriff insertion of brilliant plaid taffeta.

● 10.—A clever note seen at the recent Collections was an intricate turban in bright, sheer wool plaid to match up with the trimmings on the topcoat.

● 11.—Every little jacket is flaunting a hood this season, and it's doubly smart if it's lined with a hectic plaid turned back engagingly round the face.

P E T R O V

3 SIMPLE STEPS TO FLAWLESS LOVELINESS

Cleansing

The first and most important step is thorough cleansing, so use Erasmic Cold Cream. Its fine oils penetrate deep into the pores and remove every trace of old make-up, dirt and impurities. Apply liberally. Wipe off after 2 or 3 minutes.

ERASMIC COLD CREAM

1/-



Foundation

Now for Erasmic Vanishing Cream! Apply it before going out to hold powder unobtrusively and protect your skin from sun and wind. And to restore softness and freshness overnight, smear a thin film over face and throat at bedtime.

ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM

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Finish

For a beautifully smooth, well-groomed make-up, finish with flaky Erasmic Face Powder. All the Erasmic shades are particularly lovely — RACHEL, BRUNETTE, PEACH, SUNTAN AND NATURAL.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

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The ERASMIC Home Beauty Treatment

Every modern woman wanted it and now it's here — a complete complexion care in your own home! The Erasmic Home Beauty Treatment gives professional results easily and inexpensively because Erasmic's three lovely products are matched to give your skin every care it possibly can have. Follow this simple routine every day.

57.58.39.

Every lassie needs a Tartan....



keep it bonny wi' **LUX**

"Bring a dash of the Highlands to your Winter wardrobe," says Fashion, "with tartans as Scotch as heather! And be sure to Lux them." Aye, gentle Lux keeps colours bright—texture soft as morning mists. Be canny—Lux all your pretty things.



If it's safe in water... it's safe in LUX!

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Important accents

FOR cocktail parties, informal dinners, or gala balls... any time you want to be specially gay and lovely, you'll adore these flattering little trivialities.



• A mass of brilliant crystal prisms dripping from a black velvet dog collar. Wear it on a milk-white neck or dangling over a high-necked black dinner frock.



• A clustered wreath of white hyacinths perched atop the head and anchored by an emerald-green silk snood.

• Two gleaming gold metal bands worn Grecian-style either side of a great bunch of curls.



• Inspired by Brazilian dancer Carmen Miranda, a brilliant deep blue velvet turban with a knot of gold chain on top and two massive gold convict chains around the throat.

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WAISTBAND



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PANTIES...
SCANTIES...
BLOOMERS



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Created by
LUCAS

F1908. — Grecian-inspired evening gown with military jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 9-10yds. for frock, and 1½yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1909. — Simple style, high neckline and extended shoulders make this smart mode. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1910. — Engaging skating frock for girls 8-12 years. Requires: 1½ to 2½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/.

F1911. — Matron's form-fitting slip and bloomers. 38 to 46 bust. Requires: 3yds. for slip, and 2½yds. for bloomers, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1912. — Smart ensemble with boxy coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., and 1½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1913. — Chic military style garnished with braid. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1914. — Slim-fitting double-breasted coat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

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To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:

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THREE charming afternoon frocks. 32, 34, and 36-inch bust; 36, 38, and 40-inch hip.

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IN these days of keen commercial competition it pays to be mentally alert. Your job may depend on it. You're "on your toes" all the time, if you build sound nerve force and extra energy with Cornwell's Extract of Malt.

This pure tonic food is rich in those vitamins so essential to your good health. It is pleasant to take and extremely economical.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
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**Fashion favors
THE SUIT**

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
our Special Representative in London.



LUCIEN LE LONG ENSEMBLE, featuring gored shirt of dark grey flannel topped by a sleek little jacket of Havana-brown wool jersey. Grey suede gloves and Havana-brown bag.



MATITA SUIT slimly tailored in navy and pastel-blue pin-stripe. Its classically simple lines are chic and flattering.

TO-DAY'S fashion spotlight is on suits. They are colorful and chic, comfortable and easy to wear. Couturiers agree that almost any woman looks her best in a well-cut coat and skirt.

Up-to-the-minute suits are almost invariably in two colors. They are checked or striped or have coats and skirts in different shades of the same color or in contrasting colors.

The pictured model from Lucien Lelong is typical.

In this suit with its grey skirt and Havana-brown jacket we have several other new notes, the slim-flare skirt, the large patch pockets on the coat, and the high buttoning at the neck, with the short V front and almost shoulder-wide revers.

Two materials are used for this suit as well as two colors. The skirt is flannel and the coat wool jersey. Shoulders are squared, just now,

waists neat and sleeves wide enough to fit easily over knitted jumper or blouse.

Matita often combines two shades of the same color. A popular style from this house has a pilgrim-grey skirt pleated from a centre box pleat in the front, while the hip-length buttoned jacket is in light cloud-grey with buttons, collar and small revers of the pilgrim shade.

Dashing accents

A MATCHING pale grey sporting felt hat is trimmed with a band and bow of the darker grey peter-sham ribbon. A deep red anemone is the buttonhole, set quaintly on the edge of the small revers. This matches the red patent leather handbag.

Also from Matita comes the navy

and pale blue pin-stripe suit, which has a definitely sea flavor with its four large pockets (like mercantile marine uniform) and very nautical badge as sleeve trimming.

Here the stripes on pockets and sleeves are unusually well worked.

The plain skirt has an inverted box pleat back and front from knee height. Again we have the rather high-buttoned front on a jacket that is slightly longer than the majority.

British couturiers favor a rather straighter line for suits, but Paris is definitely in favor of very feminine outlines with waists and flared skirts.

Length is judged by the width of the skirt, the wider it is, the shorter it can be, but it must not be longer than sixteen inches from the ground.

DO YOU KNOW ?

**DICTATOR
OVERTHROWN
through TOOTHACHE**

DIAZ, the famous **DICTATOR** of **MEXICO** renowned for his iron endurance and indomitable Spirit, was OVERTHROWN BY HIS ENEMIES ONLY WHEN INCAPACITATED BY THE TORTURES OF TOOTHACHE! GUARD AGAINST DENTAL DECAY AND TOOTHACHE

USE **KOLYNOS**
REGULARLY

**DENTAL DECAY
STRIKES HARD AT
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS!**

THE PRUDENTIAL APPROVED SOCIETY
ONE OF THE **WORLD'S LARGEST** ORGANISATIONS
RESPONSIBLE FOR PAYMENT OF SICK BENEFITS, states:
"NEGLECT OF TITM TRIMBLE IS THE CAUSE OF QUITE
HALF OF THE ILL-HEALTH FOUND AMONGST INDUSTRIAL
WORKERS." KEEP YOUR TEETH SAFE FROM DENTAL
DECAY WITH **KOLYNOS**. **KOLYNOS** CLEANS
SURGICALLY, KILLS DECAY GERMS, LEAVES TEETH SPARKLING!

**VILLAGE
LAD GREW
TOOTH OF
GOLD!**

BEFORE DENTISTS KNEW
HOW TO MAKE GOLD CROWNS, A LAD
CHRIS. MULLER, OF THE VILLAGE OF
WEIGELSDORF IN SILESIA WAS
DISCOVERED TO HAVE A GOLD TOOTH!
THIS WAS PROVED LATER TO BE
A FRAUD, BUT IT LED TO THE
ESTABLISHMENT OF A NEW
BRANCH OF DENTAL SCIENCE,
CHRYSODENTOSCOPIA —
THE SCIENCE OF GOLDEN TEETH.

**FIRST "BACTERIAL MOUTH"
THEN DENTAL DECAY**

**KOLYNOS
DENTAL
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TINY FOOD PARTICLES
WEDGED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, START BACTERIAL
MOUTH! MILLIONS OF TINY GERMS EAT
AWAY THE ENAMEL. THEN COMES TOOTH
DECAY. **KOLYNOS** CLEANS
SURGICALLY. MILLIONS OF TINY BUBBLES
WASH AWAY ALL FOOD DEPOSITS. . . TASTE-
GLEAM WITH NEW LUSTRE. Remember too—
KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS
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YES ON DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH

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**Fabulously embroidered
and at half price!**



Extravagantly beautiful wisps of the purest, finest linen, so sheer and flawless as to almost look like silk. Exquisitely embroidered, every stitch done by hand, and usually very expensive. A special purchase brings the prices crashing down. Usually 13/11, 9/11, 15/6, 17/6, 21/6, 25/-, Now 6/11, 4/11, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6, 12/6.

Ground;



HANDY-BAGS

Smart leather carry-all stitched from genuine, high-quality leather—a bag you'll bless a thousand times. It's big and roomy, and can take hard usage, ideal for week-ends away. Or take it on your shopping excursions. Equipped with strong handles. In 15/9 black, brown and navy. Now very keenly priced at only

Ground Floor.

There's many a slipper
twixt now and

MOTHER'S DAY



150 chances to 1 against your leaving Farmer's "Cosy Corner" Slipper Shop without an ideal gift for Mother, when there are 150 new winter styles to choose from. Fur-trimmed, high or low-heeled, they range from plaids and felts to leathers. Cellophane wrapping and gift card with each pair. From 2/11, plus box, from 4/11.

A. Felt zip boot, fur collar. Wine, black, green, blue. 6/11
B. Suede albert, fur trim. Wine, black, blue, red. 2-7. 5/6
C. Felt grecian court style. Rose, blue. Sizes 2 to 6½. 13/9

"Cosy Corner" Slipper Shop, Third Floor.



Furs on the Second Floor

FARMER'S SAYS

"Little Furs"

sumptuous, but brief. Making you look precious and adorable, as though you had been pampered always. The very new "Little furs" arrived at Farmer's for their Sydney debut. Illustrated are our two most popular. A jacket bolero of white bunny, soft as ermine, white as snow. And a rare Russian hare cape.

White bunny bolero, splendidly made, superlatively flattering, and priced at £4/19/6

Russian hare cape in white, brown, grey or beige — inexpensive. Now unprocureable. Only £2/9/6

Special!

Gorgette, blousette
Greatly reduced



They're enchantingly feminine, extravagantly tucked and lorgotted. Wear them with your new suits. In white, cream, grey, burgundy, pink, navy, daffodil, cyclamen. All sizes. Usual 9/11, now 5/11, usual 10/11, now 6/11

Ground Floor.

Classic

Beautiful necklet
Wrought in gold
Very latest design



Sublimely perfect complement to winter's black frockings, this classic bib necklet that is now so much fashion's favourite. Fascinating in design, with a row of gold tinted Holly leaves. Each leaf is very securely attached to a fabulous little chain in gleaming gold. From the costume jewellery section, on the great Ground Floor. Price, 10/6

MEXICAN STRIPES

The very newest idea!
Flattering, colourful, smart,
and so very easy to knit yourself

The "knit it yourself" craze is growing like a mushroom. Every day sees Farmer's searching for new ideas. Mexican stripes is the latest, actually an improved revival of an old favourite. The jumper illustrated needs 3 skeins of blue wool, 1 skein of green, 2 skeins of fuchsia, 2 skeins of maize and 1 skein of black wool. The wool is Paton's "Azalia" and a total of 9 skeins at 9½d. per skein means a net cost to you of only 7'1½

Easy-to-follow instructions and a free pattern are an exclusive Farmer's feature.

Wools, Ground Floor.





RUTH JAMES

Office at the Admiralty for young Australian girl

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

She's in the Navy now — Nancy Osborne, formerly of Sydney, and quite an important person in the Wrens, the Women's Royal Naval Service in England.

This Australian girl wears the blue uniform and brass buttons of the navy, has the rank of Second Officer, and works in an office in the Admiralty with windows overlooking Trafalgar Square.

ALL the sailing Nancy Osborne has done has been on liners and family dinghies and yachts, but she is the great-granddaughter of an adventurous admiral who saw Australia

from his ship and decided to settle there.

Nancy's brother, Fred, saw ships from Australia, and decided to go to sea. He is one of the 14 Australian R.A.N.V.R. at present lent to the British Navy.

Nancy had been working in England on the important job of secretary to the Carnegie Committee on Music and Drama, and when war tension tightened she instinctively turned to the service she had always admired.

"Organization, even in the navy, is just dealing with people, and I was used to it," Nancy said to me as she sat at a great oak desk in a room that might have been an efficient purser's office on a liner, and told how women came to be successful in the most hide-bound of Britain's services.

The W.R.N.S., now officially designated Wrens, originated during the last war. When the shortage of men became acute, relatives, wives and friends of men in the navy were hastily trained to take charge of stores, typing, cooking, and coding for the navy at various ports to release manpower for ships.

Their motto was then, and is still, "Never at sea."

"We are, perhaps, closer to our service than the girls who join the army or the air force," Nancy Osborne said.

"Over fifty per cent. of the Wrens have close relatives in the navy, and they are quite accustomed to the idea of discipline and going anywhere at a moment's notice."

"Our work necessitates our living at ports, and working or playing, we are associated with men from ships."

THE Wrens reorganised in April, 1939, for peace-time work, but so popular was the idea that the Admiralty was inundated with 2000 applications. Recruiting was called to a halt in October.

Now there are about 4000 trained women in the navy.

Officers are chosen from the ranks, and the Wrens, who must have previous experience along the lines of their chosen work, take a short course in drilling, naval requirements and even "sea language."

It appears sailors, whether on the quarter-deck, on the bridge or in an office, are a bit touchy about words. One of the lectures for girls in training is on how to speak the King's Navy's English.

They have a little rhyme about—
A Wren who had not been afloat
Once referred to a "ship" as a "boat";
It caused such a hurricane
It will not occur again.

"Gone Aloft" on her tombstone they wrote.



NANCY OSBORNE, Australian girl at Admiralty House, London.

THE Admiralty has a reputation for efficiency, but regulations for the Wrens have a certain kindly sympathy for feminine failings.

They do not prohibit silk stockings, but merely mention "stockings should not be transparent." Then there is evidently a touch of the sailor's love of fine paintwork: "... Make-up if used should not be obvious."

Wrens are told plainly that "red nails, jewellery, hand-bags, and umbrellas are not uniform."

RATINGS—women with the rank of ordinary seamen — attend King's College for Women in Kensington, which has been taken over by the Navy.

Among the hundred and fifty girls learning sea ways is tall, fair Ruth James, daughter of Lieutenant-Commander R. B. James, and granddaughter of Mrs. M. James, St. Dunstan's, Salisbury Road, Rose Bay.

"I've been in training for about five months," she said, "and I've loved every day of it. The girls are grand, from those who have joined up to be cleaners and housemaids to the officers who have stepped out of the peerage."

"I started as a messenger, then was tried out as a wireless operator—but am more satisfied as a cook."

"I took dietetics at school and one can be a little scatter-brained while peeling a potato, but not when sending code."

The college in Kensington is called "The Ship" by the inmates. Their rooms are "cabins," the various floors "decks," and, when on duty, they are on certain "watches."

New way to treat NERVOUS DISORDERS

Special, rich supply of Vitamin B₁—
the anti-neuritic vitamin.



Unreasonable bursts of temper! This means "sick" nerves. These are usually Nature's warning that you need a greater supply of Vitamin B₁—the anti-neuritic vitamin.



Tears over nothing! If you feel like this, it usually means over-wrought, tired nerves. It means that you aren't getting a proper supply of the vital nerve vitamin B₁.

VITAMIN B₁ FEEDS WHOLE NERVOUS SYSTEM.



Vitamin B₁ builds up nervous system. Vitamin B₁, the anti-neuritic vitamin feeds your entire nervous system, builds up those jagged nerves into nerves of steel.



Take 1/3 teaspoonful of Vegemite in a glass of milk two or three times daily.

Do you suffer from ragged, jumpy nerves? Do you get that weak, nervy, run down feeling?

Doctors have discovered that the main cause of most nervous disorders is lack of Vitamin B₁. Vitamin B₁ is the anti-neuritic vitamin. Give your system a regular and full supply of this vitamin, and your nervous troubles will soon disappear. Vegemite is specially concentrated to give an extra supply of the three vital vitamins, B₁, B₂ and PP. (the anti-pellagra factor). You see, Vegemite is a highly concentrated extract of Yeast. Doctors and scientists say the yeast plant gives a greater abundance of life and energy. Yeast is the richest known source of the combined vitamins B₁, B₂ and PP, and Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast. It contains intact all the food elements of the yeast plant in their highest degree of concentration.

Stir a third to half a teaspoonful of Vegemite into a glass of warm milk, drink it down and you'll be taking the best nerve tonic that money can buy.

Drink

VEGEMITE

MIXED WITH MILK EVERY DAY!



DO YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE?

- ✓ JUMPY NERVES
- ✓ LACK OF APPETITE
- ✓ DULL TIREDNESS
- ✓ CONSTIPATION
- ✓ BAD BREATH
- ✓ INDIGESTION
- ✓ LOSS OF WEIGHT
- ✓ RESTLESSNESS

These symptoms show lack of Vitamin B₁ in your system.



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★ BUCKINGHAMS OF OXFORD STREET CITY
★ ASHLEYS - PARRAMATTA-WOLLONGONG

Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

GOATS HAD FEAST

A WEDDING breakfast was planned at an hotel in a country town in the Wimmera district. The table was set, the food was laid out, and the door of the dining-room was closed while everyone from the hotel went to see the wedding.

Unfortunately the low windows were not closed—and goats were numerous in the district.

When the wedding guests returned the table was cleared of food! The goats had got in the windows. One old billy-goat was simply covered in cream! Another had eaten all the salad.

Fortunately the bride took it calmly, and the party waited while the hotelkeepers hurriedly produced a new breakfast.

19/6 to Mrs. A. Martin, 86 Richmond Tee., Richmond, Vic.

NEARLY LOST IT

A FRIEND and I were buying into a business. We drew £300 from the bank the day before we took over.

My friend's mother looked after the money. She tied it in a large handkerchief and carried it about with her until after tea, when she went out to feed the chickens.

She left it in her room on the table. On her return she found that her dog, an old Irish terrier, had picked up the bundle, taken it on to the lawn, and played with it until the knots were loosened.

The money was scattered all over the lawn, but not a note was torn!

2/6 to Eileen Mundy, Hampstead House, 26 Hampstead Rd., Highgate Hill, Qld.

WRONG SCENT

WHILE a friend was dressing to attend a local dance, the lights failed temporarily, and he picked up what he thought was the hair-oil and rubbed it generously on his hair.

You can imagine his disgust when he discovered he had used citronella instead. After washing his hair the odor remained unmistakable. He went to bed instead of to the dance!

2/6 to Mrs. D. Coulter, 93 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

TRAPPED RAT!

A LITTLE old lady of my acquaintance heard a strange noise in the pantry. She took a candle and went to investigate. From the corner of her eye, as she looked round the room, with its little window and rows of shelves, she glimpsed the cuff of a man's trouser-leg just showing from behind the door.

Did she scream? Did she drop the light? Not a bit of it! Muttering something to herself about "rats and mice" she toddled out, locking the door behind her, and sent for the police!

They caught the "rat."

2/6 to Miss B. Lowndes, Post Office, Bairnsdale, Vic.

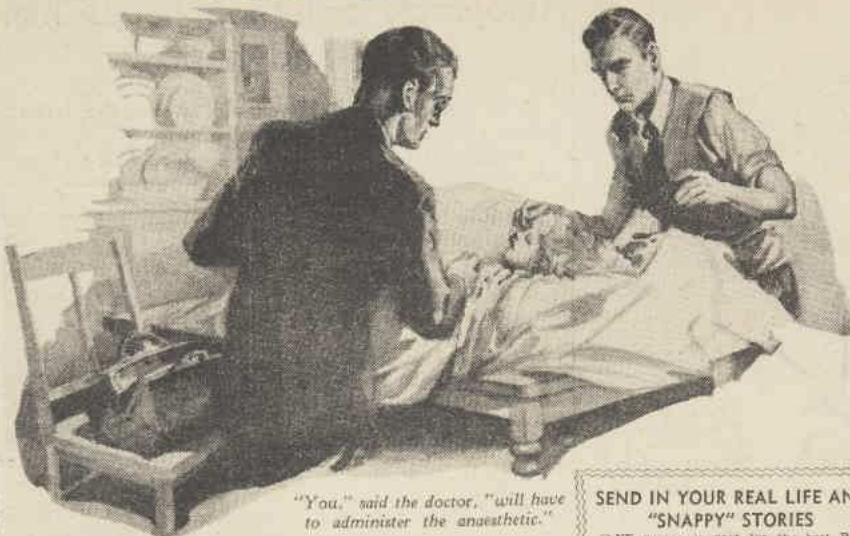
MUSICAL CAT

THE other day I was astonished to hear music suddenly start from my wireless set.

I had not switched it on and I was the only person in the house. Investigation proved that my black cat had caught a mouse in the yard and had brought it inside.

He had begun to play with the mouse, which had evidently run behind the wireless. The cat had followed, had made a grab at the mouse, and pulled down the switch as he did so!

2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Peterson, Malanda, Warra St., Wynnum E2, Qld.



"You," said the doctor, "will have to administer the anaesthetic."

Anaesthetic was given to child by father

Accident caused tense moments

WHEN my four-year-old daughter climbed a six-foot fence, unbalanced, and fell, striking her head on the jagged end of a broken bottle, a vein was pierced and her head bled shockingly. I was alone. My wife was in hospital. The neighbors were out.

I rushed the child inside, and laid her on the kitchen table, then ran down the street and told a taxi-driver to lose no time in getting a doctor.

When the doctor arrived he informed me that there was no time to move the child, or even to send for another doctor.

"You," he said, "will have to administer the anaesthetic while I stitch the wound." I was afraid, and dazed.

"Hold this," the doctor's voice broke through my stupor. "Place it over the child's nose

and mouth," giving me a cone-shaped, wire-gauze object.

Thoughts raced through my mind . . . suppose I gave my child too much . . . suppose she never recovered.

"Not too much!" The doctor's voice made me jump. "Draw it away gradually—more still—still more—she's right!"

My little girl's body was limp. The doctor's deft fingers manipulated the needle and gut. It seemed hours as I stood there almost in a trance.

Finally the doctor straightened up. "That will do nicely," he said. He waited in the house until she came to.

After a while the child stirred, her eyes opened, and she said, "Daddy!"

With what relief I realised that she was safe and on the road to recovery!

£1/1/- to Mr. N. B. McCallum, 43 Nelson St., St. Kilda S2, Vic.

Unlucky Omens

DURING the Great War I was a seaman on a Norwegian steamer. When we left Oslo for Preston (England) we had a dog and a cat on board.

Shortly after leaving Oslo the dog jumped overboard. The captain immediately stopped the ship, and we rescued the dog.

A couple of miles farther on the dog again jumped over the side, and the captain decided we must leave it.

As seamen are very superstitious we all came to the conclusion that some harm would befall the ship. However we reached Preston safely, and from there went to Manchester. Coming back through the canal, ready for sea again, our cat jumped ashore and we did not recover it.

All of us agreed that we would never see Norway in that ship.

Sure enough when we were about 100 miles off the Norwegian coast we struck a mine!

Luckily the weather was calm and we took to the lifeboats. Some hours later we were picked up by a fishing-boat and eventually taken safely to Stavanger.

2/6 to H. Jacobsen, Scarborough, South Coast, N.S.W.

Nearly Crushed

I WAS standing at my front gate one afternoon waiting for the children to return from school. Not very far away some men were repairing the road. I did not take much notice of them at the time, until some minutes later when, looking up the street, I was horrified to see a man lying on the roadway and bearing down on him in reverse gear a steam-roller, then only about fifteen feet away.

I rushed up the street as fast as I could, calling out and trying to attract the driver's attention. At first he did not hear me; and all the time the engine was drawing nearer.

Almost frantic, I screamed as loudly as possible. Fortunately, this time he heard me. Looking round he noticed the prostrate form of his workmate, and pulled on the brakes, with only about four feet to spare!

So overcome was I that I collapsed and had to be carried home. Later on I heard that the man had fainted, and as he was not near his comrades at the time, he was not noticed.

2/6 to Miss H. Pentway, 194 Kelp St., Warrnambool, Vic.

Strange Accident

I HAD a new filmy black evening dress, ankle length, and a pair of black shoes with high, celluloid-covered heels, and was walking in the street with my husband.

Suddenly my dress was in flames! I screamed. A crowd collected. A man put his coat around me—and that was all I remembered until I came to in bed.

Then I learned what had happened: Unwittingly I had stepped on a lighted match. It had set my celluloid heels alight, and the hem of my dress had immediately caught fire.

2/6 to Mrs. M. St. Clair, City Rd., South Melbourne.

Night vigil

MY father and brother were travelling with sheep. A thunderstorm broke and the men took shelter in a deserted roadside hut.

Shortly before they went to bed a swagman came in.

Very soon all three were sleeping, but my father awakened to see the swagman going out the door.

"I must bring my gun in from the dew," was his explanation.

He placed the gun at his bedside and added: "I suppose some people would think I had brought it in to kill them." Then he fell asleep.

Father says he played nightwatchman for the rest of the night!

2/6 to E. McDonald, Marfield, Mendooran, N.S.W.

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Full address at top of Page 2.

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Mrs. Clarence Noble, of Sackville, near Windsor, and her triplets, Gwendoline, Ian, and Brian. These three healthy, happy babies, now two weeks old, probably owe their lives to Nurse Butler, of Windsor. Alone she supervised their birth when a rush call came to her to hurry

to the mother at a lonely farmhouse. "I expected Mrs. Noble to have twins, but the triplets were a surprise," said the nurse. Brightest remark of the triple birth came from 4-year-old Valerie Noble. "Mummy has three babies, one for Noel, one for Kevin, one for me!"

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Feud on the High Seas

Continued from Page 7

BUT you were taking no chances. And when they took me away you stood there smirking like a police-court missionary and asked if there was anything you could do!

"No, I've dashed little to say to you, except that I've been hoping for a chance like this ever since I came out. In fact, I've been working it. And now here I am and here you are, and as I said before, look

He stopped suddenly, choking down the fury which had burned too plainly in his hardened young face. Mr. Robertshaw, the Chief Engineer, had come down; and with his four-square, quietly powerful figure came a girl, her dress protected under an old mackintosh.

Once they were under way the Chief only appeared in the engine-room for his daily inspection, in emergency, or when there were passenger-friends to be shown round. He did not seem to notice anything unusual in the bearing of his two subordinates, but nodded to both of them as he passed on with his partner. The girl glanced at them as she followed, but quite impersonally.

But Forbes saw the advent of the pair only as a respite; and watched the two go on without ever having really observed them. He stood groping in his half-paralysed mind for words with which to answer the accusation and threat which had been flung at him. And no words would come. He was crawlingly afraid. There had been a very terrible meaning, none the less potent for its rigid control, in Murdoch's clipped speech; and a far worse menace in his hot, piercingly fixed stare.

If he appealed for protection, re-

porting Murdoch's vague but pregnant warning to old Robertshaw, he would be asked for Murdoch's motive. And the only convincing story he could tell anyone must be the truth. He could never tell them that. If he did, how could he ever face a true man again?

Would Murdoch tell? Instinctively he knew that the Fourth would keep silence, gloating (as even now he must be gloating) over his secret victim and his secret revenge. That had been dreadfully obvious from the first.

What did Murdoch plan to do? Those eyes had plainly meant murder; without haste and at the chosen moment. It might come at any time between now and the ship's arrival at Capetown. He would have to watch for his life. The danger might spring on him at any moment.

In that voyage he was to learn to know the creeping, never-ceasing, inward terror of the hunted who cannot see the hunters, cannot know when they will take him; a thing beside which the fear of the criminal under the pursuing shadow of the law is as a mere uneasiness.

When Nairn (the Third) came down at six he found the log un-written and his superior very uncommunicative and a little queer. He had not seen the newcomer's approach, and seemed to react curiously when addressed.

"Oh—you!" he answered, jerkily, in that croaking tone of one who has not spoken aloud for some time. "Six o'clock?" He laughed harshly and plunged with needless business into the matter of handing over. The poison was beginning to act.

"Did you notice anything queer about the Second when he came on at four?" asked Nairn, when Murdoch appeared two hours later to relieve him. "When I took on he acted as though he'd been asleep on his feet or something. Didn't seem to realise his spell was over. First time I've ever struck a bird who hadn't been watching the clock for it!" He grinned. But the Fourth had no answering smile for him—though in some obscure way Nairn felt that his news had not been unpleasing.

And in due course Nairn went off, leaving Murdoch to his four-hour watch. Though there are those who (jealous for the good name of their calling) will affect to doubt it, even a first-class marine engineer—as the Fourth undoubtedly was—may be forgiven if at such a time as this his mind wanders a little from its duty. Young Murdoch was involved in a problem, a very vital problem, with which was inextricably tangled—a face. And it was not the face of the man whom for six bitter years he had prayed might be given into his hands.

WHEN Forbes appeared at midnight to take the middle watch he walked with boldness, if a little unsteadily. His courage was temporary and artificial only. He was ready now to meet threat with counter-threat—so long as Murdoch went no farther than words. But the Fourth was strictly and impersonally professional, saying no more than the barest minimum which necessity demanded. This was oddly daunting, sapping away his power of mental resistance by the sheer absence of anything tangible to resist. He could not breathe freely until he was certain that the other had really left the engine-room.

For half an hour or so he knew a kind of spurious peace. Then it flashed upon him that Murdoch's attitude had been a bluff, to put him off his guard. The hours between midnight and four a.m. are the worst for a man's vitality in all the twenty-four, and by now the last of his counterfeit bravado had drained away from his veins. He had a picture of his enemy coming back again, very quietly, perhaps unexpectedly through the stokehold, and waiting to alight in behind the engines—unseen. He might be here already, crouched among the aux-

FIRST LOVE

Some day the telephone will ring for me,
And, like a sudden flame,
Down the dim hall from end to end

Will leap my name.

Then will I walk, steps seventeen,

(My age and one)

Faint as a heart might be

When love is done.

What will I say to you,

How will I start?

How will I hear your voice

Over my heart?

So that you may not know—

Here is the doubt—

You are the first young man

Asking me out!

—Yvonne Webb.

lies against the ship's side, waiting until duty should bring his victim on the next round of inspection. In among the striding shadows of the great connecting-rods it would happen.

The sweating vigil dragged on, with incredible slowness, to its end. When at last he saw Nairn coming towards him he almost cried out in his relief, but his outward bearing was care-free to the point of childishness. He must not let anyone see that there was anything out of the ordinary about him. It would start talk, and might even block his promotion. He clung to the thought of that coming promotion as to the one thing left in his life that was still sane and pleasant.

Nairn watched him up the ladder with a questioning look in his eyes. "May have been drinking," he muttered, as he turned to his work. "Silly thing to do if he has. In his position."

The days passed. Forbes began to reckon the passage of time by the one day in three on which he had neither the "middle" nor the "first morning" to keep. The hours these periods included—from midnight to eight a.m.—he had come to regard as those of greatest danger, for the whole ship was asleep then but for those who were on duty, and Murdoch might do what he had joined her to do with the least fear of being seen. On that one night in three he was on from eight till twelve, and felt a little safer.

Please turn to Page 36



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Nancye Wynne discusses new tennis rankings

Praise for temperament and team spirit of women players

From Our Melbourne Representative.

"There is only one thing wrong with the new tennis rankings," says Nancye Wynne, Australian tennis champion, who is ranked Number One.

"The list doesn't seem right to me without Mrs. Westacott, but, of course, she couldn't be in it because of insufficient performances.

"SHE was ill for a long time last season, but she was ranked Number One when she was Australian champion last year.

"We call her the Queens-land 'bombshell' . . . She is a fighter, has a great variety of shots, and when playing well she is terribly hard to beat.

"Most people think she is a veteran, but she isn't old . . . She was married very young and won the Victorian junior championship after her marriage.

"Of course I am glad that I am Number One again, and I believe that I am playing as well now as I ever have played before," said Miss Wynne.

Nancye won the three Australian titles this year—the women's singles, doubles, and the mixed doubles.

This feat has not been accomplished since Daphne Akhurst's triple win some years ago.

"Thelma Coyne is definitely in her right place as Number Two in the rankings," said Nancye.

"She is a wonderful partner, and we have won the Australian doubles together for five years running.

"She also has been runner-up in every championship I have won this year.

"Thelma is the best volleyer in

Australia, and I certainly wouldn't mind having her temperament.

"Nothing disturbs her.

"Mrs. Hopman, who is ranked Number Three, has a marvellous temperament, too.

"She is amazingly consistent, and even if she were losing six-love, five-love she would fight to the finish.

"I am glad Joan Hartigan is high on the ranking list. She can take a beating better than anyone I ever saw, and she keeps the standard of play very high.

"May Blick has some good performances, too, and she has played in the Victorian interstate team for the last five years with Mrs. Waddell (who was Dot Stevenson), Mrs. Hopman and me.

"We have won every year.

"Alison Hattersley, of N.S.W., who is ranked eighth is interesting.

"She is a tiny little thing, and the sister of Harry Hattersley, the golfer. Alison's golf is nearly as good as her tennis."

Marriage will claim Nancye Wynne early next year, when she marries Mr. Peter Bolton, of Sydney, but she will not give up her tennis career.

Her fiancé is a keen golfer, and not a tennis player, so Nancye is taking up golf as well.

She is not a member of any club, but already she can score as low as 85 for eighteen holes.

A star since her schooldays

TWENTY-THREE - YEAR-OLD Nancye Wynne, of Victoria, has held a high place in Australian tennis ranking since her schooldays.

She was number one player in 1937, and in 1938 she went to England with the Australian women's team.

In her first tournament in England she reached the final, where she was defeated by the English player, Miss Margaret Lumby.

She and Thelma Coyne were the only pair to take a set at Wimbledon from the winners, Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Fry and Alice Marble.

In America Miss Wynne was defeated by Miss Marble, but critics spoke highly of her ability.

Tall and slight, with Eton-cropped hair, she is a noticeable figure on the courts.

Jolly, happy, she is a typical Australian out-of-doors girl. She shows a dash of temperament on occasions—characteristic gesture is to slap down her racquet when she misses a shot, or to throw it in the air in exasperation.

Answering critics on this she says: "I'm not wild with my opponents, I'm wild with Nancye Wynne."



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Feud on the High Seas

Continued from Page 34

ONCE in his cabin, with the door fast-locked, his fears very nearly went from him; and twice before they drew level with Cape Blanco he even slept seven hours clear. But usually it was otherwise. Dreams dogged him; often he would lie awake, despite his shuddering aversion, picturing ways innumerable in which he might be attacked.

And when they met officially in the engine-room, Murdoch would never deviate from his bearing of rigid professional correctness. He was utterly aloof, as though he inhabited another planet.

But the strain was growing, and told on Forbes. "What's up w' the Second?" they began to ask one another in the oilers' and stokers' messes. The junior engineers made guesses, more or less ribald. But Robertshaw, as is often the way of heads of departments, seemed to notice nothing at all.

On the afternoon of the eleventh day, coming on deck a little after four, Forbes almost walked into the enemy. Murdoch was with the girl who had come down with the Chief on the first day. She was laughing now at something he had said. For a moment only his eyes rested casually on the Second, as though he looked at a stranger.

"Heaven! I'm just—dirt—to him!" whispered Forbes to himself as he shrunk away out of sight. "To be got rid of, when convenient," jeered a voice within him. "That's all he thinks of you. Look at him—filling in the time!"

He had the first watch that night—eight till twelve—the night hours of least fear, as he had thought. But in the first watch came the crisis.

Murdoch and the girl stood at the far end of the promenade-deck, looking out ahead over the slowly heaving bows to the horizon and the stars. They had that part of the ship to themselves, for nearly all the passengers were attending an impromptu concert in the saloon. And they stood rather close together.

"I can understand that," he was saying, in a low but insistent tone. "I know—and you know—that there's usually nothing in it. People get thrown together for the voyage and they've nothing else to do and after a bit they think they're in love. But, good heavens, can't you see that this is different? Can't you feel it, Mavis?"

She turned her eyes full upon him. Her voice was even lower than his had been.

"For myself, I can. I do. You see, I'm being—I'm telling you just—opening my . . . But I'm a sailor's daughter. Dad was once a ship's engineer. That was how I came to be down in the engine-room that day you say you saw me. Dad knew Mr. Robertshaw in the old days. Perhaps I'm letting—things that he has told me—make me doubt . . . you. Forgive me. I know I'm wrong and unfair. But there's something in me that won't be convinced that this isn't just—for you—an ordinary shipboard flir—"

"Don't, for heaven's sake don't say that! Don't even think it. You can't . . . I mean, the idea hurts!"

HE paused, groping for expression. Then he appeared to come to some great decision. "Listen!" he said. "I'm going to tell you something—why I know it's different. Do you know you've changed my whole life—and probably saved it as well? Do you know that if I hadn't seen you—if you hadn't looked at me as you did, though you don't remember it—I might have been taken ashore by the police at the end of this voyage, and perhaps hanged?"

She gasped with the shock of that avowal. "You? What—why—tell me!"

And so he told her, omitting nothing. Her face revealed horror, sympathy, aversion; mingled with troubled doubt and a growing fear.

. . . and you came down with the Chief. You looked at me—and it was as if I'd seen a sort of vision of all that life could mean for me, all that I was deliberately throwing away for nothing. What good could it do me to smash that swine? Was he worth it? I'd never thought of it that way before. You see the idea of—well, getting my own back—had been the one thing that kept me going in prison, and after. I had a

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—What would the ardent gardener do without dahlias throughout our autumn months? And, by the way, this flower's name is—

Of Japanese origin, meaning ruffled—is called after a Swedish botanist—is of Persian origin, meaning many-petalled—is called after a South American scientist.

2.—Which of these countries lies partly within the Arctic circle?

Alaska—Canada—Greenland—Norway—Sweden—Russia.

3.—And the blacksmith answered—
"Oh, well, everyone knows what he DID answer, but do you know that a blacksmith, correctly speaking,
Grinds blades—works in iron—does riveting—shoes horses.

4.—We hear a great deal, nowadays, about guerrilla warfare, which originated in the

Crimean War—Afghan War—War of the Spanish Succession—South African War—Peninsular War.

5.—And, in origin, the term "guerrilla" is
Spanish, meaning light, irregular troops—Turkish, meaning

difficult country—Moorish, meaning a skirmish—Moorish, meaning a troop of bandits.

6.—As you add the required quantity of isinglass to that tempting concoction you are making, does it occur to you that isinglass is made from

Ox-tail—marrow of certain bones—calves' feet—parts of certain fish.

7.—Here's one for good Australians. Which is the largest?

South Australia—Queensland—Northern Territory.

8.—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that famous story of the good man who kept turning into a very bad lad, was written by

Conan Doyle—R. L. Stevenson—W. W. Jacobs—Nathaniel Hawthorne—Edgar Allan Poe.

9.—It may surprise you to learn it, but the world's greatest silver-producing country is

Korea—Australia—Algeria—Mexico—Hungary.

10.—A pole-cat is not any sort of cat at all. He belongs to the family of the
Squirrel—beaver—badger—weasel—mongoose.

Answers on Page 38.

As one Girl
to another . . .



However, did you squeeze into that corset?

Mind over matter! I'm cursed with a lumpy figure

But blessed with a lovely complexion.

Only since I've been using Revelry. My dear, the creams are marvellous—so light and silky. And the powder's divine.

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Soldier's wife got leave to visit France

War Office took human outlook

From RONALD MONSON, Our Special War Correspondent with the B.E.F., Somewhere in France.

An Australian woman has discovered that the War Office, nerve centre of Britain's war effort, is human.

In the midst of its colossal task it found time to make a unique order enabling a husband and wife to meet each other for a holiday.

VOLUNTEER Beatrice Morgan, of the Auxiliary Territorial Service (Pay Corps) and formerly of North Fitzroy (Vic.), has just set the War Office a problem for which there was no precedent in the files.

She wanted to go on leave. That was simple enough.

The regulations governing home leave for women soldiers are as clear as those governing "Brighty" leave for the men of the B.E.F.

But when women join the army complications are not slow in coming.

Volunteer Morgan is serving in England, and she wanted to spend her leave with her husband, Mr. Eric Morgan, formerly of the R.A.A.F., Pt. Cook, who is in France with the Imperial Airways organisation.

Volunteer Morgan joined the A.T.S. the day war broke out and she was undoubtedly due for her leave.

There was no regulation saying she could not spend it in France, and there was none saying just how it could be managed.

It is not easy for a woman travelling alone to get to France these days. Moreover, Volunteer Morgan is a soldier, subject to military law in the same way as every soldier in the British Army.

The thing had to go through official channels in the routine way.

Telegrams started flying and telephones ringing. At last it was fixed up.

Volunteer Morgan got a special War Office order all to herself.

Warship escort

FURNISHED with rail and troopship warrants she arrived at the port of embarkation, got past the surprised embarkation officer and joined her 850 fellow soldiers aboard the transport—the only khaki skirt among the battle dresses.

Perhaps never before in the history of the British Army was a humble private treated with such consideration by superior officers and fellow privates.

The captain of the transport gave up his cabin, the colonel gave orders for tea to be brought to her.

Eight hundred and fifty men offered advice and help in putting on her life-jacket.

And so Volunteer Morgan, escorted by warships and planes, came through the dangers and darkness of the Channel to France.

I happened to be present at the reunion with her husband.

Eric Morgan was once a well-known speedway rider, but the coolness and nerve shown by his soldier wife in gaining a place on the warship—leave-boat still had him gasping when I left them. He didn't know she was coming.

Many Australians

THERE are several other Australian women in khaki in France.

Mrs. Muriel Mackay, of Sydney and home daughter of Brigadier Meredith, D.S.O., who commanded the 1st Australian Light Horse Regiment and later formed the 4th Light Horse Brigade in Palestine, and sister-in-law of her namesake, Major-General I. G. Mackay, who has been appointed to command the 6th Div. 2nd A.I.F. is in the Mechanised Transport Corps for Women.

She was the first to join the Paris section of the unit, which was formed in England by Mrs. G. M. Cocke, O.B.E.

Mrs. Erica Bryce, daughter of Mr. E. H. Promin, Vice-Consul for Finland, in Adelaide, and who later married Lieut.-Col. Edward Bryce, commander of a tank battalion in the last war, has presented two cars to the unit.

Mrs. Olive Sherrington, of Sydney, is also a member, and has just left for England to complete her training.

Miss Nancy Wright, a Sydney

nurse, is with the Hadfield-Spears ambulance unit.

Miss Diana Davidson, daughter of a former Governor of New South Wales, the late Sir Walter Davidson, and Lady Davidson, has arrived in France with the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps.



A SOLDIER of the B.E.F. on leave in a French village listens to an old poule of the Great War.

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FORBES stood at his usual post beside the desk, his dull eyes flickering from place to place, now resting on the rows of dials, now swinging along the line of the whirling crankshafts of the main engines, picking out—and identifying—the others as they went about their work. Sometimes he would turn himself abruptly about, flicking keen glances this way and that—a mannerism that had increasingly taken him of late.

He jumped perceptibly when an older came up and spoke to him. There was a veiled reproach, a hinted accusation in the man's tone.

"Starb'd H.P., big-end's running a bit warm, sir," was the report. Forbes had gone round the bearings less than fifteen minutes ago, and should have noted it himself.

"Oh—curse!" he jerked out; and followed the man forward and in between the tall, thick standards which supported the foremost cylinder of the starboard engine. The boom and roar of its power eclipsed all else from his ears.

He had seen all this many hundreds of times. It should have been as ordinary and plain and humdrum to him as her rows of keys are to a typist in an office. Yet now he saw and heard and felt it all as though for the first time, as though his shrinking spirit were in some occult way bound to the whirling mass of it; and yet through a veil which had altered its sound and its form and—its purpose.

He gazed on his feet in front of it, like a half-dragged, hypnotised worshipper before some dark Voodoo-shrine. The roaring in his ears might be the engines, or some-

Feud on the High Seas

Continued from Page 36

thing else—or both, intermingled and tumultuous and overpowering. The smell of smoldering oil and heating "brasses" was as a strange and heady incense.

He became afraid, with a fear more soul-sickening than any he had yet known. The thing welled up within him, filling him, spreading to his palmed extremities; nauseating, ice-cold. The other, his report, the work he should be doing at this moment, even the very engine-room itself—all these were forgotten, swept out of his consciousness.

A hand came down on his shoulder.

He leaped and screamed under the touch as though it had been the kiss of a white-hot branding-iron. A neighing scream it was, shrill and wavering, ab-human, rising even above the blended diapason of the engines themselves. Already he seemed to feel the grip of steely hands, thrusting him towards the crank-pit—and that Titan fist which pounded there.

He screamed again and faced about, dashing the other's fingers from his shoulder; then closed. Blindly, and sobbing with horrid gulping and inchoate oaths and prayers, he grappled and fought and tore, striving with demoniac strength to drag and push and topple his adversary where he knew now that one of them must go.

The other gave back, trying at first to hold him; then fought back, for now he seemed to realise that this was life or death, that he must attack in real earnest or this maniac would finish him. So he began to

strike; great, crashing blows which would have stunned and levelled any normal antagonist, but which seemed only to feed the clutching frenzy of this that had been the Second Engineer.

Then, amazingly, that animal contest ended. For one second Forbes went still and rigid, staring with the bloodshot, protruding eyes of a gargoyle into his opponent's face. His slack mouth opened in dumbfounded amazement, then gave out an uncanny bellow of lunatic glee. He flung the other away from him with a terrific sweep of the arm and ran, still howling with that gruesome merriment, for the entrance to the shaft-tunnel, snatching up a great spanner as he went.

He was gone in a matter of moments—the whole incredible business had taken less than thirty seconds to enact—and the rooted watchers heard now only the noise of him, echoing hollowly from the



CHANEL'S crepe afternoon frock, with unusual serrated stripes in navy and white. Slim effect achieved by vertical stripes on the skirt and angled on the bodice.

tunnel and mingled with the clang of his weapon upon its steel walls.

A figure dashed forward from the ladder's foot, the first to move of all who had seen. It was Murdoch, the Fourth, who had come too late with his message.

"Are you hurt, sir?" he cried out. "What's happened, sir?"

The Chief Engineer wiped his bleeding face. "I think the Socoon's gone mad," he panted. "Did you see? Went for me like a tiger-cat. It's a lucky thing I was the one he tackled! I'm not vain, but I don't think you or anyone else down here would have been able to deal with him, and then—there'd have been a nasty mess in that crank-pit! He tried to push me in. Never felt such strength in my life!" He shivered a little. There was a pause, in which both heard again the voice of Forbes from the tunnel—and it was not a pleasant sound.

"I've been—suspecting something of the sort," went on the Chief with the volubility of a badly-shaken man. Been watching him from the upper platform for the past half-hour. Even from there I could see there was something wrong. Came down to talk to him about it. Found him staring at that big-end there, and I sniffed the smell of it—by George, Murdoch, you'd better see to that at once! It's overheating! Meantime I'll try and get poor Forbes out o' there. May be able to do something." He muttered to himself as the Fourth turned away to obey. "It's some kind of temporary insanity by the look of it. Worry about his promotion—and drink—I suppose. I've seen 'em go that way before—though that seems hardly enough to account for it in this—Here, Watson! Grime! Fred- way!"

A group of reluctant men con-

The answer is—

- 1—Is called after a Swedish botanist (Dahl).
- 2—All of them.
- 3—Works in iron.
- 4—Peninsular War.
- 5—Spanish, meaning light, irregular troops.
- 6—Parts of certain fish.
- 7—Queensland.
- 8—R. L. Stevenson.
- 9—Mexico.
- 10—Weasel.

Questions on Page 36.

verged upon the mouth of the starboard shaft-tunnel. All was quiet now within it. They found the Second Engineer collapsed limply on the plating, the spanner lying where he had thrown it, yards away.

It was many months before Forbes could stand a watch again. And the real cause of his trouble and its culminating outbreak remains and will remain unknown, except to himself and one other—the junior partner in the engineering firm of Bevan and Murdoch, of Sydney. Perhaps to two others. For to Mavis Murdoch—as she is now—there sometimes comes, mingling with her glad gratitude for the healing she had been given to do in her husband's soul, the thought that but for the unguessed-of chance of Robertshaw's intervention she might also have sent him down to his death.

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The Movie World

May 11, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page

Motion Picture Academy gives a party . . .



● Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, who will be married as soon as their respective divorces are granted, attended the banquet together. Vivien is the best actress of 1939 for her work in "Gone With the Wind."

● One of the most striking figures was Norma Shearer, attended as usual by George Raft. The vivid scene above shows Raft turning to talk to Loretta Young, who sits behind at the next table. Meanwhile, Norma, after dancing with a friend, slips into her seat beside him.



● Thomas Mitchell, who won "the best supporting actor" award for his work as the drunken doctor in "Stagecoach," receives his statuette from Spencer Tracy.



● Mr. and Mrs. Doug. Fairbanks sit at their table watching the master of ceremonies give out the exciting news. In front of Doug is the statuette given in honor of the work done for the Academy by his late father, who was the organisation's founder and first president. This is the first time such a unique tribute has been paid.



● Judy Garland, who was handed her award, as the best juvenile in pictures for 1939, by the 1938 winner, Mickey Rooney, obliges with a song. Appropriately enough, she chose "Over the Rainbow" from "The Wizard of Oz"—named the best original song for the year—and brought the house down.

THIS year's annual awards banquet, held by the Motion Picture Academy, was, as usual, the most exciting and fashionable event of the season.

One thousand two hundred movie celebrities, the women dressed in brilliant new gowns, crowded into Hollywood's Cocoanut Grove.

Waiting for the announcement of the winners, guests dined and danced in an atmosphere of suppressed excitement.

At 11 p.m. the first awards were made. The winner in each particular section receives a gold statuette, known in Hollywood as an "oscar."

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ROMANCE in the AIR

SOME 1940 WEDDINGS
AND FLIRTATIONS
SURPRISE HOLLYWOOD

By JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

WHILE 1939 in Hollywood was notable for the number of film-star marriages, 1940 is already proving a year of surprise romances.

Each day brings a fresh love affair, a reshuffle of twosomes into the gossip columns.

Take Bette Davis, for instance. In December last year she and George Brent were planning their marriage. To-day, Bette is going out with several admirers. Most lovelorn is radio producer Tom Lewis.

That isn't all. Bette is very friendly with director Anatole Litvak, who is Miriam Hopkins' ex-husband.

Litvak, you see, is a rival for Brent in Ann Sheridan's affections. He also sends flowers to Olivia de Havilland.

But Olivia is one of Jimmy Stewart's girl friends. It's all very complicated.

Jimmy's many romances bewilder even Hollywood.

Jimmy an enigma

HE telephones Olivia ten times in one day. He pays court to beautiful Hungarian blonde, Ilona Massey, and to stately ex-New York model, Kay Aldridge. He is also taking out Phyllis Brooks, who was Cary Grant's fiancée last year.

Lucille Ball, who has rarely been seen with anybody but movie executive Al Hall since she came to Hollywood, has taken to dining and dancing with Cesar Romero.

Marriages of 1940 are just as electrifying.

William Powell married Mickey Rooney's twenty-one-year-old friend, Diane Lewis, after a three weeks' whirlwind courtship.

Lana Turner took everybody by surprise by marrying Betty Grable's fiancé, Art Shaw, the dance-band leader.

There are of course some steady, long-term affairs. Norma Shearer and George Raft seem pretty constant. So do Richard Greene and Virginia Field, Greta Garbo and Gaylord Hauser.

I say, only "seem."

It's dangerous to prophesy.



• Lucille Ball, RKO player in the romance news. Below, with the script girl, she knits on the movie set.



Are you . . .

PHOTOGENIC? (That doesn't mean beautiful)

YOUR features can be crooked and you can be far from beautiful. Still, girls, you can be photogenic. For this take the word of one of Hollywood's leading cameramen, Ted Tetzlaff, who has aimed his lens at such beauties as Lombard, Colbert, Dietrich, and Madeleine Carroll.

"My idea of a photogenic face," says Tetzlaff, "is an interesting face—and I don't mean beauty."

"A girl with a photogenic face is not a girl with those much-advertised regular features. Perfect features make the most uninteresting face—from the cameraman's point of view—I can think of."

"Beauty is a matter of individuality."

"The proportions of a face may be all out of line, the features in themselves may not be beautifully formed. But if in the eyes there is fire and personality, and a capacity to reflect gaiety and sorrow in the face—there is beauty."



1 FIRED with zeal for mankind, struggling young bacteriologist Ehrlich (Edward G. Robinson) is heartened by the devotion of understanding wife (Ruth Gordon) and children.



2 WHILE working on a cure for tuberculosis, Ehrlich breaks down in health and goes to Egypt to recuperate.



3 BUT there, while tending snake-bitten Arabs, he discovers a serum theory.



4 RETURNING home cured, Ehrlich is able to save children stricken by diphtheria, and is hailed as national saviour.



5 GRANTED generous subsidy by Government for research on dread social disease, he is nevertheless heckled by members of board operating funds, who demand quick results. Ehrlich refuses to scamp the work.



6 AFTER years of fruitless and heartbreaking research on social disease Ehrlich is discredited and almost friendless.

7 BUT success at length crowns his experiments, and he announces his discovery of "606."



HOLLYWOOD and the movies were quick to use this "damp-set" idea. Now VELMOL makes it so easy—so simple—that you can "damp-set" your own hair at home... yourself! A "damp-set" with VELMOL works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just four minutes—with a few drops of VELMOL—you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls—just as you like them best! First: Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. Next: Moisten brush with VELMOL and brush through hair. Now: Arrange hair with fingers and

ITS SECRET IS...
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comb—you'll be delighted with your deep, firm thrilling waves and curls that last for days—yet never "stiff" or "greasy." 2/- bottle—chemist or store. Ask for Velmol.

Robinson menaces Muni

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

AFTER seeing Edward G. Robinson in make-up for "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," I have come to the conclusion that Paul Muni had better look to his biographical laurels.

Wandering onto the Warner Brothers set when the film was being made, I casually noticed an elderly, bearded actor trying on an assortment of hats, evidently looking for something suitable to go with his costume.

It was not until someone remarked on Robinson's wonderful make-up that I realised who that actor was.

Robinson looks amazingly like photographs of this famous scientist who made so many medical discoveries to benefit mankind, and whose life story is the basis of this film.

It does not surprise me that Warners have decided to give this actor more such dignified roles.

Robinson was considered one of the finest actors on the American stage before he came to Hollywood. But until "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" his screen work has chiefly been done in gangster films.

After he has finished his next assignment, "Brother Orchid," Robinson will star in "The Life of Freud," a story of the brilliant psycho-analyst.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ (plus) GONE WITH THE WIND

(Week's Best Release)

Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland. (Selznick-MGM.)

"GONE With the Wind" is a genuinely breath-taking. Into the three and three-quarter hours of its screening is crammed a lifetime of emotion. It leaves you exhausted by your spectator's share of its love and death, laughter and struggle.

Margaret Mitchell told the story of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler against the blood-stained background of civil war and national disaster.

Her story simply comes to life before your eyes.

Spangled with laughter, weighted with human sorrow, and filled with an aching beauty of scene and color, the film combines magnificence with subtlety and brutal realism.

Vivien Leigh's Scarlett places her among the screen great. There isn't a mood, a facet of Scarlett's complexities that she doesn't express.

Clark Gable gives a rich, lusty, full-blooded reading of the character of Rhett Butler. He is the unscrupulous realist to the very life, and his charm has a flavor that's irresistible.

The surprise acting of the film is Olivia de Havilland's, as Melanie. Over-accented on Melanie's sweet gentleness or a false attempt to throw her quiet strength too obviously into the picture would have been disastrous.

Olivia de Havilland's handling of the character will make her a name to reckon with in films.

Leslie Howard had a similar task with the role of Ashley Wilkes, the dreamer who was always running away from reality. His, too, was a fine accomplishment.

Unnumerable scenes linger in the memory.

The terrifying spectacle of the burning of Atlanta... the almost unbearable poignancy, to-day, of the Civil War wounded lying in the streets, of families waiting for casualty lists.

You'll remember Hattie McDaniel as Mammy, walking upstairs beside Melanie, telling her in simple heart-broken words of Rhett Butler's madness beside the dead body of his child... the shock of Scarlett's point-blank shooting of a Yankee... the agony of an operation without chloroform.

The second half of the film contains, if anything, too many death-bed scenes, and that is the only unlucky result of the adaptation from the novel.

Its spirit is preserved and its much-discussed ending.

Technically, the film is flawless. The color is a thing of magic, the

Our Film Gradings

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

photography superb, the direction masterly.—St. James and Liberty; showing.

★★★ U-BOAT 29

Conrad Veidt, Valerie Hobson. (Columbia.)

THIS story of a German plot to wipe out part of the British fleet during the last war is tense and gripping melodrama.

It is especially interesting because of its topical theme—an attack on Scapa Flow off the Orkney Islands. Action centres on the Isle of Hoy, British naval base.

Conrad Veidt, commander of the German U-boat 29, is ordered to leave his ship and join a German girl spy in Hoy posing as an English schoolmistress.

The girl is Valerie Hobson, who is getting information from a disgraced British officer, Sebastian Shaw, to pass on to Veidt.

But all is not as it seems—unfortunately for Veidt.

The film brings in exciting scenes of naval warfare and destruction.

Veidt is responsible for moving scenes which lift this film above the average war drama. Despite his villain's role, he manages to win your sympathy.

Valerie Hobson gives a nicely restrained performance.—Lyceum; showing.

★★★ THE BIG GUY

Victor McLaglen, Jackie Cooper. (Universal.)

HERE is an exciting and moving action drama concerning a youth who innocently becomes involved in a prison break and subsequent murder.

Prison warden Victor McLaglen is kidnapped by escaping convicts. The car is wrecked and the convicts are killed.

Yielding to temptation, McLaglen takes their loot, and on his return to the goal is hailed as a hero and given promotion.

Convicted as an accomplice, Jackie Cooper proclaims his innocence, while McLaglen struggles with his conscience. With the money he has stolen is sufficient evidence to clear Cooper.

The acting of Victor McLaglen and Jackie Cooper and the emotional appeal of the story raise the film above the average prison melodrama.—Capitol; showing.

★ THE MARINES FLY HIGH

Richard Dix, Chesler Morris. (RKO.)

EXCEPT for the last ten minutes, this is a mildly enjoyable thriller about Yankee marines serving in Central America.

But the ending, which shows pilot Richard Dix dropping messages by ingenious contrivances to ambushed pals, is laughably fantastic.

Dix and Morris spend a good part of the film feuding over Lucille Ball, the rest fighting revolutionaries together.

Dix looks twenty years too old for his part. Morris gets a few laughs.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet. Edward G. Robinson superb in exciting biographical drama, Century, 2nd week.

★★★ French Without Tears. Ray Milland, Ellen Drew in delightful sophisticated comedy. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★★ Katia. Danielle Darrieux, John Leder in charming love story, Savoy, 2nd week.

★★ Three Cheers For the Irish. Thomas Mitchell, Priscilla Lane in entertaining family comedy drama, Plaza, 2nd week.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



COTHOUT ZABRISKIE WHITEHEAD.

NEWCOMER IN "GRAPES OF WRATH," BRINGS A LONGER AND STRANGER NAME TO THE SCREEN THAN SPANGLER ARLINGTON BRUGH (ROBERT TAYLOR—TO YOU)

FREDDY BARTHOLOMEW HAS HAD HIS WEEKLY ALLOWANCE UPPED TO \$ 2.50

(HE'S ALMOST PAID OFF THE LAWYERS IN HIS NUMEROUS LAWSUITS.)

"HOLLYWOOD DOES THAT TO YOU" ITEM

FROM PRESS AGENT BLURBS OF THE PAST YEAR

MAR. 1935... "JEFFREY LYNN RUNS A MILE EVERY MORNING BEFORE BREAKFAST" OCT. 1939... "JEFFREY LYNN ALWAYS RUNS A HALF-MILE BEFORE BREAKFAST" FEB. 1940... "JEFFREY LYNN TAKES A BRISK WALK BEFORE BREAKFASTING"

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has completed shooting on "The Dictator" and is now synchronising the film with the music. He has written most of the original score himself.

"The Dictator" will be the longest Chaplin picture to date. It will run two hours.

BILL POWELL and Myrna Loy are going to stick by each other for a long time to come. As soon as they finish "I Love You Again," they will go into "Third Finger Left Hand." This is a comedy about a girl who pretends she is married, and a man who arrives on the scene claiming to be her husband. Yes, they fall in love.

KAY FRANCIS was out of "It's a Date" for a couple of days when she suffered a severely wrenched knee and ankle. Miss Francis was working with Deanna Durbin and Walter Pidgeon in a scene taking place in a ship's cabin, the set being moved backwards and

forwards on rollers to simulate the ship's roll. Becoming slightly dizzy from the movement, Kay stepped outside the stage for a breath of air, slipped on the wet pavement, and injured her leg.

She later finished her role with a nurse in attendance to administer sun-lamp treatments between scenes.

WARREN WILLIAM has invented an outdoor vacuum cleaner to pick up leaves, papers, and generally tidy up his lawn and garden. After trying it out on his valley ranch, Warren took out a patent and is now planning to market his gadget.

BOBBY BREEN has been ordered to discontinue singing while his voice is changing, so he is in temporary retirement from the screen.

He is now at a school for professional children, where he is taking dramatic lessons, studying French, Italian and the piano, and doing supervised exercises in breath control.

His teachers are sure he will be able to continue his singing career later on.



Here is the big news in Australia:

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of MARGARET MITCHELL'S story of the Old South

GONE WITH THE WIND

in TECHNICOLOR starring

CLARK GABLE

as Rhett Butler

Leslie HOWARD

Olivia De HAVILLAND

and presenting

VIVIEN LEIGH

as Scarlett O'Hara

This Selznick-International Picture, directed by Victor Fleming, and released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is now in its Premiere Australian season, simultaneously at the St. James and Liberty Theatres, Sydney.

Never in our lifetime have eyes beheld its equal.

LEO, of M-G-M.

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

How to Overcome Fear of FALSE TEETH that "refuse to stay put"



The illustration shows how receding gums cause a dental plate to become loose. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes so that it will again rest on a good, firm foundation, feel tighter and more comfortable. And until your dentist does this, daily sprinkle a Little FASTER on your plate to help safeguard your eating and talking from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose, wobbly, slipping plate. Thousands overcome loose plate worry in the simple way. This pleasant powder forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gum ridge, so you eat and talk in greater comfort. Being mildly alkaline (non-acid), FASTER soothes tissue by tendering the action of a loose plate and allays inflammation due to excessive acid mouth. Does not sour. Checks bad plate odor (denture breath). No nasty taste or feeling. Get FASTER from any chemist.

Any dental plate held tighter by PERFECT FASTER to better eating comfort and social pleasure.

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

"Lots better than milk, Mummy"

Children who dislike milk look upon it as something quite different when 'Ovaltine' is added. For 'Ovaltine' not only transforms milk into a really delicious beverage, but its special properties make the milk digestible and much more nourishing. In every way, 'Ovaltine' is the perfect food beverage for children. It provides all the nutritive elements required to build up perfect health of body, brain and nerves. For these reasons, make 'Ovaltine' your children's daily beverage—there is nothing "just as good."

1/9 - 3/10 - 5/- at Chemists and Stores

Delicious
OVALTINE
For Energy and Robust Health

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08-1250

Women Also Serve



THOUSANDS OF BOOKS are repaired and catalogued for the troops by the Returned Army sisters, who are voluntary helpers at the Service Library in Melbourne. Bundles of books and magazines arrive daily from country and city donors.

Supplying books and magazines to all troops and militia

"WE supply books and magazines to all troops, including the militia," said Mrs. Scott Murphy, discussing her work as convener of the Service Library, run by the Returned Army Nurses in Melbourne.

"We have catalogued over 14,000 books and a huge number of magazines," she said.

The Service Library, in charge of a returned sister, is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily, and from 10 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturdays.

Books and magazines are received by Mrs. Scott Murphy and her helpers, sorted for suitability, repaired, sized, lacquered, grouped in assorted groups of 50, catalogued in the groups and despatched to the various services.

They circulate through the camps, and are controlled by the padres and recreation officers. That the soldiers appreciate

the service can be seen by the number of letters of acknowledgment received at the library. These have come from men in all the services, and even from the troop ships.

In various country centres, groups of women are collecting books and magazines, and sending them to headquarters.

Mrs. Scott Murphy was attached to No. 2 Australian General Hospital in the last war, and served in France. She married in England during the war, and her eldest son was born during the only day-time raid that Mrs. Scott Murphy can remember.

Is receiving interstate gifts for War Victims' Appeal Day

TO help their fellow West Australians in their appeal for War



Mrs. J. M. Bunster - Robinson - Fremantle.

ried freight free by the railways from Perth.

President of the association is Mrs. Catherine Lindsay, and she will direct activities on the appeal day.

It is expected that Miss Pat McDonald, the young West Australian actress now appearing in Sydney, will help at the stall during the day.

Visit training field to sew for airmen

"WE feel that interstate airmen need helping," say members of the S.A. Women's Defence Service. So each week a group of workers visits the R.A.A.F. training school at Parafield to darn socks, mend clothes, and sew buttons on to the uniforms of the three hundred interstate men stationed there.

"Each week about half a dozen members spend a full day at Parafield," said Mrs. R. G. West, who is convener of the sewing circle.

Members of the W.D.S. are also working to fit up the men's recreation rooms and to provide them with sporting equipment. They have already provided chairs, books, and bookshelves, and a table tennis outfit.

Country workers plan Red Cross dance

RED CROSS workers from the town and district of Rockhampton (Queensland) are planning a ball to be held on June 28.

Miss Olga Rodger, honorary secretary, stated that the local Red Cross branch has a membership of over 600, and it has been very busy since war was declared.

Sewing and knitting days are held at the society rooms, and the members who live out of the town take work home, or have it forwarded to them. Mrs. A. E. Guyett is in charge of the clothing and comforts section.

Matron Costello directs the social and entertainment committee, and from a flag day held recently £103 was collected.



BUSINESS for the Red Cross was brisk in the streets of Adelaide, when Barbara Matters wheeled around her barrow full of vegetables.

Send gifts of fruit to members of 2nd A.I.F.

"YOUR gifts of raisins, nuts, tinned fruit and cream, and puddings were much appreciated," wrote the soldiers who received parcels from the Sandgate branch of the Queensland Division of the Comforts Fund.

This branch, formed in September, meets every Wednesday at the Sandgate Town Hall, where 94 members, under the presidency of Mrs. E. C. King Harman, sew and knit for the soldiers, receive parcels, and also despatch their goods to headquarters in Brisbane.

Each Sandgate man of the Second A.I.F. on his pre-embarkation leave is given a personal present from this branch.

3 FIRST PRIZES AT BABY SHOWS



—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

Mrs. E.L.W., of East Sheen, is proud of her son's complexion. It has won him 3 first prizes, and she gives much of the credit to Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

She writes: "Donald is a winner of 3 first prizes in baby contests. Once he was chosen from over a hundred children, judged by famous Harley Street doctors. And each time I was complimented on his beautiful skin. I feel sure his success, in no small part, was due to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. I may add that Wright's is the only soap used by my family."

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises.

If you have roaring, buzzing noises in your ears, are getting hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness, go to your chemist and get 10z. of Parment (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal trouble of the ears, is hard of hearing or has head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Sleeping woman's hands become softer and whiter!

"You wouldn't have recognised my hands today if you'd seen them a few months ago!" says Mrs. M. Gleeson, of 218 Alfred Street, North Sydney. "They were as red and rough then. I was downright ashamed of them—and I'd had dozens of different hand lotions to try and make them look better. But everything I got felt too sticky. Then my chemist put me on to Pond's Hand Lotion. It felt so nice and smooth—out the least bit sticky or greasy—so that I got into the habit of using it every time I washed my hands and before bed at night. I noticed an improvement after just a few applications—and now you wouldn't know they were the same pair of hands! They're so beautifully soft, smooth and white."

Your hands should have daily protection.

You know yourself all the things you do each day—housework, washing up, peeling potatoes, being out in the sun and wind—that take the beauty out of your hands and make them red and rough.

Unless you give them daily protection with Pond's Hand Lotion. Use Pond's

every time you wash your hands, and before bed at night. Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener—it feels silky and soothing on your hands, and it keeps them soft and white. What's more Pond's Hand Lotion is rich and concentrated. It's more economical because you actually use less of this creamy lotion!

Do this every night for soft, white hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well with a hand washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. A few nights of this treatment and you'll be thrilled to see how much smoother and softer your hands become. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists and 3/9 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.



PATIENTS ENJOY THEMSELVES IN THIS HOSPITAL!



Patients and nurses get a very nice "break" round about eleven o'clock every morning in this hospital. Steaming hot cups of Bonox are served. Nurses say that Bonox helps keep them going and the patients agree that it gives them new vitality. Doctors say that Bonox pours new strength straight into the blood-stream. Have your cup of Bonox to-day. You can get hot Bonox in cafes, hotels, milk bars. Buy a bottle of Bonox on your way home and have a steaming hot cup last thing before you go to bed each night. It's sold in 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16-oz. sizes.

Tired, Nervous at Middle Age

WORRIED, HEADACHY, SHAKY

"For a long time I have been very run-down, nervous and worried," states Mrs. J.T.C. of Muswellbrook, N.S.W. "I had headaches, and any little worry would make me so shaky that I had to lie down. I hated anyone speaking to me during these bad times."

"I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were good for the ill-health middle-aged women frequently experience, and I also found these pills splendid. My nerves are well again, and the headaches and dizziness have vanished. I am happier, feel full of energy, always ready for meals and can now do my own housework again."

"At middle age, worry, pains, weariness, headaches and worn-out nerves make life a burden for many people. Users say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills prove most beneficial and helpful, for these pills always help to revitalize the system with new, rich blood. Gain sound nerves, new strength and vigour now by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—3/- bottle, at chemists and stores."

Asthma Agony Curbed in 3 minutes

Choking, crouping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

SHE

went on to the office deciding not to say a word, but when she went to take some dictation from Jim she could not restrain herself.

"D'you remember Miss Brendon? I saw her this afternoon."

Jim sat upright. "Miss Brendon?" he said, in what struck her as a most peculiar voice. "Oh, no, I've got it wrong there. I happen to know she's in India."

Dot shook her head. "I'm positive, Mr. Jim. She was going into the Orpheum with a young man."

He grinned. "You've been seeing things. Miss Brendon's in India."

"I saw her this afternoon," Dot insisted angrily.

"Like to bet on it? It's a shame to take the money."

Dot said: "This is what she's like," and her description was so living and complete he stared at her with uneasy, pondering eyes.

To her startled amazement he suddenly grabbed his hat and dashed out, looking white and incredulous.

Jim reached the Orpheum just before the end of the short first act.

He swaggered up the steps with an unnatural heartiness, planked down some notes, and took a box.

With his elbows on the edge of the box he began to scan the stalls. As the glasses swept the fifth row he made a quick, husky sound. His hands dropped. In their blankness

Repent at Leisure

Continued from Page 44

his eyes may have been glass. There was Sheila.

The seat next to her was unoccupied. Here with a young man? So much for Dot and her ugly mistakes.

He wanted to shout out from the box: "Sheila, Sheila, darling!"

"Right-o!" he gurgled with the emotional excitement of a child. "I'll turn the tables."

Out of the box he ran, got hold of an attendant, and bought the most expensive chocolates he could obtain. With the ribboned package under his arm, he descended to the stalls.

"Cuse me," he whispered, edging past the feet of some fifth-row stallies. He wanted to get right up to her before she guessed a thing.

His hand was stretched out with the box of chocolates. His eyes were shining.

"Sheila! What-ho!"

As her startled head jerked round, a young man coming in from the left gangway stopped beside her.

The shining look died in Jim's eyes.

He stood quite still in a lost, stupid fashion. Sheila was staring at him in pallid silence, and to the left of her Billy Trevor waited with a manner of pleasant, unruffled inquiry. It seemed as if, in that lively auditorium, they were suddenly exiled within a heavy hush.

Sheila spoke first. She heard her

voice, a ghost of sound, saying, "Hullo, Jim."

His lips stirred: "Hullo, Sheila." These seconds were unendurable. Something had to be said.

Very slowly she indicated Trevor. "This is Captain Trevor."

"Pleased to meet you," muttered Jim.

Again she heard her voice from a long, muffled distance: "And this is my husband."

Whatever shock it may have been to Trevor, he was beautifully easy about it.

"How d'ye do?" he said. "Seems a good show, doesn't it?"

Jim nodded. He found he was still holding the box of chocolates outstretched, like some absurd statue. He put them on her lap.

"Thank you." Her fingers plucked aimlessly at the wrappings. "Father and I landed yesterday."

"Yes? Have a good voyage?"

"Yes, thanks. I—I ought to have thanked you."

Jim remained silent. Trevor glanced from one to the other. The orchestra stopped playing. The house lights went out. The curtain was rising. Somebody in the row behind them coughed significantly.

It was Trevor who helped the situation. He said: "Won't you take my pew? I can find another seat somewhere."

"No. No, thanks. I've got a box. See you afterwards." Jim groped towards the gangway.

Whatever happened on the stage for the rest of the performance, he was blind and deaf to it. He was grateful for the darkness. Gradually the torture of thought showed in his eyes.

The lights were on. He got up.

Sheila and

Trevor were waiting in the foyer. Trevor said: "I ought to be trotting. Expect you've lots to talk about."

Jim touched her elbow. "Like some tea?"

She found the courage to say: "We can't talk in a tea shop."

"Where else? We might go to the office. Dad's away, and Dot could go home."

"Very well."

He rang Dot up from a public box, then hailed a taxi. He managed to talk as if they were casual acquaintances.

They reached the office. When they were in his own particular room he said: "Do us a favor, Sheila. Pretend—pretend we aren't upset." His voice threatened to break. "Or I can't stand it, and you can't stand it."

"I'll try," she whispered.

"That's right. What I mean is, if we could handle this as if we were talking about some other couple, we'd see things through sensibly. D'you follow me?"

She forced herself to nod.

"Right-o. This is the way I look at it. When you got back to India, among all the sahibs and so on, back to the sort of people you're used to, you got scared. You thought: 'Jim doesn't fit in with this. They're my sort, but they're not his.' I don't mean you did it deliberately. You couldn't help it, eh?"

Her "Yes" was a mere trembling of the lips.

"I'm not blaming you. Then, I've been reckoning you met this chap Trevor. That capped it. You sort of didn't want anyone to know you were married to me. Not your fault. Mine, really. Three thousand quid can buy a lot, but it can't buy everything."

"Fact is," he continued, "money's been the curse of this. If I hadn't had any in the first place, you wouldn't have touched me with a barge pole."

"Jim! I know I've been vile, but

"Wait a tick. I didn't mean it that way. You haven't been vile. What you did was for your father. You warned me the whole outfit might be a mistake. I've taken the risk, and I've lost. No use whining. No use being sorry for ourselves. It's silly to try to keep a marriage going on pity. It's like letting a chap keep putting off his interest payments." He laughed hoarsely. "Only makes things worse. So I must cut my losses."

SHE

made an agonised sound and he hurried on: "You're keen on this Trevor. Right-o. I'll provide evidence."

"What do you mean?"

"These things can be fixed up. Leave it to me. You'll get your divorce all right."

Misunderstanding her almost drugged stillness, he went on explaining:

"You'll be O.K. then. Who'll know? Only Trevor, and he looks a decent, sensible sort. You can tell him how things were with us, and that won't make him care for you any the less, you bet."

"And you?" she asked, with such mechanical calmness it should have warned him.

"Me? Don't you worry about me. There's the business here. And if I want any admiration—his forced grin was awful—there's Dot. Nice kid, in her way. It's a scream. She thinks I'm real classy. When I—here! Hold up, for goodness' sake, old girl!"

He stopped helplessly. She was crying, not loudly, but with a heart-breaking abandon.

He touched her shoulder. "Sheila, don't cry. I didn't mean to make you—"

She took no notice. For at least a minute she remained like that. When she raised her face, it had a strangely purified look.

He gave a relieved laugh. "Feeling better, now, eh? What you want is a cup of tea."

"What I want," she said simply, "is another chance. Dare I ask you to take back a contemptible wife?"

Jim stiffened. "Cut out the pity, Sheila."

Incredulously he realised that her hands were holding his, that in her eyes was the deathless brilliance no man can mistake.

"I don't pity you. I envy you, because you know what love means. I'm only just beginning to understand. It's very glorious. Say you love me, my dear. Give me another chance. Let me stay. Please, Jim!"

The truth nearly broke in. He gave a choked laugh and buried his face in her hair.

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

LUX TOILET SOAP now lasts longer



NOW first and foremost in economy as well as in luxury. Try the new firmer tablet of Lux Toilet Soap and see how it still gives the same lavish lather, yet outlasts other soaps of its size. This fragrant soap is used by 9 out of 10 of Hollywood's loveliest stars. You'll soon find that, as your regular bathroom soap, it's the best value your money can buy.

"I LOVE MY DAILY LUX TOILET SOAP BATH... I CREAM ITS RICH LATHER ALL OVER MY BACK, ARMS AND SHOULDERS... IT MAKES THEM FEEL SO GLORIOUSLY SOFT."

says *Anna Neagle*

AN B.C.O. RADIO STAR, IN "TREK"



IT'S LOVELY THAT GIRLS LIKE ME CAN AFFORD THE SAME BEAUTY BATH AS ANNA NEAGLE... YOU COULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING MORE LUXURIOUS THAN LUX TOILET SOAP

Lux Toilet Soap is *Supercreamed*... gives a luxury lather

A LEVER PRODUCT



SUPREEM IN THE ARMY!

Attention, women of Australia! The new Supreem Military Brown makes army boots shine and keeps them pliable, weatherproof and comfortable. Put a tin in his next parcel. Supreem stays moist in the tin. Won't cake or crack!

SUPREEM MILITARY BROWN

FOR THAT MIRROR SHINE NOTE EASIER OPENER

* MAY 12TH IS MOTHER'S DAY

thrill her with gifts by

KAYSER

KAYSER MIR-O-KLEER

Hosiery

Mother will thrill to the loveliness of Kayser Hosiery. Whether she prefers rich, radiant colours or subtle, demure shades . . . 3 or 4 thread weights, sheers, service-sheers or service weights, Kayser has the stocking she will love.

Remember—it's Economy to buy Quality . . . so Insist on Kayser!



THE appreciative way to honour the day is with a gift of Kayser Hosiery or Lingerie—A QUALITY Gift that will please her taste—and reveal your own true thoughtfulness! Sold everywhere in dainty Mother's Day gift boxes.

KAYSER'S NEWEST WINTER LINGERIE

"Warmees"

No Gift could be quite as practical or more gladly received than Kayser "Warmees." There are so many lovely fabrics to choose from, including the new "Lylanese" and "Kaysuede"—in All Pure Wool, Wool and Silk, and softly textured knitted Lisle. Delightfully feminine styles to gladden the heart of Mothers young and old.

KAYSER NIGHTIE. Style No. 291 (as illustrated), in Wool and Rayon. S.W., W., O.S. Priced at **19/11**. Other Nighties from 9/11.

KAYSER DRESSING GOWN. Style No. 164 (shown at right), in fancy wool fabric with scalloped collar. Sizes S.W., W., O.S. **35/-**. Also O.S. size, 39/11. Other Gowns, 42/6, 47/6.

TWO SPECIAL KAYSER HOSIERY SUGGESTIONS

NEW 505X Still the leader in its field. Pure Silk service weight for good sound wear. **5/11**

222X Mir-O-Kleer Silk to the top, service weight. Smart in appearance and famed for durability. Priced at **7/11**

THERE is a KAYSER STOCKING FOR EVERY OCCASION
Priced from **4/11** to **9/11**

Thrilling New KAYSER COLOURS

- "SPLENDOR"—fashion's decree—the new grey-beige;
- "CHARM"—a sunny beige;
- "TABLEAU"—a neutral fawn;
- "CAVALIER"—pastel iridescent with a bronze sheen;
- "FESTIVE"—a classic shade of dark mole;
- "WINSOME"—a light cinnamon toning.

And Your Old Favourite

NEW 10-1

KAYSER KNICKERS. No. 114, also KAYSER VEST No. 134 (above) featured in Pure Wool. Sizes S.W., W., O.S. . . . each **4/11** ★

Other Vests and Knickers from 2/11 each.

KAYSER DRESSING JACKET. No. 174 (at left) in "Kaysuede." Yoke features rows of gathered binding, tops of sleeves are softly shirred. S.W., W., O.S. . . . **9/11** ★

Other Dainty Kayser Jackets from 5/11. ★

Mr. Jones takes off....

The observant Mr. Jones took the lucky stars in the Philips trade mark into account when he bought his radio. Now—every night—Mr. Jones is able to "take off" . . . to leave ordinary cares behind and travel *per Radioplayer* to practically any country in the world.

Mr. Jones hears New York, London, Tokio and all the rest just as clearly as if he were actually *there*. Without leaving his comfortable armchair he tours the world . . . enjoying at first hand the news, music and entertainment of nations in every quarter of the globe.



"AUDIOSCOPIC" . . . a long word with a simple meaning and exclusive to Philips!

New Audioscopic Reproduction simply means that Philips have perfected the most amazing degree of radio realism ever achieved . . . "sound you can almost SEE!" And that isn't all . . . the new Radioplayers feature the Legline Dial with Escalator Calibration, making the tuning of all stations as simple as A.B.C. All Philips Receivers have Static-reducing Tune Filters, Improved Automatic Volume Control, and a host of brilliant new features. The Philips Radioplayer must be heard and seen to be believed. Until you have visited your nearest Philips Radioplayer dealer your knowledge of radio performance is definitely behind the times.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Philips Lamps (A/sia) Pty. Ltd.*

- ☐ Please arrange for a free demonstration in my home of a 1940 Radioplayer.
- ☐ Please send "Short-wave Bulletin" listing 131 stations with wavelength, reception times and other details.

NAME _____

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* Mail to your nearest office:—Sydney, G.P.O. Box 2793 C; Melbourne, G.P.O. Box 4234; Brisbane, G.P.O. Box 400 F; Adelaide, G.P.O. Box 1237 H; Perth, G.P.O. Box 2748. (Mentioned in the advertisement.)



The Philips range of Radioplayers is COMPLETE. There are super mantel models. There are attractively styled and handsomely finished console Radioplayers . . . with new Audioscopic Reproduction to bring you "sound you can almost see." There is the new Philips Radiogram, and even an ingenious new portable Radioplayer. These new Radioplayers, built by the largest radio organisation in the British Empire, include EVERY worth-while—and often exclusive—feature. As well as new Audioscopic Reproduction, these fine Radioplayers have Static-reducing Tune Control, Distortion-free Automatic Volume Control, Frequency-stabilising Circuit and many more. In all except the smallest mantel there is Philips exclusive Legline Dial with Escalator Calibration.

Radioplayers are available for A.C., Battery, and A.C. D.C. operation, and for Broadcast or Dual-wave reception.

PRICES FROM 14 GUINEAS



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Betty's "racey" narratives

Why not a £2000 classic race for the lady horses at Randwick?

By BETTY GEE

What about putting mares on the same footing as the other horses with a great race for their sole competition?

"The Mares' Cup—£2000". . . Doesn't that sound imposing?

What brings the idea to my mind as a really worthy innovation is this.

I HEARD a mere man criticising the fillies' races because he said they created a "false aristocracy" for the weaker sex.

I tackled him for an explanation, and he said that fillies were able to build up a reputation with wins in these races restricted to their sex, yet when they were pitted against the other sex they were invariably beaten.

But I think he is wrong. Admittedly, not all who win these races for fillies only are champions, but many of them are really top-notch performers of the turf.

Take Early Bird, winner of most of last year's fillies' classics, including the Adrian Knox. She beat "the winner" on the other day in the Canterbury Cup, and I wouldn't mind finding her in my backyard any morning.



INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE

The Original and Genuine BAYER'S ASPIRIN was formulated for the relief of all pain. It is specifically recommended for the relief of headache.

BAYER'S ASPIRIN will also end colds, relieve sore throats, and smash 'flu overnight.

Take BAYER'S ASPIRIN for relief from RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SLEEPLESSNESS, PERIODIC PAIN and all other NERVE and MUSCLE ACHES AND PAINS.



In flat tin of 12 for pocket or handbag, 9d. Bottles of 24, 1/3. Bottles of 100, 4/-.

C4.40

TOO FAT FOR COMFORT

Reducing treatment is by far the most effective for the majority of women cases, and having only health and some properties, cannot damage the system like some treatments do. It affects the heart and can have no effect on getting down to normal weight, one does not immediately lose weight again as in the case of treatment by exercise. This is the opinion of Dr. L. G. Higgs, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Cullin, W.A., who has made a special study of fat reducing properties of the special formula. He supplies the special formula in 4/8 plus 3d. post for 3 months supply. There is nothing secret about the formula. It is printed on the box. The Reducing Massage Cream is also supplied—4/6 jar, post 6d. The special slimming Bath Salts are used as a hot or cold reduction, 2/- each, 4/- for 6 baths, post 3/6. A diet chart is included free for meal day by day. Write for details from all over Commonwealth. Address, G.P.O. Box 3310.

Breeders say this is necessary. Without rich prizes for fillies only, their sex would have only a stud value.

As nearly twice as many fillies are foaled compared with colts, it is compulsory to build up a racing value for them as well as a breeding value.

Otherwise the bottom would fall out of the thoroughbred market. Owners would want only colts; the fillies would sell for a song.

So you see that economically it is necessary to have these fillies' races—more of them. And races for mares, too.

We race again at Randwick this Saturday—Tattersall's Club's meeting.

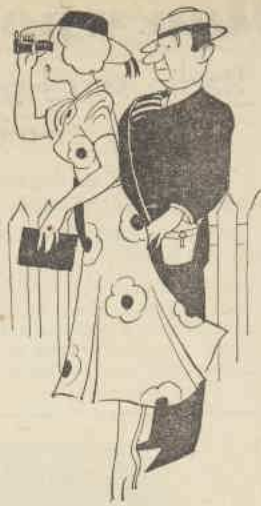
I hope it is going to dry up. The last two wet days at Randwick frayed the nerves and the cash reserves of the most determined punteresses.

Here's a Syndicate tip hot off the grid for a both-way bet in the Two-year-old Handicap for colts and geldings—Le Jong.

And for the fillies' division of the race the Baker's Man said Connetta.

From up Bathurst way they've sent down their champion, Grand Boy, for the Flying Handicap.

Pennywise has been saved for the Novice because it's 11 miles, and



Buzzal is Betty's selection for the James Barnes Plate.

there is none in it likely to run the distance as well as she.

I have Buzzal for a very special tip from the Head Waiter for the Jas. Barnes Plate. He's a real stayer in the making.

Unsuspected MALNUTRITION

There was laughter at a public dinner last night when a politician, speaking on the Dangers of Malnutrition, was told by a dietitian that he showed signs of Malnutrition himself.

But the laughter became a trifle nervous when the dietitian added that the rest of us were probably in the same condition!

"Malnutrition," he declared, "is increasing. Few of us are totally free from 'nerves,' digestive troubles, constipation, debility and other 'ills of civilisation.' Yet in most cases these ills are symptoms of Vitamin B deficiency."

"It isn't that we eat too little. It's because the Vitamin B is removed from our food by modern methods of 'refining.' And yet on Vitamin B the health of our nervous and digestive systems depends."

"But how," somebody asked, "can the ordinary person make good this alarming shortage of Vitamin B?"

"Well," he replied, "simply add a tablespoonful of Bemax to your porridge or breakfast cereal. Bemax is a Vitamin tonic food so rich in Vitamin B₁ (400 units per oz.) that a daily tablespoonful makes up the regular quota one needs."

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Man who robbed rich to give to poor

Radio serial presents English actor in role of modern Robin Hood

The heart of mankind—and of womankind in particular—has always warmed to the daring deeds of the Robin Hoods of this world.

In "The Black Moth" 2GB introduces a modern and sophisticated version of the old Robin Hood legends.

It tells of a man who took from the rich to give to the poor, of a man whose acts have a romantic daring and a natural goodness, in spite of the fact that they are well outside the strict letter of the law.

Who is the Black Moth? Scotland Yard is baffled; the daily Press is curious and vociferous; the underworld is silent and puzzled.

The Cordingley emeralds are stolen and the only clue left behind is a black moth, found reposing in the rifled safe.

A blackmailer is killed, and on his breast is found a black moth.

A swindling company promoter is forced to disgorge his profits and leave the country, and his fellow directors each receive by mail the replica of a black moth.

Charities receive a n o n y m o u s donations of large sums of money. Do these, too, come from the Black Moth? That the Black Moth does good for his fellow men at the risk of his own skin adds to the dramatic interest of this series of adventures.

That listeners know, or at least suspect, the identity of the Black Moth is no reflection on the ability of the dramatist. Rather it heightens the interest in the performance given by James Raglan in the dual role of



JAMES RAGLAN, who plays a dual role in the 2GB radio serial, "The Black Moth."

the Black Moth and of Dennis Carcraft, a wealthy young man about town, whose most dangerous hobby apparently is a devotion to the sport of motor racing.

As the Black Moth, James Raglan gives his disguised voice a dramatic tone quite foreign to the cultured tones of Dennis Carcraft.

As his antagonist the Black Moth has Detective-Sergeant Smithers, of Scotland Yard. The role is played by Harry Howlett, who presents a convincing picture of a policeman of average intelligence, who is always in trouble for his failure to catch the Black Moth.

He is almost certain that Carcraft is the man he seeks, but the latter always has his alibi.

Righting wrongs

DURING his attempts to capture the Black Moth, Smithers gradually realises that the Black Moth seldom—in fact, never—harms an innocent party.

His task in life is righting some wrong, relieving some person in distress, or rectifying some injustice.

Listeners will soon share his admiration of the ingenuity of Carcraft in always managing to produce a satisfactory alibi.

Before he came to Australia James Raglan had won for himself the reputation of being one of the most promising young actors on the English stage.

His performance as the Black Moth is perhaps one of the finest that listeners have heard from him.

For not only does he dominate the show by his brilliant acting, but he gives to his performance such light and shade that the listener feels that the Black Moth is a living, vital being, whose adventures provide excitement and romance.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day
from
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WEDNESDAY, May 8.—
Special Session: "Roaming the Wide Range."

THURSDAY, May 9.—
June Marsden—Special Problem Session.

FRIDAY, May 10.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

SATURDAY, May 11.—
"Music in the News."

SUNDAY, May 12.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars; Astrology for Business Folk; Analysing the Influence of Different Planets on Humans.

MONDAY, May 13.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, May 14.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

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SHE smiled. Dominic, my sweet, why should you only believe treachery of the woman you love? Why give everyone else the benefit of the doubt, and not her? That night when she went to your place she went genuinely to plead for herself—she had no idea Leon had followed her. Everything was finished between them. But you see I telephoned, and made her think there was something between you and me. It was easier for her to let you believe what you liked after that."

She smiled into his stricken, bewildered face. "So you see, I haven't been such a good sport. I just wanted you, and I went out to get you, and I used any weapon that came to hand. If I'd succeeded you'd never have heard anything about all this. Sarah was far more honest than I. When she heard there was something between you and me she cleared out without a word."

"Think, Dominic... she isn't twenty yet. A child, really, high spirited and ambitious... and you and Ferrier were tearing her to pieces between you..." She paused. "I'll tell you one thing. She may be a little fool, but she's thoroughbred, and she's brave."

He said huskily, "I've got to find her."

"She's on tour, isn't she? Sol Teodor should be able to tell you where she is."

"I'll phone him... I'll phone him now."

Noreen watched him race impetuously away towards the telephone booth in the hall.

Sarah stood by the side of the stage, dressed as Sol Teodor's idea of a bacchante. Out in the lights against a suitable background she looked exquisite, a picture of pagan youth. But here, huddled for warmth in a woollen shawl, her lips were a little blue, and her skin prickly with cold from the icy draught that swept across the stage.

It was the last scene of the first act. She would be glad when the show finished, for she did not feel too well. A cold she had caught during rehearsals had persisted, and gone down to her chest, leaving her with a sore, hacking cough... the costumes were all scanty and brief, and icy weather had set in.

She had not done so badly in her part, Teodor—she smiled to herself at the memory of the old man's many kindnesses—had suggested that she change her name. He didn't want to draw any spectacular publicity towards her father, especially when they were playing in the north country towns near Normanhurst. She was called Sadie Lessing.

She found the work terribly hard... two and often three shows a day. She could not dance, but she found that her voice was as good as any in the company, strong and clear and tuneful. She had three wings, but mostly her work was to wear beautiful but scanty costumes in the more spectacular scenes.

She stood now, waiting for her entrance, mounted on a golden chariot. The chariot was brought up and hooked up to its guide ropes. Sarah clipped off her wraps, and mounted, shivering, to its shaky floor.

One of the girls, passing to her place on the stage, thrust an evening paper into her hand.

"You acted with the great Noreen Monet, didn't you? It seems she's

Reach for the Stars

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got herself engaged. There's a picture of her. Marvellous looking guy, she's hooked..."

For a brief moment everything went black... just like the black-out at the end of the act, Sarah shook her brain clear. A picture of Noreen and Dominic, laughing together over a caption, Engagement... the engagement is shortly to be announced between... Noreen and Dominic... Noreen and Dominic...

The tall blonde who had handed her the paper picked it up as it dropped from her nerveless hand.

"Say, don't you feel well?" she asked. "You'd better watch your step on that streamlined juggernaut. It's pretty shaky."

Sarah smiled at her with blind, bright eyes.

The ropes twitched and tightened across the boards, the bacchantes burst into a shrill chorus, drawing the chariot into the full glare of the lights.

Sarah had nothing to say or to sing... just to stand there, straight and splendid, while the audience gazed at her bare limbs, her slender golden-clad body... stand with one arm triumphantly upheld... and smile. One had to smile. Straight into the darkness beyond the lights, into the first two rows of faces she stared.

The smile froze on her lips... there was a face she knew in the second row of stalls. It couldn't be Dominic? She was ill and imagining things... she wanted to cough, and daren't, and a little pang of agony ran through her chest. Her hand touched her forehead and found it burning. She knew she was ill, perhaps running a point of temperature, but surely her mind couldn't be playing her tricks like this? It was too cruel... she peered across the lights. She was mad. There was no one there. The seat was empty.

The music swelled to a crescendo, and the curtain fell. The girls snatched up their wraps and raced up the concrete stairs to their dressing-rooms. Sarah climbed slowly down from her chariot, and stood swaying a little. Suddenly she pitched forward and crumpled up in the centre of the deserted stage.

Sarah came back to consciousness amid a circle of concerned and rather scared faces, sitting on a gilt properly throne, a shawl huddled about her bare shoulders. Billy Tenny, the star of the show, a red-nosed Lancashire comedian, was endeavoring to persuade her to drink some whisky.

"She's coming round," he said relievedly. "How d'you feel, kid? What's the idea of doing a flop-out, putting the wind up us all?"

"She's awful hot, Billy." The big blonde show girl who had shown her the paper felt Sarah's head solicitously. "But her hands are like ice. She ought to be home in bed."

Sarah sat up with an effort. A pain like a knife shot through her chest when she breathed. What had happened? Oh, yes... she had imagined she had seen Dominic out in front. She must be mad or ill.

Dominic was miles away in London. He was going to marry Noreen.

She had read it in the paper. She tried to get to her feet, but the stage heeled over uneasily. She put her

hand over her eyes and sank down again. The little comedian took her arm.

"Steady on, babe, there's no hurry." His absurd face, plastered with a clown's make-up, scanned her critically. "You look as though you've got a touch of flu to me—better go home. Blondie will go on for you after the interval. Here, one of you go up and help her to change—I'll call her a taxi."

"Thank you," Sarah managed to say, "You're terribly kind."

The little man colored uncomfortably under his make-up. He hadn't been too kind, neither had the rest of the company. Sarah had been an outsider to them, and they had treated her as such. He said awkwardly, but frankly: "That's all right, duchess. Perhaps if we'd been a bit kinder all along you wouldn't have got sick. Where are you living?"

Sarah told him.

"For heaven's sake—no wonder you're ill. Bad food and damp sheets, I suppose." He glared a little angrily at the staring faces round him. "Hadden't any of you girls the decency to tell her that that place was poison? Now, don't tell me you didn't know!"

"We didn't know, Billy."

A CHORUS of shrill disclaimers met his accusation.

"All right, all right—cut the cackle. Go up and get changed or we'll all be late. Go home to-night, duchess, and in the morning ma and I'll find you somewhere better to stay. Here"

—he corked up the quarter whisky bottle and thrust it into Sarah's shaking hands—"take this... keep on drinking it if you feel bad. It'll keep out the chill and keep your pecker up. I've got to scam—I've only a couple of minutes to change."

He flew off in the direction of the dressing-rooms, and Sarah rose unsteadily to her feet. Although her head was burning, and her mouth felt parched, cold shivers kept running down her limbs. She felt hot and cold alternately. She wanted to cough, but had to struggle against it, for when she did it tore at her lungs with a pain like a taloned claw.

She went slowly up to the chorus girls' dressing-room with Blondie.

Slowly Sarah took off her make-up, and changed into her outdoor clothes. Her fingers seemed awkward and stiff, and every time she breathed the pain caught at her suffocatingly. She put on her blue tweed suit and wrapped a scarf about her throat... she had sold her fur coat during the rehearsal weeks for cash to carry on with until the show opened. A boy knocked and told her the taxi was at the stage door, and that Mr. Tenny had given him the money to pay for it. Sarah smiled gratefully.

The taxi carried her through the crowded market place, and along the main road, clanging with trams, bordered by dark factories and warehouses to the narrow street where her lodgings were. She let herself in. The house was empty... evidently Mrs. Hedges was out, probably in the public house opposite, and the little drudge of a maid had taken the opportunity of slipping in next door to talk to a friend.

SARAH was in a high fever by now. She went upstairs slowly, clinging to the banisters, her breath coming hard and with difficulty, until she reached her room at the top of the tall, narrow house.

The icy cold of a damp, east-facing room made her shiver. She fumbled with matches, and lit a miserable yellow flicker of gas, staring round at the iron bedstead, the dingy furniture, and patched linoleum as though she had never seen it before. Her clothes hung behind the door, her ivory brushes were on the dressing-table. It struck her absurdly that she should have sold them before the fur coat—she needed the coat more. Blondie would have known better than that.

She would lie down quietly, then perhaps she would feel better. When she felt steadier she would go down into the kitchen and ask for a hot-water-bottle, and a hot drink to take the chill out of her shivering limbs. She opened her bag and took out Dominic's letters.

She had taken great care of them, but even so they were getting dog-eared and frayed with reading and re-reading. She put them under her pillow, tucking her hand over them to feel them safely there, with a little childish gesture, and lay down on her bed, fully dressed as she was.

The pain stretched out iron claws for her now, searing through her with every breath. Was it better to take quick, short breaths, or long, slow, deep ones? She tried both ways, but the pain stayed, regular, terrible, like a pulse of pain, like a great weight pressing down on her.

Presently she began to talk in her sleep in ragged scraps of words as she lay there in the chilly, ice-box of a room—and it was thus that Dominic found her.

He had been sitting in the theatre watching her, his mind in a turmoil of conflicting thoughts and memories.

She sang her number in the first act in a queer, low husky voice. He had heard her singing in Ferrier's play, off-stage, a strong, young boyish voice, like the clear pipe of a blackbird in the spring, and for the first time the suspicion that she was ill came to him.

Please turn to Page 52

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IN the final scene she was drawn on in the gilded chariot, leader of the bacchantes, and a ripple of applause ran through the house to greet the slim, triumphant golden figure silhouetted against a back-drop of purple-blue sky.

Then across the footlights her eyes seemed to meet his, and for a moment he thought she recognised him. He rose from his seat and went to the bar at the side of the stalls, trying to plan what he would do.

He would see her immediately after the show. She had another act to go through, and he knew how little time there was between acts in these twice-nightly touring shows. She would not have a moment to spare to talk to him. She would probably be dressing with several other girls, so there would be no place in which they could talk in private, and with the theatrical tradition ingrained in him, Dominic knew it would be unfair to upset her in the middle of the show.

He glanced at the programme . . . her name . . . or rather the name she was working under, Sadie Lessing, was down for a song in the opening Hawaiian number. The curtain came down on the first act and the audience began streaming into the bars, the band playing a selection from Gilbert and Sullivan with a sort of hurried despair.

The audience hurriedly consumed glasses of ale, or small ports, munching potato crisps, and agreed the show was "not bad." (Quite high praise in the north country manner.) Then they relapsed into local gossip and the achievements of Bradford City the Saturday before, and began to wander back to their seats.

Dominic followed. The curtain rose on palms and grass hills, and an enormous electrically lit moon, and all shades of hula-hula girls from platinum blondes to redheads, dressed with geographical inexactitude in ostrich feather skirts, came singing and hip-shaking through the green and red limelight to wel-

Reach for the Stars

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come the "Queen of the Island." Dominic waited as the white spot swivelled to the back of the stage to pick up her entrance . . . but the girl who entered in frothing ostrich feathers and towering head-dress was a tall, heavily-curved blonde. He glanced at his programme again . . . it was certainly Sarah's number. Sadie Lessing—the name Teodor had given him. He rose to his feet, pushed his way with apologies along the row, and went round to the back of the house.

"Miss Lessing was taken ill, sir," the man at the stage door told him. "She's just gone home."

A wave of anxiety swept through Dominic. He had thought she looked ill when she sang in the first act. He cursed himself for a bungling fool. If he had come straight round after the first act he would have caught her.

"Have you any idea of her address?" he asked frantically.

"No, sir . . . oh, thank you, sir," a coin changed hands to refresh his memory. "I don't know myself, but I'll see if any of the other young ladies know it."

He disappeared in the direction of the stage and came back with Blondie, gasping a little after her hula dancing. She recognised Dominic immediately.

"Say . . . you're the guy in the picture that got himself engaged to Noreen Manet?" She snapped her fingers impatiently. "Am I dumb? That must have been why she heeled over."

Dominic said quickly: "That was a mistake on the part of the paper. Did Miss Hurst . . . I mean Miss Lessing . . . see it?"

"I should say so! I showed it to her just before she went on before the interval, and the minute the curtain went down she passed right out."

Dominic said desperately: "You've got to tell me where I can find her . . . Something in the stark anxiety in his face touched Blondie. He was so very handsome.

"I'll give you the address. Here, got a pencil?" She scribbled it down and handed it to him. "It's the worst dump in this town, but none of us girls knew she was there until to-night. Billy Tenny didn't half tell us off for letting her go there. He sent her home in a cab. She's pretty bad," she tapped her chest significantly. "Bellows to mend, I should say."

His smile rewarded her; Dominic's swift, friendly charm. She sighed as she watched him race through the stage door, and get into his car. "Gee . . ." she sighed. "What a hero."

Dominic raced out into the biting east wind, and climbed into his car, turning in the direction Blondie had given him.

He followed the tram-lines through the narrow winding roads to the outskirts of the town. Past shabby cinemas, street barrows with glaring naphtha lights, the smell and glitter of fish-and-chip shops, the dark factories and warehouses towering gloomily above the road, at last finding the narrow, forbidding house, standing back in a shabby strip of garden.

The woman who answered the door was slovenly and fat.

"Miss Lessing ain't back from the theatre," she said, her sharp eyes on Dominic's warm, expensive greatcoat, and the big shining car at the gate. Dominic looked at her unbelievably.

"At the theatre they told me she was not well, and had come back in a taxi."

"I did slip out for a minute." She stepped out into the garden and craned up at the top windows. "Ay, there's a light in her room. I'll have the girl tell her you're here." She went back into the ill-lighted hall, and shouted, "Maggie!" A faint answer came from the depths of the basement, as though some underground gnome replied. "Go up and tell Miss Lessing there's a gentleman to see her!"

The gnome appeared presently in a stained overall and curlers and vanished upwards. Presently it came down again, its eyes wide and startled. "Miss Lessing ain't well, I don't think. She looks awfully bad, and she's breathing funny and—"

Dominic thrust past the landlady and went up the stairs two at a time, ignoring that lady's protest that her house was a respectable one and she allowed no gentleman visitors upstairs. Straight up the gloomy stairs to the top, and into the cold, shabby room.

SARAH lay on the bed, her golden hair spread on the pillow, her face so white that for one terrible moment his heart stopped beating with fear.

He knelt down by the bed, reaching off his greatcoat, and spreading it over her. She stirred, and her lashes lifted, her green-gold eyes were black with pain. She stared at him with the incomprehending, unseeing stare of a sleep-walker, smiled, and tried to laugh . . . a funny little rasping sound as her breath caught with the pain.

"How funny." Her voice seemed so tired and far away, a dry, painful ghost of a voice. "I must be delirious. I keep seeing Dominic—I thought I saw him to-night in the theatre."

Dominic's lips touched her cheek in remorseful agony. The tears rose suddenly unchecked to his eyes.

"Sarah, my precious—I was in the theatre. I'm here now. I'm going to take care of you."

The gleam of consciousness faded from Sarah's eyes. She turned her head on the pillow wearily, her lips murmuring little scraps of remembered things. His name, over and over again . . . her father's name, Little bits of her part in "Unholy Bloom."

From the door the landlady said, truculently: "Well, young man . . ."

Dominic rose to his feet, and swung round with his own swift deliberation, his grey eyes suddenly menacing.

"Get a fire lit in here," he said authoritatively, "get her some hot-water bottles, and send the girl out for brandy."

"This'll cost money," said the woman.

"You'll be paid," snapped Dominic.

In a few minutes the little maid was scurrying around as she had never done in her shiftless life before, lighting a fire in Sarah's room, filling the hot-water bottles, and getting brandy. Dominic was telephoning. He phoned through to a specialist friend of his in Leeds, and after some time located him at his club, getting him, a trifle irritable, from a bridge party—then telephoning the local hospital for a private ward, and for an ambulance.

The specialist, who had a title and a string of letters after his name like a kite's tail, protested.

"Dominic, my boy, it's not often I get a game of bridge. I'm holding the hand of a lifetime."

"But I want you to be there to see her when she gets to hospital. I'll drive over and fetch you."

"If it's pneumonia, there's not a great deal I can do that the nurse and house physician can't—"

Please turn to Page 54

"Out he popped and bought me flowers!"

"Honestly, Elsie, it was the funniest thing that ever happened!"



"THIS CAR HAD BEEN COMING TO THE OFFICE FOR MONTHS, TRYING TO SELL MY BOSS A CAR."



BUT HE COULDN'T GET ANYWHERE, AND I KNEW WHY. HE HAD 'BOC', AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING MY BOSS HATES, IT'S A SALESMAN WITH 'BOC'!



YES, YOU GUESSED IT, I GOT SORRY FOR THE POOR CHAP, AND ONE DAY I JUST HAD TO TELL HIM, TRY, LIFEBUOY, MISTER! I SAID, EVERYBODY NEEDS IT."



COSH! HE WENT AS RED AS A BEETROOT! BUT HE WAS A GOOD SPORT ABOUT IT. . . SAID HE'D START TAKING



DAILY LIFEBUOY BATHS FROM THEN ON.



NEXT TIME HE CAME IN HE CLOSED THE DEAL EASY AS WINKING SO OUT HE POPPED AND BOUGHT ME FLOWERS. MISS HE SAYS, YOU DID ME A GOOD TURN TELLING ME ABOUT LIFEBUOY.

Use Lifebuoy and you can't offend!

Play safe with Lifebuoy's rich, lavish lather in your daily bath. Protects you thoroughly, thanks to the refreshing Lifebuoy health element . . . protects you safely because this same famous ingredient makes Lifebuoy extra mild. When you rinse, Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes, but its protection remains. Get your generous tablet of Lifebuoy now!

LIFEBUOY
Now in TWO forms
Regular or Super-milled

A LEVER PRODUCT



"DETTOL" doesn't hurt me Mummy—"

'Dettol', although so powerful and deadly to germs, is non-poisonous and will not harm the tender skin of a child. It can be used freely and fearlessly because it is harmless to everything but germs. 'Dettol' doesn't stain clothes, and has a fresh, delightful smell. Keep it always handy—for injuries, as a spray, and in the bath water—to guard you and your children against infection.



'DETTOL'
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Buckley (Over Sea) Ltd., Pharmaceutical Dept., London



Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, accompanied by

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, has entered the underground passage leading to a pirates' lair from the swamps near the estate of

COLONEL RICH: A cotton planter. It is rumored that a pirate's treasure is hidden in the vicinity, and men dressed as pirates have captured

DOT: The Colonel's daughter, and taken her into the underground corridor. She was trying to help solve the mystery of the swamps, though

JEFF: Her fiance, of whom Mandrake is suspicious, has told her to keep away. Mandrake and Lothar capture a mysterious stranger, and then find themselves in a room filled with what seems to be the famous pirate hoard. NOW READ ON.



Why not a FLINDERS RANGE HOLIDAY?

Flinders Range . . . the South Australian " Rockies " . . . the holiday-maker's paradise . . . a mountain land of awe-inspiring magnificence . . . a place of perpetual beauty . . . ever-changing ever-fascinating . . . basked always in the golden light of winter sunshine. An unusual country in South Australia's north.

COSTS FROM ADELAIDE:

6 DAY TOUR 7 Gns.

(All Motor Route)

8 DAY TOUR 9 Gns.

(Combined Gulf Trip and Motor Route)

Special Concession Fares Available in connection with these Tours from Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane.

You will see the famous Devil's Peak, Pichi Richi Pass, Wilpena Pound, Parachina Gorge, Mt. Falcater, Angorichina, Mt. Remarkable . . . the most extraordinary panorama of unspoiled natural beauty Australia has to offer.

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or the S.A. Representative at the
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James Raglan's

GREATEST
DRAMATIC
TRIUMPH!

"THE BLACK MOTH"

Who is the Black Moth?
Scotland Yard is baffled,
and the underworld puzzled.

2 GB Tues. & Thurs.
8.15 p.m.

Listen to

**"MIRTH-
QUAKE"**

Jack Davey's
latest Musical
Laugh Show.
Fridays .. 9.0 p.m.

NEW TIMES—

"DR. MAC"

This outstanding dramatic feature
telling the story of a lovable country
Doctor, vividly portrayed by Lou Vernon,
is now heard . . . EVERY MONDAY AND
WEDNESDAY AT 8.15 P.M. instead
of 9.0 p.m.

- 2 GB -

Listen to the WAR NEWS on 2GB: 6.50, 7.45,
10.30 a.m., 12.45, 4.15, 7.0, 9.30, 11.15 p.m.

"I'll pick you up in three-quarters of an hour," Dominic's voice over the wire was suddenly queer and thick. "It's the girl I'm going to marry. She's just—got to get well!"

"All right, all right," the specialist agreed—he had known from the beginning that he would go. "I'll be ready."

When the ambulance came it was Dominic who gently lifted Sarah on to the stretcher, wrapping her in blankets. She stirred to a brief consciousness as they reached the door, as though she knew she was being taken away, and cried out suddenly: "My letters . . . where are my letters?"

He turned back and saw them, half-under the pillow, the three letters he had written to her so long ago. Worn, patched, dog-eared, stained with tears—mutely telling of his love for him, and of the weeks of loneliness and longing, as Sarah, with her pride and shyness, never could.

That night the telephone rang at Normanhurst, interrupting the game of cards Sir Benjamin and Lady Hurst were playing in the big drawing-room. Montrose answered it.

"A gentleman, sir," he said, "called Mr. Steel—it's about Miss Sarah."

Sir Benjamin put down his cards abruptly, and glanced at his wife.

"Excuse me a minute, my dear. I'll take it, Montrose."

He came back in a few minutes, shaken and troubled, telling Montrose to get his coat and order the car.

Lady Hurst rose to her feet, anxiety in her eyes.

"What's the matter, Benjamin? Where is she?"

"It seems she was touring in a revue. Too proud to let us know she'd fallen in London." His mouth tightened, he kissed her and pressed her back into her chair. "There's no point in your coming now, dear. I'll telephone as soon as I get there, and you can come in the morning. This young man who calls himself Steel, and says he's in love with her, seems to have done everything. He's called in Sir Henry Fordyce, and put her in a private ward in the Rotherham Hospital . . . now don't fret."

Sir Benjamin and Dominic met in the white corridor of the hospital, and liked each other at once. Sir Benjamin was allowed a glimpse of Sarah, very still and white, lying, breathing faintly under an oxygen tent—and afterwards they kept vigil together, pacing up and down the bare corridor, the tall old man with his silver hair, the tall young man with his face aged with anxiety.

The next day was a drawn-out agony of anxiety. Sarah lay white and still, her temperature still soaring, her breath coming in those small, frightening gasps.

Sir Benjamin watched this boy whom Sarah loved. If one had had a son, and could have chosen him, this boy was all one could wish for . . . tall and straight of limb, intelligent and sincere, with those clear, honest, uncompromising eyes.

Normanurst would be safe in his hands one day. And safe in Sarah's too, now she had learned life's bitterest lesson—that everyone has a place and a duty allotted to him or her. That the stars aren't pretty baubles to be reached for easily and taken down for a whim. That the greatest and most beautiful star of all, happiness, needs faith and courage and humility to obtain.

Lady Hurst arrived that morning, and the three of them waited through the day. Getting to know one another, talking a little about Sarah. Dominic told them briefly how he and Sarah had met, and loved, and parted.

That afternoon they were called up to the ward. The specialist looked grave.

"She's conscious. I think you ought to see her. We're not through the crisis yet; she's not trying to fight. She seems beaten, somehow." He was worried, he was a friend of the family, and had known Sarah as a child. Indomitable, determined, fearless . . . "It's not like Sarah, is it?"

Her mother said quickly: "Let Dominic see her."

He gave her a swift glance of gratitude, and went into the little white ward. Sarah saw him come through the door, and her brows twisted in an odd, puzzled way. She had seen him so often in those marching, distorted dreams that had crowded the last few pain-racked hours. She knew where she was now, a hospital ward, and she knew she was better.

This was the reality she had awakened to, but here was Dominic,

Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 52

"Afterwards?" He held her very close, his eyes warm and tender. "Afterwards nothing can happen to you, because you'll be mine to take care of always."

The swift color rose to her cheeks. They were to be married on Saturday. Married, after all, in the village church, as her mother had always planned she would be married, with the old church decorated with daffodils that were blooming wild in the fields, married in white with orange blossom in her hair, a reception at home, and a dance and bonfire for the tenants in the evening. All the things she had run away from, which had seemed so ordinary and dull and conventional, and which now, because it was Dominic she was marrying, seemed as though a magic wand had been waved over them, making them exciting and lovely . . . exactly what she had always wanted.

She sprang to her feet.

"Get up, Lashbones, and come out . . . it's wicked to be indoors. It's so beautiful—the most beautiful spring there ever was."

"The most beautiful girl there ever was," he answered.

He put his arm round her, and they went out of the french windows and across the lawn, turning to wave to Sir Benjamin, watching them from his study window as they went. The trees were painted with the shrill, sweet green of spring, the daffodils nodding beneath the beeches. Her two setters ran like twin red flames, chasing each other through the grass, and starting imaginary rabbits.

Dominic looked down on her, so slender, young and lovely in her fawn jodhpurs and tan jersey, a vivid scar at her throat. Her eyes were bright, and her cheeks rosy with the chill spring breeze, her fair hair blown back from her face.

He drew her closely to him, kissing her serious mouth and eyes. A gong reverberating startled them, calling them in to lunch, and they turned and walked back together towards the old house, its grey walls and gables mellow and gracious against the limpid spring sky.

An almond tree had shaken open its blossoms overnight, and the blackbirds called with shrill sweetness across the lawn. They walked slowly and in silence, a dream with the beauty of it all, and the steadfast beauty in their own hearts . . . walked towards Normanhurst—their tradition and their heritage.

(Copyright.)

Is your husband
ASHAMED of your legs?

**VARICOSE
VEINS....**
can be restored to
normal.

**ARE you one of those unfortunate
or uncaring women who find
the admiration in everyone's eyes
suddenly change to disgust, when
they notice ugly, swollen varicose
veins on your legs?**

The pain, anguish and disfigurement of varicose veins can be ended—even in long standing cases—with the help of Moone's Emerald Oil. A powerful, penetrating, yet soothing antiseptic, Moone's Emerald Oil consistently strengthens the thin relaxed vein walls, and in a short time the swollen knots and vein bunches will lessen and, with continued treatment, return to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is stainless—and pleasant to use.
Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

MOONE'S EMERALD OIL

THE HOMEMAKER

May 11, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

LOVELINESS FOR YOUR LIPS

IT'S at this time of the year—as winter gets nearer—that the weather begins to play havoc with your lips . . . Cold winds dry and crack the fine skin . . . Lipstick doesn't take so well . . . This article tells you how to keep your lips soft and beautiful.



THERE'S character and charm in a lovely mouth. That of Linda Darnell, Fox star, shown above, is full of appeal and indicative of a fascinating personality. Lips are firm yet smooth, and lipstick, applied correctly, follows the natural outline of the mouth.

DO you realise how much of your character is betrayed by your mouth?

Even your eyes, although they are called "windows of the soul," can hide secrets behind them, but your mouth unconsciously gives away not only thoughts but your nature.

If you are discontented, it is almost impossible not to show it in the downward droop of your lips. When you are gay, your mouth unconsciously tilts upwards at the corners. When you hate, your mouth becomes hard . . . when you love, it becomes soft and lovely . . .

And a lovely mouth can bring beauty to an otherwise plain face . . . It can attract just as much as beautiful eyes. So you see, lip beauty is something worth striving for.

First of all remember not to let ugly thoughts, discontent and selfish ways give unlovely lines to your mouth and bring a hardness to it. You might think you can hide such destructive ideas, but it won't be for long. Soon your lips will follow the line of your thoughts . . . it's impossible for them to do otherwise.

Next is general care of the lips, for there can be no mouth beauty unless the lips themselves are smooth, firm and soft, free from

By JANETTE

cracks or chapping. Protection from the weather is essential and exercises and massage are advisable to keep away and remove ugly lines that form so quickly around the mouth.

One of the best things for preventing chapping is to use always a colorless or pale pink lip pomade under your ordinary lipstick. Your chemist will be able to supply you with this.

Some women find a little cold cream smeared on first prevents chapping, but from personal experience I have found the pomade the best, especially as you can carry it round in your handbag and apply it as often during the day as you like.

Every night

NEXT, make a point of applying a little skin food every night and smooth in gently—not rubbing so as to stretch the fine skin.

Exercise will improve the general contour of your lips. If yours are too thin, lightly pinch all over every night for several minutes. This will help to make them fuller.

Some beauty experts recommend twisting also for thin lips. You take a little bit of the lips between the

thumb and forefinger and twist lightly.

For lips that are too thick, deep kneading between thumb and edge of forefinger is recommended.

Good for all lips is the old exercise, "blowing a feather." Purse up the mouth, tilt chin upwards and blow, filling out the cheeks, as if you were keeping a feather floating.

When doing this avoid forming folds in the skin around the mouth. This exercise helps to strengthen labial muscles and to remove lines around the mouth.

Massage also helps to remove lines. Start with light movements and massage from centre of lower lip and smooth fingers round to meet in the middle of the upper lip.

Those furrows around nose and lips will often yield to gentle pinching, starting from the corner to the lips and working up to the nostrils.

Finally, do apply lipstick properly. The best method is to trace the natural shape of your upper lip first. Roll your lipstick from the outer corner under your lip up toward the centre.

Then press your lips together, imprinting the color on your lower lip. Blend with the fingertip and add a little more color to the lower lip if it appears to be necessary.



LEFT: Furrows that run down either side of the mouth from the nose are ugly and ageing. For these, try massage every night. Use a gentle pinching process as shown here, and work upwards with thumb and forefinger from corners of lips to nostrils.

RIGHT: To keep fine lines around the mouth away and to help remove those already formed, massage as shown here with the two forefingers. Start in the middle of the lower lip and work gently round until fingers meet in centre of upper lip. Repeat several times.



TESTS SHOW THIS THRILLING DIFFERENCE

LEFT:—Shower soap-washed side of head. Hair dulled by cloudy film.

RIGHT:—Shower special Colinated "foam" shampoo-washed side of head. Hair shining. No dulling film.

To the girl who washes her own hair

BUT NOT WITH SOAP!

MY DEAR! I've never seen your hair look so lovely . . . such fascinating silky softness.

No risks for you—washing such beautiful hair with alkaline-laden soaps and powder shampoos. You found out long ago how alkali can make hair dull, brittle and hard-to-manage.

Remember the day on the beach when you got your hair wet? It was the caustic effect of the alkali in the salt water that made your hair so coarse, dry and "rat" . . . Yes, just the same "burning" chemical found in soap and powder shampoos.

And you know now why so many Society leaders and famous beauties are preferring Colinated, the only hair shampoo which has been through the amazing "colinating" process.

Every woman who values the full youthful lustre of her hair delights in washing it herself . . . to feel the magic, pure-

cleansing bubbles "foam" deep down amongst the hair roots, and to revel in the glorious "loosened up" feeling of a refreshed scalp.

Just a little of this luxurious Colinated "foam" Shampoo is plenty to give a rich sparkling foam (5 times more foam than alkali-laden soap). Watch how only one quick rinse takes off every trace of dust, dandruff, "oily-film" and acid perspiration . . . and then, drying it with Nature's own Sun and Wind—you're sure nothing can spoil its natural radiance. So you discover, joyfully, a more vivid YOU, with hair so soft—with a new thrilling burnished sheen!

Get some Colinated "foam" Shampoo to-day from your chemist or store. A bottle gives many wave-preserving shampoos. Thrill to its wonderful beauty-cleansing! Know why it's Australia's best selling shampoo.

Surprise Mother with this FLORAL BASKET CAKE

JUST imagine her delight if you made this sumptuous-looking cake all by yourself and produced it as the highlight of the table for your Mother's Day party. The recipe for this Floral Basket Cake, together with other recipes for party fare, is given below.

SUNDAY, May 12, is Mother's Day, so let's give every mother a party and some little gift just to show our love for her.

Now, I can't imagine a lovelier surprise for your mother than a really beautiful cake. She has probably made many for you in days gone by—now it's your turn.

Mother will love the Floral Basket Cake because it's novel, lovely to look at, and delicious to eat.

It looks difficult to make but is really quite simple.

Here's the recipe together with some other recipes you can use for your Mother's Day party.



Here's the Floral Basket Cake photographed in natural color in our studio. The cake portion is a sultana mixture, which is covered with royal icing in basket style. The floral wafers are made of icing and decorated with cachaous and pieces of angelica. The bows are of yellow ribbon. Recipe for making this Mother's Day cake is given on this page.

I WON'T! I WON'T! I WON'T!



Peter just would not eat up his breakfast. Morning after morning there were scenes. Mother was desperate. Peter was listless. Lost weight.



Then the grocer suggested Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. "All the kiddies want them," he said. "The way they go Snap! Crackle! and Pop! takes their fancy."



Peter couldn't resist that Snap! Crackle! and Pop! when he poured milk on his Rice Bubbles next morning. Mother was delighted—Rice Bubbles are just the nourishing and easily digested breakfast children need.



READY IN A JIFFY! No cooking needed with Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. You just pour them straight out of the packet on to your plate. Your grocer sells Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. Get a packet to-day.

R.13

FLORAL BASKET CAKE

Sultana Cake (foundation for basket): Half pound butter, 1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3 eggs, 1 gill milk or sherry, 1 lb. sultanas, 2oz. almonds, 2oz. peel, royal icing for covering and decorating.

Line a round cake tin 8 inches in diameter with two thicknesses of brown paper and two of greaseproof.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten eggs, then milk or sherry. Lightly fold in the sifted flour and baking powder alternately with the sultanas and diced peel. Mix all lightly together and place in prepared tin. Bake in moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for about 1½ hours, decreasing the heat when the cake has set. Turn onto cooler and leave until quite cold before covering with icing.

To Decorate Basket—Royal Icing: One and a half pounds sifted icing sugar, 3-4 egg-whites, squeeze lemon juice, almond essence, yellow and green coloring, gold cachaous, angelica.

Place 4 tablespoons sifted icing sugar in a basin. Beat whites stiffly and add to sugar. Beat well and add sugar and lemon juice gradually until the icing is the desired consistency for coating cake. Take out about half a cup of the icing, place on one side, and cover with wet cloth. Color remainder a very pale yellow and ice top and sides of cake. Leave until set.

To Make Floral Wafers: To the icing left after covering the cake add almond essence and sufficient icing sugar to make a stiff mixture. Divide this into 2. To one portion add sap-green coloring and work to a stiff ball in the hands. To other portion add yellow coloring.

Break off pieces of the icing and make oval and round wafers, using both colors. Make sufficient wafers to cover top of cake. Decorate with roses of royal icing, using a rose pipe, and top with gold cachaous or small pieces of angelica and orange-colored cubes cut into fancy shapes. Place each wafer in a sweet frill, arrange on a paper d'oyley on a piece of stiff cardboard and the same size as top of cake.

Color the half-cup of icing a pale green and pipe a basket weave on the sides of cake. Twist two pieces of thin wire to form the handle, wrap with green ribbon. Press the handle well down into the cake about two inches from the edge. Lift the tray of wafers on top of cake. Narrow yellow ribbon bows decorate the base of the basket.

MAORI CAKE WITH CARAMEL ICING

Half-cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup dates, 1 cup boiling

water, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 cup milk, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1½ cups plain flour, few drops vanilla essence.

Soak dates in boiling water and carb. soda for 20 minutes, then mash to a paste. Cream butter and sugar, add the beaten eggs, then the milk very gradually, add the coconut, vanilla, and date paste, and lastly fold in the sifted flour.

Place in large deep cake tin, or in two 1½ lb. cake tins. Bake in moderate oven (400 deg. F.) 40 minutes for large cake, and 20 minutes for small cakes. When quite cold, ice with caramel icing.

Caramel Icing: One cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 rounded tablespoon butter, few drops vanilla.

Dissolve sugar in milk, in a small saucepan, over low heat. Stir till boiling. Remove spoon and boil slowly without the lid for 6 minutes. Allow to cool, then beat well until thick enough to pour over cake.

BUTTERSCOTCH LAYER CAKE

Half cup cocoa, 2-3rds cup milk, 1 cup butter, 1½ cups castor sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon soda, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon vanilla, crushed butterscotch, whipped cream, 1 lb. icing sugar, and 12 round butterscotch tablets to decorate top of cake.

Place 2-3rds cup milk and the cocoa in saucepan, stir till thick

and smooth, then cool. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg-yolks, rinse out egg-yolks with 1 cup milk and add it alternately with the sifted flour, baking powder and soda, the lemon rind, and cocoa mixture. Stir in the vanilla essence. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Bake in 3 buttered sandwich tins 7 inches in diameter in moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for 20-25 minutes, cool and put together with crushed butterscotch mixed with whipped cream. Ice top of cake with warm icing and place butterscotch tablets round the edge.

ORANGE SANDWICH

Four ounces flour, 4oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon milk, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon finely-grated orange rind.

Orange Filling: 1 dessertspoon

butter, 4 dessertspoons sifted icing sugar, grated rind 1 orange, and 1 tablespoon orange juice.

Orange Icing: 5 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon orange juice.

Grease two 6-inch sandwich tins. Separate yolks from whites. Whisk whites, add sugar gradually until quite stiff, add yolks and mix. Melt butter, add to it the hot milk with carb. soda dissolved in it. Add the sifted flour and cream of tartar to eggs and sugar. Add butter and milk, mixing lightly and quickly.

Pour into prepared tins. Bake in moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Turn on sieve to cool. Join together with orange filling and cover top only with the icing.

Filling: Cream butter, add half the icing sugar, then add grated rind, the orange juice, and rest of sugar alternately with the juice. Beat to a creamy consistency. Spread between layers of cake.

Icing: Mix the sugar and rind with the orange juice in a small saucepan. Warm slightly for a few seconds and pour over cake.

RICH AMERICAN SPICE CAKE

Half-cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder (level), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup crystallized cherries, 1 cup candied peel, 1 cup cold black coffee, 1 teaspoon ground mace, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 saltspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Icing: 1½ lb. icing sugar, walnut halves, 4oz. packet milk chocolate. Line an eight-inch square cake tin with 2 thicknesses of brown paper and 2 of greaseproof paper.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Stir in cocoa, beaten egg-yolks, coffee, then the flour sifted with baking powder, salt, and spices. Mix well, then stir in the fruit, nuts, and chopped peel. Add vanilla and stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1½ hours. When cool, cover with warm icing, and when set carefully pipe broad lines of the milk chocolate (slowly melted in a double saucepan), forming a wide lattice across the top of cake. Place walnut halves in alternate spaces.

FOR MOTHER'S DAY

Give her PYREX



IT'S THE GIFT ALL MOTHERS DREAM OF!



ENTREE DISH, 1½ pint Oval (D130/283). Also made in 2½ and 3½ pint sizes.
OCTAGONAL CASSEROLE, 2½ pint (E607/500). This Casserole is also made in a 1½ pint size.
CHICKEN CASSEROLE, 3½ pint Oblong with cover (D722/1494).



CASSEROLE, 1½ pint Round (D81/267). Also made in ¾, 2½, 3½, and 4 pint sizes.
UTILITY CASSEROLE, 1½ pint octagonal (E609/500). Also made in 2½, 3½ and 3¾ pint sizes.
SQUARE CASSEROLE, 2½ pint with cover (D32/800).

11-PIECE PYREX SET:
Containing:—2½ pint Round Casserole and Cover, 9½ in. Round Pie Plate, 1½ pint Oval Pie Dish, 2½ pint Oblong Utility Dish, 3½ oz. Round Ramekin (six), 2½ pint Oblong Pie Dish.

5-PIECE PYREX SET:
Containing:—2½ pint Oval Entree and Cover, 8½ in. Round Pie Plate, 1½ pint Round Pudding Dish, 1 pint Oblong Pie Dish, 2½ pint Oblong Utility Dish.



4-PIECE PYREX SET:
Containing:—2½ pint Round Casserole and Cover, 1½ pint Oval Pie Dish, 2½ pint Oblong Utility Dish, 9½ inch Round Pie Plate.



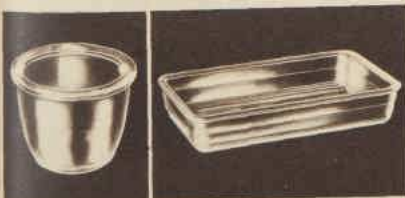
PIE DISH, 1½ pint Oblong (D6/146). Also made in 1 and 2½ pint sizes.

PIE PLATE, 8½ in. → Round (D4/208). Also made in 7 in., 9½ in., and 10½ in. sizes.

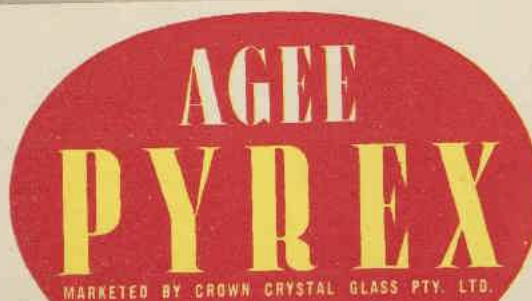


What kindlier gift is possible than one which combines graceful beauty with life-time utility? Think of the happiness you give when you make a gift of Pyrex . . . the new thrill you will add to every meal your Mother cooks . . . the new charm you will give to her table. She has always wanted Agee Pyrex. She knows the time and work it will save her . . . being able to serve straight from oven to table. She knows how it will save washing up and time lost in serving. Make your Mother's dream come true . . . give her a gift of Pyrex.

Buy Agee Pyrex singly or in sets . . . and remember, sets are attractively gift-boxed in four, five and eleven piece sizes.



CUSTARD CUP, 4½ oz. Round (D135/424). In divided Pudding, Dish and Ramekins are also available.
UTILITY DISH, 2½ oz., pint oblong (D7/231). Utility dishes are also made in 4 and 5 pint sizes.



IN CLEAR, MODERNE BLUE, JADE GREEN, PRIMROSE & DAFFODIL

MAIL THIS COUPON

Crown Crystal Glass Pty. Ltd.,
Waterloo, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me a copy of the illustrated Pyrex Booklet containing attractive recipes and details of the Agee Pyrex Range.

NAME

ADDRESS

W.C. D. 10/40

These are our readers'

BEST RECIPES

THEY are all prizewinners and have been selected by our cookery expert from the entries in our weekly best recipe competition. This contest is open to all our readers. All you have to do is send us your favorite recipe.

YOU'LL find some very appetising dishes among this week's batch of prizewinning recipes published below.

First prize has been won by a reader for her recipe for veal cutlets with saute pineapple slices—a piquant dish.

Other practical recipes win consolation prizes.

If you want to enter this competition which is open to everybody, simply write out your pet recipe, attach name and address, and send in to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

VEAL CUTLETS WITH SAUTE PINEAPPLE SLICES

One pound veal cutlets, flour, salt and pepper, dripping, 1 small tin of pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce.

Trim cutlets, dip in flour, salt and pepper. Melt a little dripping in pan, fry cutlets quickly, brown on both sides. Remove from pan, place cutlets in a baking dish, pour over them a sauce made from pine-



apple juice, Worcestershire sauce, and lemon juice. Cover and bake 1 hour in a slow oven. Drain pineapple slices, dip in flour, fry till a golden brown in clean fat. Surround cutlets with pineapple and pour sauce over all.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Bennett, 4 Edmond St., Balwyn ES, Vic.

CELERY ROLLS

One head white celery, 1 small onion, finely minced, yolk of an egg, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, some short-crust pastry.

Cook the celery and onion, drain them both well and chop finely. Melt the butter, add the flour and also about three tablespoons of the liquid in which the celery and onion were cooked. Work this in, then cook until it thickens. Now add the celery and onion to the mixture. Mix well and season with salt and pepper. Have the shortcrust ready and roll out thinly into four-inch squares. Place a spoonful of the mixture onto the centre of each square, damp the edges of the pastry, roll up, then brush over with yolk of egg. Bake on a greased baking sheet in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Stevens, 167 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

DOUGHNUTS

Two cups self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, little salt.

Sift flour and salt into a bowl, rub in butter and sugar, then make a well in middle and break in the egg with 1 cup of milk. Mix into a dough. Turn out on floured board, roll out to thickness of 1/4 inch and cut with round cutter. Place 1 teaspoon of raspberry jam on one circle and wet edge with a little milk. Then place another circle on top and pinch edge. Drop into a well-filled pan of smoking fat until both sides are golden brown. Drain and roll in sugar. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. I. Robertson, 148 Cheapside St., Maryborough, Qld.

ORANGE FLUFF

One cup strained orange juice, 1 tablespoon strained lemon juice, 1 teaspoon powdered gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg-whites, pinch of salt.

Moisten gelatine and sugar in water and dissolve over hot water. Add strained fruit juice and salt, then leave to thicken slightly. Whip the egg-whites to a stiff froth, then add the fruit mixture a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each. Pour into dish to set. Make a custard of the egg-yolks and a cup and a half of milk, a tablespoon of sugar, and a dessertspoon of corn-flour. Serve cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. M. Bingley, 413 Fitzgerald St., North Perth.

COFFEE CREAM PIE

One cup milk, 1 cup coffee, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 eggs.

Bring the milk and coffee just to the boiling point, then pour over the egg-yolks, which have been well beaten with the sugar. Return to the fire (in a double boiler) and add cornflour moistened with a little cold

celery rolls, delicious served hot or cold. They are made with a mixture of cooked celery, onion and egg, surrounded with shortcrust. Recipe for making is given on this page.

milk. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens and coats the spoon. Add the stiffly-beaten white of one egg, cook one minute, then remove, and when nearly cooled turn into a baked pie-shell. Cover the top with the other egg-white, piped on with a pastry tube if you have one, and return it to the oven for a minute to color the meringue. Serve cold.

This pie is even nicer if both egg-whites are stirred into the mixture and sweetened whipped cream is piped over the top of the pie.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Teague, 87 Thackeray Rd., Reservoir, Vic.

DATE PUDDING (BOILED)

Half pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1lb. dates, 1 piece candied peel, 1lb. shredded suet, 11 gills milk, 3oz. sugar.

Sift all dry ingredients, rub suet into flour, add fruit, sugar and milk, and mix fairly moist. Steam 2 1/2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. A. Smith, Booroonarra Govt. Tank, South Rd., Cobarr, N.S.W.

FRENCH DEVILED TOMATOES

Use green or slightly under-ripe tomatoes. Slice them, without peeling, into half-inch slices, crosswise. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fry slices in butter in heavy frying pan until slightly browned on one side. Turn carefully and fry on the other side until browned and tender. Remove slices carefully, without breaking, and arrange on hot plate. Serve with the following:

Mustard Sauce: Yolk of 1 hard-cooked egg, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, pinch salt, dash of pepper, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 egg, beaten.

While yolk of hard-cooked egg is still hot, mix to a paste with the butter. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Cook mixture over boiling water until it thickens to a soft custard consistency, stirring constantly. Pour mixture over cooked tomato slices and serve immediately; garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Glover, No. 2 Flat, Hillcrest, Junee, N.S.W.

MUMMIES WHO CARE

Are serving Creamoata



DOCTOR TELLS WHY . . .

A recent investigation by the Infant Welfare Committee revealed that 22 per cent. of children were suffering from malnutrition. "Mothers should pay greater care in choosing cereal breakfasts," says an eminent dietitian. "Creamoata possesses more nourishment than any other cereal, is a sure preventative of malnutrition in growing children. Furthermore, Creamoata does not heat the blood but stimulates blood cell development and ensures fresh, rosy complexions."

Mothers! Creamoata takes only 5 minutes to prepare . . . kiddies prefer its piquant nutty flavour. Three big plates cost only one penny.



SPICANT-DAN NUTTY FLAVOURED ENERGISING

CREAMOATA

THE BETTER OAT BREAKFAST

Pork & Beans

Simply heat and serve.

A "quick" satisfying meal for a "busy" day. Tender, nourishing Beans—even baked to a tempting golden brown, delightfully flavored with choice pork and Rosella Tomato Sauce. Also

Baked Beans
Curried Butter Beans
Cooked Spaghetti with Cheese

You can be sure of

Rosella

So flattering to wear a WHITE SPORTS JACKET

● IT'S knitted in a fascinating basket design in white unshrinkable wool, and is edged with navy-blue. The pretty floral motifs are worked on afterwards in brightly-colored bits of wool.

MATERIALS REQUIRED.—9oz. "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white) for "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2300 (navy), 2 pairs needles Nos. 9 and 11, 1 crochet hook, 6 buttons, colored wools for embroidery.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder 21 inches, bust 32-34 inches, length of sleeve seam 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; w, white; nb, navy-blue.

Tension: 15 sts, 2in., 17 rows 2in.

BACK

Using w wool and No. 9 needles cast on 98 sts. Work in garter-st. for 5in. (working 1st row into back of sts.).

Next Row: * K 7, m 1, k 2 tog., repeat from * to last 8 sts., k 8.

Next Row: K.

1st Row of Pattern: * (K 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, p 14, repeat from * to last 14 sts., (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2.

2nd Row: * P 2, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 14, repeat from * to last 14 sts., (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 2.

3rd Row: * (K 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, k 14, repeat from * to last 14 sts., (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2.

4th Row: * P 2, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, p 14, repeat from * to last 14 sts., p 2, (k 2, p 2) 3 times.

Repeat last 4 rows twice.

15th Row: * P 14, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, repeat from * to last 14 sts., p 14.

16th Row: * K 14, (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 2, repeat from * to last 14 sts., k 14.

17th Row: * K 14, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, repeat from * to last 14 sts., k 14.

18th Row: * P 14, (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 2, repeat from * to last 14 sts., p 14.

Repeat last 4 rows twice.

Repeat last 24 rows and when work measures 14in. continue in pattern and shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of the next 2 rows.

2nd tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using w wool and No. 9 needles cast on 80 sts. Work 1st row into back of sts.

Work in garter-st., increasing 1 st. at centre-front every 4th row until increased to 60 sts. Continue in garter-st. until basque measures 5in.

Next Row: * K 7, m 1, k 2 tog., repeat from * to last 8 sts., k 6.

Next Row: K.

1st Row: P 8, (k 2, p 2) twice, k 2, p 14, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, p 14.

2nd Row: K 14, p 2, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 14, (p 2, k 2) twice, p 2, k 8.

3rd Row: K 10, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 18, p 2, k 2, 3 times, k 14.

4th Row: P 14, (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 18, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 10.

Repeat last 4 rows twice, making a buttonhole on the 5th and 6th rows, then every 2 inches apart until 6 buttonholes have been worked. Make buttonholes as follows:

5th Row: Work 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

6th Row: Work to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 4 sts.

13th Row: P 18, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, p 14, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2.

14th Row: P 2, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 14, p 2, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 18.

15th Row: K 20, (p 2, k 2) 3 times, k 16, (p 2, k 2) 3 times.

16th Row: (P 2, k 2) 3 times, p 16, (p 2, k 2) 3 times, p 20. Repeat last 4 rows twice.

Repeat last 24 rows and when work measures 14 inches cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge of the next row.

K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armhole measures 5 inches cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of the next row.

K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 24 sts.

When armhole measures 7 inches shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at armhole edge of every 2nd row 4 times.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working each row from the front to the beginning and omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and w wool cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 5 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as for back, increasing 1 st. each end of every 10th row until increased to 82 sts.

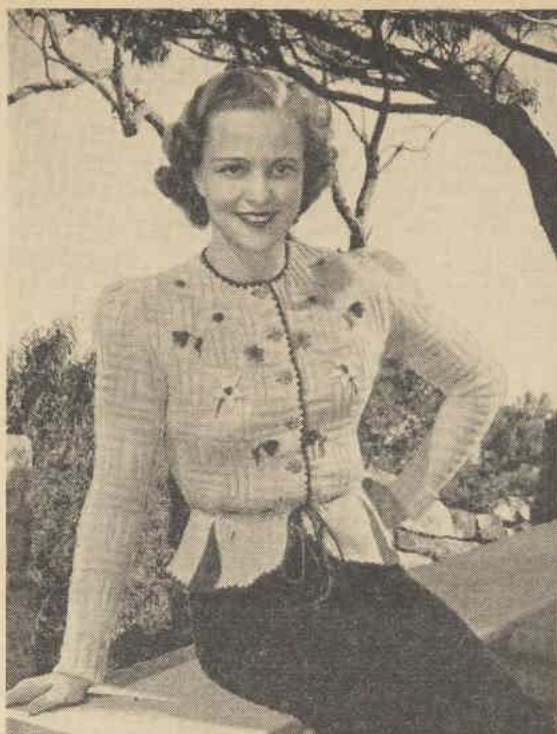
Work 7 rows. **K 2 tog.** each end of every row until decreased to 64 sts., then every 2nd row until decreased to 20 sts. Cast off.

PIECES FOR BASQUE (2)

Using No. 9 needles and nb wool, cast on 14 sts. Work in garter-st. and k 2 tog. each end of every 7th row until decreased to 2 sts. Cast off. Sew on basque as shown in illustration.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat top of sleeves into armholes. Using nb wool work 1 row of d.c. around cardigan, working twice into every 2nd st. Sew buttons on left front. Embroider flowers as shown in illustration. Using 9 strands of wool twist a cord 5 yards long, and thread through holes at waist.



IMAGINE YOURSELF in this pretty button-up jacket. It's easy to knit, too, the basket design being quite simple. Long sleeves and high-fitting round neck are cosy for winter.

FREE BANJO-MANDOLIN TO YOU!

Let us send you a magnificent All-British "Cheerio" Banjo-Mandolin. We are giving a limited number of these hand some instruments FREE to advertise our New Learn-at-home lessons. A smart, sturdy case and full equipment is included with each instrument. All you have to pay is a very low fee for a full course of new easy to learn Banjo-Mandolin lessons—the Banjo-Mandolin is FREE.

No matter how little you know about music, the Arkins Banjo-Mandolin method is so simple, clear, and easy that you begin a piece with your first lesson. Photographs and simple diagrams explain every move. In a few weeks you'll be able to play any music—popular songs, classical, old-time melodies, or real jazz. Do not hesitate. Put in your application NOW.

FREE COUPON

ARKINS BANJO-MANDOLIN COURSE, Dept. 403, 74 Pitt Street, Sydney. Please post me full information about your FREE All-British "CHEERIO" Banjo-Mandolin Offer. This places me under no obligation, and I enclose 1d in stamps for postage.

Name

Address

403

WON'T SOMEONE TELL MY MUMMY why my colds hang on so long?

My tummy's topsy-turvy from all the medicine I've gulped. But it hasn't cleared my stuffy nose. My throat is still on fire. My chest is just as achy and tight. Please, isn't there some way to make me feel better right away?

Of course there is, mother! You can bring comforting relief straight to the tormented air-passages—with Vicks VapoRub, the remedy for colds that 26 million mothers depend on. This is how you use it...



YOU SIMPLY RUB VapoRub on throat, chest and back. At once it begins to give off soothing, medicinal vapours which are breathed in straight to the irritated air-passages. At the same time it works on the skin like a warming poultice.

THIS DOUBLE ACTION clears away tormenting stuffiness, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion, and makes breathing easy. There is no delay as with swallowed medicine which must travel from the stomach to the blood, and then to the chest.

HOURS OF COMFORT follow. The child sleeps restfully—while VapoRub goes on working. And, because he has swallowed no medicine, no stomach-upset has wasted his strength. By morning, usually, the worst of the cold is over.

Ideal for children—and just as good for adults

VICKS VAPORUB

Over 26 million jars used yearly in 71 countries



Men can't realise... and it is so hard to "explain"... when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues"—try a couple of little MYZONE tablets.

Already five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For MYZONE's

special asterin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

Just take two MYZONE tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new bright comfort... notice how there is no "doping."

Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." 2/- a box. All Chemists.



RELIEF if you suffer SKIN TORTURE

Are you tortured and disfigured by skin trouble? Cuticura Ointment will quickly relieve you. A touch of Cuticura Ointment arrests the tormenting itch of Eczema instantly and often a 1/3 tin is sufficient to commence the healing process. Applied to burns and scalds, Cuticura cools and soothes the fiery pain with magical effect. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples and rashes vanish after one or two applications. Cuticura safeguards against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, fevers, and gatherings, all yield to the soothing, antiseptic powers of this world-famed healer. Buy a tin and get relief today! 1/3 and 2/6 a tin.

Cuticura
OINTMENT

Home treatments for MINOR ACCIDENTS

PATIENT: Doctor, is it true that it is dangerous to pour water into a person's ear if there is some object such as an insect caught in it? I thought it was better to wash away a foreign body in the ear rather than try to poke it out.

Doctor: What to do in the case of minor accidents like this is often a problem. I find, to many people.

It is better to wash away an object in the ear than to poke at it, but there are better things than water for the purpose.

Water is absorbed by some substances, and if the object in the ear is a bean, pea, or even the normal ear wax, water will cause it to swell and become increasingly difficult to remove.

Poking should never be tried either, as the membranes of the ear may be damaged in this way.

Some people try cleaning their ears with bobby-pins and match ends, too. This is a foolish practice and may lead to serious trouble.

You should never put anything smaller than the tip of the little finger inside your ear to clean it out.

When any insect, bead or other object is in the ear, remove it by pouring olive oil into the opening. Keep on pouring the oil until the object is dislodged and floats out.

Children are very fond of deliberately poking things into their ears, so next time you are confronted with such a case you will know the right way to go about removing it.

Children, too, like to poke beads or peas into their noses, where they are likely to become embedded. Here, again, poking or pushing at the object is dangerous, as the nose is a delicate organ.

Remove the obstruction by blowing. Placing one finger over the clear passage to close it and blowing hard down the other should expel anything caught in the nasal passages.

If this doesn't do the trick, use pepper to cause a sneezing fit. This will usually prove effective.

When a cinder or other small object becomes caught in the eye, don't, whatever you do, rub it. You will only make matters worse.

If the object is embedded in the eyeball, leave it alone, as it is no case for home treatment. Merely bandage the eye to prevent further movement (which may cause the foreign body to become more deeply embedded), and consult a doctor as soon as possible, because this calls for expert treatment.

When the intruding object is not actually embedded in the eyeball, it may be removed by the corner of a clean handkerchief, or by placing the upper lid over the lower.

If this treatment does not wash away the object and it is visible



WHEN A FOREIGN OBJECT became embedded in this child's eye he was taken to a doctor for treatment. In cases like this home treatment is dangerous.

under the upper lid, roll back the lid over a match or a toothpick and then remove the object with a clean handkerchief.

It is very easy to spatter hot fat or even acid in the eyes when you are doing housework. When this happens, take care not to rub your eyes, but wash them immediately with plenty of water. Then drop a little oil into them—olive, castor, or mineral oil will do, according to whichever is handy at the time.

Then there's home emergency treatment for, say, a haemorrhage.

"A state of crisis" often occurs when a person returns home after a tonsil operation and a haemorrhage starts as a result of sudden and violent coughing, sneezing, or from clearing the throat.

Keep patient quiet

WHEN this happens, inform the doctor at once, as such bleeding should not go unchecked.

Meanwhile, keep the patient quiet, and if the bleeding is from the nose pack the nostrils with cotton-wool.

If the bleeding is from the throat give the patient ice to suck or iced water to use as a gargle.

Do not use warmth or warm water, as this will only increase the haemorrhage, and in all cases of head bleeding sit the patient up in a position where the head is elevated. This helps to lessen the flow of blood to the head.

Another situation which calls for immediate action arises when poison is swallowed by mistake. In the first place, all possible precautions should be taken to prevent this happening.

All medicine cabinets should be placed high on the wall, and all poisons should be placed out of the reach of children.

This applies not only to iodine, kerosene, and obvious poisons. It is sometimes forgotten that bottles of tablets or left-over medicines are potential death-traps.

If there is any medicine left in an

old bottle, pour it down the sink. Don't leave it around, forgotten, until the baby poisons himself by swallowing it all.

But if a child does become poisoned in this way, or an adult foolishly swallows poison in mistake for medicine, either in the dark or without reading the label, remember you must work against time.

Don't rush and look up the best antidote; do something at once.

If you know definitely what poison has been swallowed and what is its antidote, then carry out that treatment.

But if you don't, remember that the best thing to do is to dilute the poison and bring on vomiting.

Milk is good in all cases of swallowed poison. If no milk is available force the sufferer to drink lots of soapy water, soda water, salt water, or even plain warm water, and irritate the back of his throat to cause vomiting.

Don't stop this treatment until the stomach is thoroughly washed out.

Send for the doctor by all means in times of trouble, but often a life may depend on your treatment of the patient until the doctor comes.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice: "There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Oris Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense."

"By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Care of the feet

DURING infancy and early childhood, when bones are soft and pliable, it is of the utmost importance that great care and attention should be paid to the feet, and that particular care should be given by parents to the wise choice of shoes for the second year and for the pre-school years.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

Endorse your envelope Mothercraft.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Get up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Cries under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Sleep, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicine can't help much, because you must get all the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop Cystex by removing poisons with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts health in 2 hours. Cystex has proved entirely satisfactory and has made the medicine you need no money back is refunded. Get Cystex from your chemist or doctor.

Cystex
GUARANTEED for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism



HE'S
Glad HE CHANGED TO
'NUGGET'
POLISH



Because—wet or fine,
Nugget will shine

IN BLACK, DARK TAN STAIN, BLUE, ETC.

It's simply exquisite . . . CANDLEWICK EMBROIDERY

• Easy to do, too, and suitable for adorning various fabrics. Cushion-covers, tea-cosies and cot-covers are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced ready for working.

CANDLEWICK, which is an old form of needlework revived, is quite simple to do.

For the work you need Strutt's sandwick cotton, price 101d. a 100 skein, and a candlewick tufting needle, price 3d. These are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

One skein of cotton is sufficient to work about four yards of single row embroidery.

To do the embroidery open out the skein of cotton to its full length of 24 inches and cut through the

strands. This gives 18 lengths of 48 inches each, so that the cotton can be used double.

Begin at one end of one of the transfer lines, pick up on the needle about 1-8th inch of material, pull through, leaving a loop of cotton standing up about 1 inch. Leave about 3-8th inch and then repeat the stitch all round the design. Be careful to have all loops the same height, otherwise the work will be uneven.

When one line has been completed work the next row in a similar manner, but make the stitches fall between those of the completed row.

When the embroidery is finished cut the loops and wash the article in warm water, which helps the tufts to fluff out. Rinse well, roll in a cloth to remove moisture, then shake thoroughly. Trim top of tufts with scissors.

NEEDLEWORK otions

Cushion-cover

THE cushion-cover, which measures 18 by 18 inches when completed, is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen; on cream, blue or green Cesarine; or on good quality crash.

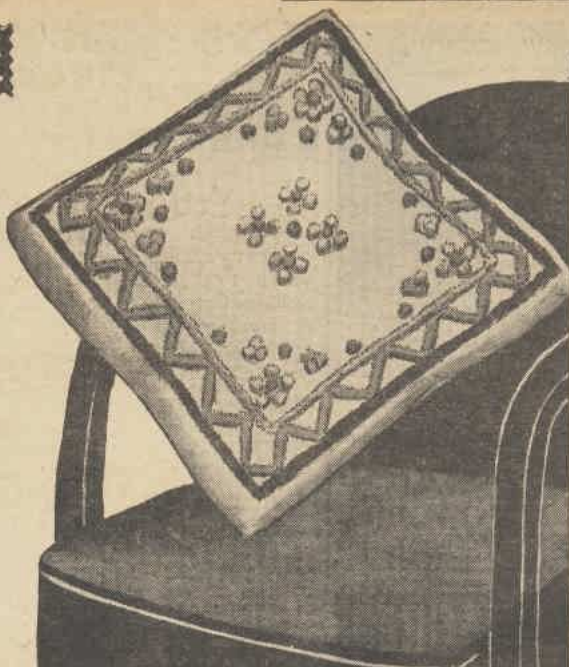
Prices are: Linen, 4/6; Cesarine or crash, 3/9.

The cover should be worked in candlewick cottons in shades of 8019 (green), 8026 (light rose).

If you fancy other colors you may choose from white, natural, cream, sky-blue, pink, yellow, pale blue, deep yellow, lime-green and dark brown.

Embroider as already explained and then wash in warm water.

Perhaps you've often admired candlewick work in the stores. Now that you can actually do this work yourself at home, and know that it's quite simple, order some cushion-covers right away, and work a set for your lounge-room.



CUSHION-COVER, obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced for working in candlewick embroidery. For addresses of needlework departments see pattern page.



ABOVE diagram shows you how to place the needle in the material and how to make the loop.

Cover for baby's cot

THE dainty cot-cover is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced for working in candlewick embroidery on cream, pale blue, pale pink, pale yellow winceyette.

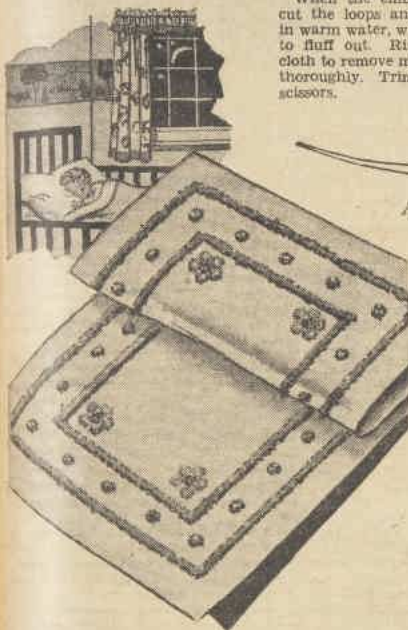
When finished the cover measures 24 by 36 inches, and the price is 2/11, postage free.

To work in candlewick obtain your cottons and the needle from our Needlework Department and follow the instructions given above.

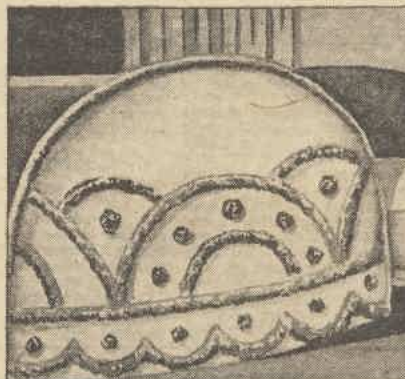
We suggest doing the cot-cover in pastel shades of pink, blue or yellow, or in light and dark shades of one color.

Some very pretty effects could be obtained by using several colors together or different shades of the one tone.

When the embroidery is finished, turn a small hem along the sides and stitch. Then wash the article as explained above.



FOR BABY'S COT, a pretty cover traced for candlewick work on pale blue, pale pink, pale yellow, or cream winceyette. Size, 24 by 36 inches, and price 2/11, postage free.



TEA-COSY in candlewick embroidery. The cover is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on linen, Cesarine or crash.

Candlewick tea-cosy...

YOU must have a tea-cosy embroidered in candlewick. Or work one as a gift for a friend who is about to be married. She would be delighted with it.

You can obtain a tea-cosy cover from our Needlework Department stamped ready for working in candlewick on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen; on cream, blue or green Cesarine or on good quality crash.

Price of cover, which measures 13 by 19 inches, is 3/6, postage free.

The candlewick work should be done, if your cover is in a neutral shade, in two shades of blue, Nos. 8028 and 7592. If you decide on a cover in a color, then do the candlewick work in white or cream cottons.

To do the candlewick embroidery, follow instructions given above, and when the tea-cosy is completed wash according to instructions.

LOVELY LINENS

turn **YELLOW**

... unless you
give them the
last rinse in
BLUE water

The last rinse in Reckitt's Blue on wash-days is the only way to stop white things from turning yellow. Remember! Linens cannot be really white without the last rinse in blue.



Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest Wash!

Miss Precious Minutes

To-day she says:

HOW annoying it is, when you're knitting an intricate pattern, to have to leave your work! It is a good plan to knit the same number of stitches of the next row as the line of pattern you've reached. For example, if starting on the fourth pattern row, when next you pick up the work knit the first four stitches of the row before you put it away. Then, when you pick up the work again you have only to count the stitches worked to know which row you are commencing.

TO lay a fire, twist the paper into screws; don't use too much. Lay the sticks cross-cross; pile on just a few small lumps—leave the rest beside the fire to be put on as the first coal catches.

FILL a burned saucepan with hot water to which a tablespoonful or two of kitchen salt has been added. Leave for an hour or two, and rub hard with a rag dipped in a fresh lot of salt. This will make the burned part come off easily.

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

Secretly or Voluntarily. For 45 years we have been the means of bringing happiness to homes in misery through drink. Not costly. Write or call for FREE SAMPLE and Booklet.

Dept. B, EUCRASY CO.
297 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 148-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE CASE OF MISS MARY W—

CASE. No. 13755.

NAME. Mary W. **AGE.** 30.

OCCUPATION: Domestic

SYMPTOMS: Bloated complexion? Unpleasant breath. Backache. Dizziness. Irritability. No patience with children. No desire to mix with people. Lack of energy.

DIAGNOSIS: Constipation - giving rise to impoverished blood and self-poisoning of the system.

TREATMENT: Restore normal bowel action immediately with Nyal Figsen.

HOW TO BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way, because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Tiger, Senna and Cassia. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 box.

NYAL FIGSEN

FOR CONSTIPATION

RE-1



"She Cut Her Teeth

easily—thanks to Steedman's," writes a mother. During teething keep baby's bloodstream cool and habits regular by using Steedman's Powders—mother's standby for over 100 years. The safe aperient for children up to 14 years.

GIVE
STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS
FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.



RELAX ACHING MUSCLES

drive pain clean out!

Give your poor, aching back quick, glorious relief! One application of St. Jacob's Oil—and your skin begins to glow. Tired, sore, stiff muscles relax! . . . pain goes. You can actually feel this soothing, penetrating oil sinking deep into the aching muscles. You can feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.

Grow your own VEGETABLES

YOU'LL find it well worth while for economy's sake . . . And you'll find it a great satisfaction also to have a constant supply of fresh fine-flavored vegetables on hand.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THE home garden must be regarded as a present help to the family pantry, a valued auxiliary to the kitchen, and the cook's best friend.

Frequent plantings rather than one specialised crop should be its policy, for successive yields mean the maintenance of a steady, varied supply rather than an abundance of one particular vegetable, of which even the most docile family will tire.

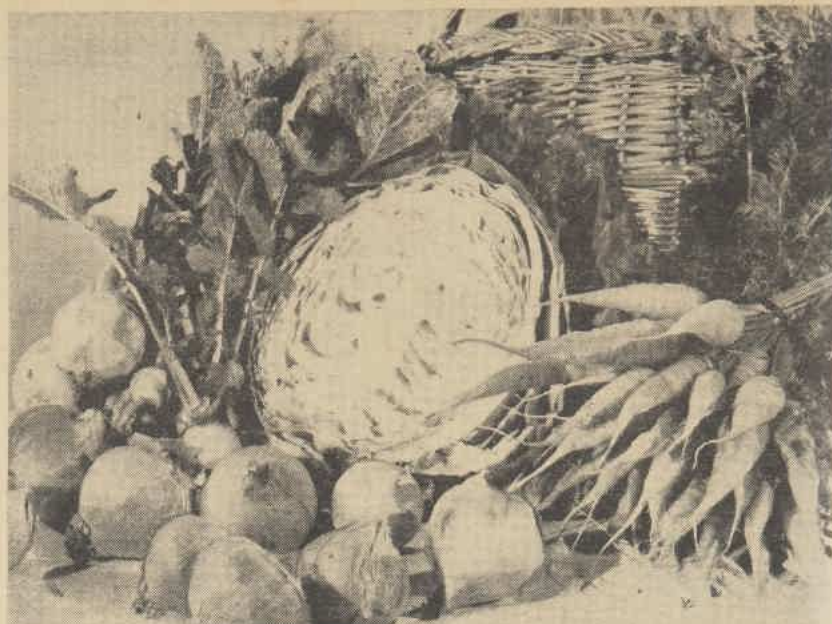
I believe in planting a little of everything, and plenty of certain staple lines, and now that winter is approaching my vegetable plot has everything from herbs to "something for soup."

Now that the weather has broken (in the Eastern States) after the longest, driest period in history, peas can be sown every week or two for successive crops.

Make the soil rich, add lime (a month after manuring), and see that the soil is plentifully supplied with phosphoric fertiliser, a material that all legumes crave.

Experience has shown me that most peas do better if afforded something to support the vines. Even the dwarf varieties yield better and suffer less from disease and insect pests if given a low wire-netting trellis over which to climb.

American Wonder is an early dwarf variety, and Earlrop is slightly taller. English Wonder grows to 2ft., Stratagem to 3ft. Tele-



phone to 4ft., and Duke of Albany, an excellent pea for cold, frosty districts, to 5ft. in good soil.

I have always favored the old Yorkshire Hero (3ft.) as a prolific bearer, but this year I am planting some of the edible-podded sugar peas, the pods of which can be cooked and eaten if picked while they are young and tender.

Cabbage is an old standby that few home gardeners can afford to ignore. The piebald cabbage is a gross feeder, and drinks with its meals. The more water and liquid manure you give the cabbage, the better and faster it grows.

Cabbage moth

THE green grub of the cabbage moth is its worst pest. These can be controlled by spraying with arsenate of lead until they start to heart up, after which you must apply derris root powder to avoid poisoning the family.

Cauliflowers like similar conditions to cabbage—rich soil, plenty of liquid manure, and ample water.

FRESH FROM the home vegetable plot—cabbage, turnips, carrots, onions, and other delectable roots and greens. If you have your own garden, then you, too, can grow vegetables like these.

The same pest infests the cauliflower, and once the curd appears arsenate of lead must be avoided and derris root powder substituted.

When the curds start to swell the top leaves should be wrapped round to keep them clean, tying the top loosely with a bit of raffia or binder-twine.

A near-relation, known as Chinese cabbage or pe-toai, is another excellent vegetable for winter months. It can be cooked gently like cabbage, or sliced up and treated as a green salad. Either way it is delicious, but it needs less boiling than the harder cabbage varieties, for the leaves are tender.

A bucket or two of fowl manure scattered in the drills when sowing pe-toai makes it gallop along. The plants should be tied up with raffia when they are hearting well. This blanches and whitens the inside.

Savoy cabbage is an excellent

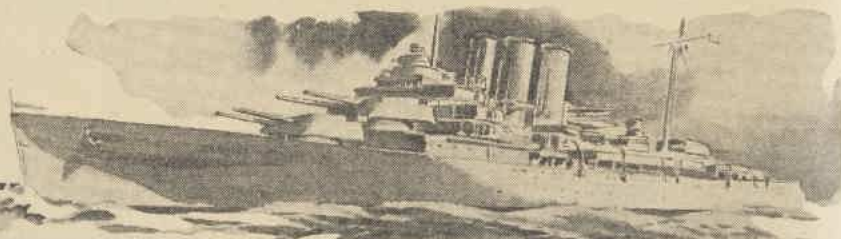
vegetable for cool districts, and is one of the best-keeping varieties known.

Paranips and carrots can be sown in soil that has previously been heavily manured for beans, cabbage or tomatoes. No fresh manure should be added to the soil or the roots will fork and split. Sow thickly and thin out to eight or nine inches apart when the seedlings are big enough to handle.

Beetroots, white turnips, and swedes are excellent standby vegetables during winter, and the tops of each may be eaten if cut off when young.

Onions of all kinds, also eschallots, leeks, and garlic may be sown any time this month in soil that has been well built up with old manure. Fresh manure is not to their liking, but make the soil light, and do not overwater or mildew may set in during very mild weather.

"SOMEWHERE AT SEA . . ."



LOOK AFTER YOURSELF WHILE I'M GONE, DARLING. YOU'RE LOOKING TOO PALE AND TIRED LATELY.

GOOD-BYE DADDY

BUT—A FEW WEEKS LATER.

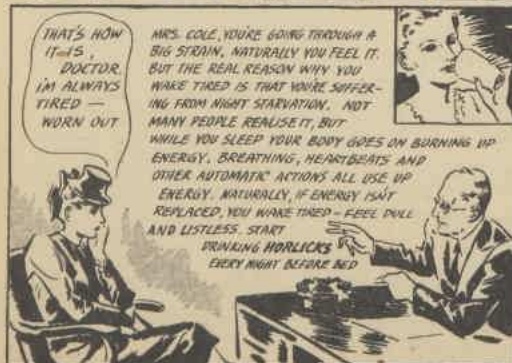


(THINKS) HOW CAN I WRITE CHEERFUL LETTERS WHEN I FEEL LIKE THIS—TIRED—ALWAYS TIRED AND WORN OUT. BEN'S SURE TO WORRY.

WHAT'S THE MATTER PEG? YOU LOOK WORRIED!

OH, MUM—I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER I'M ALWAYS TIRED—EVEN WAKE UP TIRED THESE DAYS!

IT SOUNDS LIKE A VISIT TO THE DOCTOR TO ME YOU'D BETTER SEE DR. WILLIAMS RIGHT AWAY.



THAT'S HOW I FEEL, DOCTOR. I'M ALWAYS TIRED—WORN OUT.

MRS. COLE, YOU'RE GOING THROUGH A BIG STRAIN, NATURALLY YOU FEEL IT. BUT THE REAL REASON WHY YOU WAKE TIRED IS THAT YOUR SUFFERING FROM NIGHT STARVATION. NOT MANY PEOPLE REALISE IT, BUT WHILE YOU SLEEP YOUR BODY GOES ON BURNING UP ENERGY. BREATHING, HEARTBEATS AND OTHER AUTOMATIC ACTIONS ALL USE UP ENERGY. NATURALLY, IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, YOU WAKE TIRED—FEEL DULL AND LISTLESS. START DRINKING HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT BEFORE BED.



—SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

SIX WEEKS LATER.

(THINKS) YES, PEG'S HER OLD SELF AGAIN NOW

I THINK SHE'S WONDERFUL! SO FULL OF ENERGY, SO BRIGHT!

DO YOU WAKE TIRED, FEEL DULL AND LISTLESS ALL DAY?

Every one of us is under a strain nowadays. Naturally this takes a lot out of us. But here's something you should realise. While you sleep your body goes on using up energy. It stands to reason unless energy is replaced during sleep you wake tired. Feel washed out. That's Night-Starvation. Drink Horlicks every night before you go to bed. Horlicks replaces energy lost during sleep, helps you to wake in the mornings full of life, clear-eyed, full of vitality. Horlicks is priced from 1/6d Big economy size, 2/9.



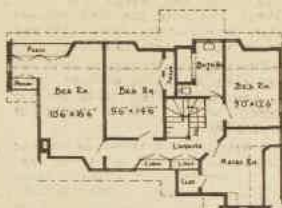
HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION

English farmhouse style

PICTURESQUE two-storied Australian home, with cream-faced brick walls, high-pitched roof tiled in mottled red, and trimmings of chocolate-colored bricks over doorways and under gables . . . Modern and comfortable, and supplied with latest equipment and services, this house is a good example of one of the domestic designs most popular to-day.



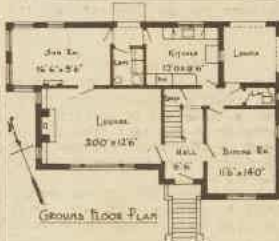
ABOVE: The front entrance. An imposing effect is achieved by using the same cream-faced bricks as those in the walls for a flight of steps with a low ramp on either side. The door, set in a tan-trimmed arch, is of pine.



RIGHT: Ground and first-floor plans, showing lounge, dining-room, sunroom, kitchen, hall and loggia downstairs, and four bedrooms and bathroom upstairs.



IN A NATURAL SETTING of eucalyptus trees this two-storied home in English farmhouse style looks unusually picturesque. Walls are cream, and roofing tiles dull mottled red. Designed by Mr. S. N. Rickard for Lieutenant-Commander E. A. Good, R.A.N., and Mrs. Good.



What do you see from your window?



Rooftops, chimneys? . . . That means dust and grime to do its very worst to your curtains and covers. Trees, hedges? . . . Strong sunlight's your worry. But forget your surroundings, let your curtains and covers be of Sanderson Indecolor Fabric —and concentrate on choosing your favourite patterns from the scores that will tempt you. For they are all unaffected by sun, air and all the rubbings you care to give them. The printed linen illustrated above is T7763, 31 inches wide. Indecolor Fabrics are sold by good furnisshers and stores at very moderate prices.

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SUN-RESISTING & WASHPROOF
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15 WAYS OF MAKING Children HAPPY

CHILDREN know what's good! Naturally they vote every time for Heinz Soups. Heinz Perfect Soups are full of rich, pure wholesomeness, all the flavour of crisp vegetables, choicest cuts of meat, fresh cream . . .

Serve Heinz Soups—every day. Try all the fifteen. They all carry the Heinz guarantee—if you are less than satisfied, your grocer will refund the purchase price in full.

CREAM SOUPS — Chicken, Tomato, Asparagus, Green Pea, Spinach, Celery, Toheroa, Mushroom, Onion . . . **MEAT SOUPS** — Ox Tail, Kidney, Vegetable, Mulligatawny, Bean Soup with Ham, and the new Chicken-Vegetable Soup.



HEINZ
Ready-to-Serve
SOUPS

★ And don't forget to try the new Chicken-Vegetable Soup.



HERE is a two-storied house showing character and distinction, is comfortable, modern in every way, and convenient. The cost of building was £1650.

Rooms are arranged simply.

The front door opens opposite the stairs, where all cream walls and woodwork on the stairs give an effect of spaciousness.

In the lounge-room there is a wide fireplace, and in the western wall a large steel-framed window of plate glass with sills set low to give an uninterrupted view of bushlands beyond.

Off the lounge is a sunroom with ceiling insulated with fibre board for coolness and walls of cool green. It is finished with green and cream curtains, simple furniture, and loose rugs on the polished tallow-wood floor.

At the rear of the hall is a small hallway with cloakroom. This also leads to kitchen and an arched loggia.

Modern equipment

THIS kitchen is notable for its fittings and up-to-date equipment. Cupboards of the Californian type, with toe-space at the base, run up the walls, and the ceiling curves down to meet them.

The color scheme is cool cream with touches of tomato-red round the base of the cupboards, lining the cupboard doors and in the handles. The linoleum is a grey marble type.

A hot-water service serves laundry, kitchen and bathroom. Other equipment includes gas fires, kitchen stove and refrigerator.

Upstairs the bedroom walls are fibrous plastered with insulations of fibre board for ceilings, which, like those downstairs, are cove finished. All doors are flush panels, and all woodwork is painted in a cream tone slightly darker than the walls.

FACE POWDER *Made to Order!*

HERE'S POND'S NEW IMPROVED POWDER
—MADE TO YOUR OWN SPECIAL REQUESTS*



1. Has the softest, finest texture possible. 2. Really clings for hours and hours. 3. Is glareproof, so that it flatters the skin in bright sunlight or under hard electric lights. 4. Give us a really wide choice of skin tones."

***F**ACE powder made to order! Yes — actually made to your own order! We went out and asked thousands of Australian women—just like yourself—to tell us which features they wanted most in their face powder. Do you know what they said? They said: "Give us a face powder that:

Now here it is, the powder that gives you all these things — and more! Pond's new improved Face Powder. Try it yourself, that's all we ask. There are six smart shades to choose from. Pond's new improved Face Powder is sold at all chemists and stores. 1/6 and 2/6 per box.



POND'S FACE POWDER *New and Improved*

CHOOSE YOUR SHADE FROM THE RANGE AT YOUR LOCAL CHEMIST OR STORE

THE GOLDEN DIAMOND

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
8 MAY 1940
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By
**Sidney
Herschel
SMALL**

SUPPLEMENT
—MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
May 11, 1940

Des Condory

THE GOLDEN DIAMOND

By SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL



IT was an Asiatic night of perfect calm, of enormous silence, and hot stars. Wavelets lapped sleepily against the counter of the yacht as she swung with the tide. The words "Iris—New York" appeared only as a golden blur.

The low Korean moon's reflection was like a quick-silver disc in the waters of Syung-hing Bay. In the little seaport village of the bay, bearing the same name, a Shinto priest awoke sufficiently to tap a bell, calling his Japanese fellows to midnight prayer. A Korean temple novice, not to be outdone, began to strike mighty blows on a brazen gong. . . . The sounds came out to the boat like a sweet, shuddering moan. Then silence, complete, settled down on the village, the bay, the far shoulders of the clouded hills.

On the deserted deck of the Iris the girl stirred in her long wicker chair. She turned, slowly, gracefully, making no sound to break the spell. David Prentice was able to mark the lovely oval of her face.

Her eyes, in daylight amethystine, were pools of darkness; her lips had to be guessed at.

"It's too lovely," she said in her soft, husky voice, the first time she had said a word since the final rubber of bridge below, since they had come on deck. If David thought she would revert to normal light banter, he was mistaken. "Lovely," she continued, "so beautiful that it rather hurts. Your grandfather said it would be worth coming here, it is."

David reached out his hand, covering hers.

"Running from the typhoon was just an excuse to anchor in Syung-hing," he told her. "Granddad knew this coast . . . the interior. Mines. In the early days. It's a shame we can't land. If—"

"Don't let's talk," she whispered.

He hadn't really wanted to talk. His faint disturbance was growing, powerfully. He had known Paula Rogers all his life, but never, it seemed, like this; never with the pale Eastern moonlight making her entirely unfamiliar, excitingly mysterious.

No longer was she the girl he beat at tennis (never six-love; David always managed to lose a game convincingly in each set), no longer the girl he saw everywhere, danced with, dined with at her house or his grandfather's or a dozen other places . . . the girl he teased about frocks and men and photographs in the pictorials—in which he himself, as the grandson of Old David, appeared too regularly for his taste, which was all part of being David Prentice. No longer was she just Paula Rogers, whom he kissed lightly because she liked him

and he liked her, and they were good companions, and it was being done by everyone . . .

Without releasing her hand, David sat up, swinging his feet to the deck. He tried to tell himself he was going to light a cigarette; a bell ringing in his head told him he'd better light a cigarette. Instead, he bent over her. He had one glimpse of wide eyes, and then he kissed her quickly. Her hand was cold in his; she met his kiss mechanically.

David raised his head; before he could have seen that her lips had become tremulous rather than unmoved or mocking, he stooped again, swiftly; this time lips met in a long kiss.

Her hand went to her hair; she said in a tight, strange voice, as if the words had to be forced out in compliance with a code, "That was very nice," and then added, with a fierce change of tone, "darling!"

They kissed again, hungrily. When David let her move her head, but only so she might be where he could see her, he said, half humbly, because she seemed waiting for him to say something, "It—it must have been—the moon—"

"Oh!" She looked away. "The moon."

David stared at her. He had only started to explain, but forgot what he had intended to say. His head, usually so steady, was beginning to spin. He had kissed girls before, although never quite like this.

"I—I've got to kiss you," he said. Paula averted her face. "Because of the moon?"

"No!"

"Not because of the moon?" Was she laughing. "I thought it was. You said so, David."

David said, as if surprised, "Because I love you. I must've always loved you, I'm a fool. Always have been. I didn't know."

"That's better."

As she lifted her lips, there came to David a heady triumphant elation. The girl in his arms, unstirring. Loving him.

"You love me?" she whispered.

"Hm!"

"That doesn't mean anything."

Lips against his, Paula whispered, "Ninny . . ."

It was wonderful to sit close and listen to the lapping of the waves, to look at the protecting circle of the hills behind the silent village . . .

Tightening her clasp of his hand, the girl said: "It's funny, darling, isn't it? I mean about things. You were always . . . just David. I thought about men, of course. Not about you. Now it's all different. You—you aren't the person I used to know and play with. Why? What's changed everything? Do you know?"

David shook his head. Paula began to laugh happily. "When

we're home," she said, "everyone will say, 'I knew it all the time. They always were crazy about each other.' And that will be just nonsensical. But they'll say it—"

"Anyhow," grinned David, "nobody can say I'm marrying you for your money."

Paula said demurely, "I'm just a common Railroad Rogers, darling, but you're old David's grandson . . . Will he be angry, Davie? I don't think so. I rather love him. He's so—so wise about things."

"He's probably wise to us," David agreed. "I wouldn't be surprised if he planned this whole trip to knock some sense into me. He must've known that sooner or later I'd know how much I love you, and was afraid to find it out only when it was too late." He put his hand, sun-browned, lean, under her chin, and lifted it. "You couldn't have married anyone else, could you?" he demanded.

"Not on this voyage," teased the girl. "Look over the guests. All middle-aged, except you and me. Father and mother—b'd be very convenient not having divorced parents when we're married, darling—and the Bascombs and Lila Church and Jimmy Church and—late breakfasts, and reading in the mornings, and bridge all the afternoon and most of the night, and cabling home for stock quotations. Will we ever be like that, Davie?"

David said, "At least I won't get fat. Look at Old David!"

"Look at me! D'you think I'll ever be fat?" David looked at her, at slim wrists and slim throat—looked at this girl who had become a dear stranger, who was going to share his life with him. He was very happy, but in some vague way the first hot intoxication had vanished, leaving a sort of secure and sweet tenderness.

He kissed her gently, and then said, "I wonder if you'd mind coming with me to see grandfather. He reads to his cabin. He won't be asleep."

"For his permission, Davie?"

"That wouldn't make any difference. Of course not. To tell him." Shyly he continued: "He's lonely. Really. Has to be. Everybody—senators, foreign ministers, governors—wants things from him. Because he's David Prentice. I think he'll be glad. Paula. D'you mind seeing him?"

"No," she whispered. "You're like him, Davie, dear."

"Not I," chuckled David. "Sweetheart, when you know as much about him as I do—the places he's been and the things he's done—you won't say that." Loyally and honestly, "And the more you know him, the better you'll love him. He's—he's a great man. Sometimes I wish I were like him in a lot of things."

"You'll do," Paula said.

As they stood up she went on quietly, "I wish this voyage would never end. Don't

ask me why. Here, I love you so much, you love me. When we get home, will we just like each other again? Will the glorious spark be gone? I'd like to stay on the Iris with you forever. Now I'm being silly. Kiss me once more—hard. . . I love you!"

Side by side David and Paula, five minutes later entered Old David's spacious cabin. The single light burning next to the old financier's chair made them blink, after the darkness of the deck. Both attempted to mask their faces, but achieved only telltale smiles.

Old David looked up from his book. He said, "Hm, and touched a button on the desk beside him.

"Yes, sir," David agreed. "We . . . you see . . ."

"If you think I'm blind?" demanded Old David. "I'm going to have Reynolds bring us that bottle of Colntrien. I'm very pleased Paula, sit down—after giving me a kiss. Or has that young pup taken all of them?"

They demanded, "How did you know?" "I knew when the pair of you slipped off for a breath of air on deck," lied Old David contentedly. "I . . . ah, here you are, Reynolds. Three glasses, please. And the Colntrien. Thin glasses. Others take too long to make the perfume rise from the liqueur, and I enjoy the scent of orange blossoms." He said slyly, "Orange blossoms. Very appropriate."

"Yes, Mr. Prentice." "However," Old David remarked, without emphasis, "do not say I said so, d'ye hear, Reynolds? Not to any of the guests, or to the men, or even to Mrs. Basson's maid."

"Certainly not, sir." When Reynolds had left the cabin, Old David shrugged. "Bad thing, these long cruises. Here's Reynolds getting sweet over a stupid wench with big blue eyes. When you're Old David," he snapped at his grandson, "you've got to watch all sorts of relatively unimportant details."

"Like falling in love?" asked Paula. "No," he admitted, shutting his book and placing it on the desk; the girl was, he decided, really beautiful. Dresden-china lovely. Skin like Royal Meissen—smooth, cool. Good hands. Good breeding—too much of it? He hoped not. "No," he went on, enjoying himself, "not at all. I've been in love a good many times—of course, never in love the way you and David are—that would be impossible!—and it has been important every time."

Paula looked at him with new interest. She saw a gaunt old man, very alive. He was still handsome, with his thin, restless hands and his beak of a nose. His eyes, from which wrinkles radiated spiderwise, were keen, a little faded, and now somewhat gentle.

Despite the hour, well after midnight, Old David was fully dressed, with his light dressing-gown over a white dinner jacket. His necktie, blue with white dots—he never wore anything else, save at formal dinners—was at the correct angle, proper, but not too precise. His face was as tanned as David's but with a pallor beneath it.

Reynolds reappeared with tray, glasses, bottles.

Old David cupped his glass and waited for the contents to warm and give off the aroma of distilled orange blossoms; he sniffed with appreciation, and then said the last thing either of the younger people expected: "You can have the Iris for your honeymoon, if you like."

David said, "We would, sir. It's about the only way we could be alone."

"Hm . . . the captain could marry you, you know."

It was a thought as intoxicating as the cordial in the glasses. Paula's smooth cheeks began to burn, and Young David's chest swelled while his heart pounded.

Old David was watching them closely. It was the girl who spoke. "I'd like that," she said earnestly. "But"—and the one word took her off the Iris and swept her mind across the ocean, across the intervening continent, and back to New York—"it might make things difficult when we return. Questions, you know. And—weddings are fun: getting ready, luncheon, teas . . ."

"And after all," Old David said placidly, "you can't be positive whether you're in love or it was the moon—"

"We are!" Both of them spoke at once. "Of course you are," Old David agreed soothingly. Under his breath he added, "Now!"

He lifted his glass. Gently, he said: "To your happiness, Paula, and"—turning to David—"to yours, boy."

They drank. "I want to talk to David," Old David said, setting down his glass. "If you wish to say good night, I'm going to finish this page. Not the whole chapter!"

He picked up his book. For one of the few times in his long life he was unable to concentrate absolutely, to get his mind to the sense of the printed words. He waited until David closed the door behind Paula; and then, for a moment looking like Very Old David, he sighed. "I hope I'm not making a mistake," he said.

DAVID supposed his grandfather had mixed up the personal pronoun. He said, "I'm not, sir. I—"

"Sit down," the older man invited. Twice Old David cleared his throat without speaking. That also was unusual. Then, without warning, he muttered, "David—confound it, you don't know a thing!"

David crossed his long legs. He was thinking of Paula, not of what his grandfather had blurted out.

"Not a thing, and here I'm gettin' you married! To have children, to be the head of a family, to become Old David some day . . . and you don't even realise what you're bein' let in for!"

"I'm pretty happy, sir," David said.

"Bah!" Old David growled. "Nonsense. You're drunk, David . . . drunk with sweetness." He hitched the silken gown closer, and peered at his grandson. "Tell me, have you ever been in love before?"

"Never like this."

"I see. Hm. Er—"

David laughed. "I've never been exactly girl crazy. I've—"

Old David said quietly, "You've been a fine boy . . . a good lad. Only, sometimes that can be the best, and the worst, thing a person can say about a man. My mind's made up, David. You don't know anything. Not about girls. Not about money. Not about managing. And in a few years you'll be the Prentice banks! Why, I'll bet you think Gresham's Law has something to do with prohibition!"

The younger man said, in a tone almost exactly like his grandfather's, "You've never wanted me messing round any of the banks, sir. As far as Gresham's Law is concerned, any college freshman in elementary economics knows the answer: bad money drives good money out of circulation."

"Hm." Old David slid deeper into his chair. Since he had been caught, he

became severe. "I expect you, and any other college graduate, could step in and run the Prentice banks, eh?"

"I didn't say that, sir, and I didn't mean it."

Old David touched the empty glass. "Gold," he said suddenly. "Gold. It wouldn't surprise me if gold means more and more as the years pass. With conditions as they are, the more gold that can be turned into banks, into the treasury, the better. A banker ought to know about gold, David—all about it. Do you?"

"Not very much, sir."

Old David lit a cigarette thoughtfully. "You are going to," he announced.

"Gladly, sir."

Quizzically, Old David said, "Not so jolly as you think, boy. Because I'm going to start you at it to-night."

Young David was grinning broadly. "I'm afraid my head won't work very well to-night. Isn't Paula the—the—"

"I've heard all the adjectives already. I've used most of them myself. Is she? You don't know. You don't know anything about women at all."

"I know about Paula."

"What do you know about her?"

David uncrossed his legs. "I don't understand you, sir," he said. "You like Paula. I'm not, at all sure you haven't meant this from the start of the voyage—that we'd fall in love. Now you don't seem satisfied. You—"

"I'm not."

David said, "I'm sorry, sir. But it doesn't make any difference."

A smile broke the placidity of the older man. "That's the best thing you've said to-night! But I'm afraid it doesn't mean anything. You're still intoxicated. Too much silence, too much moon, too many kisses. Hm. I remember once, on the old Twaiwan Shan, crossin' from Formosa to Macao—an English girl, she— But that's got nothin' to do with this! David, d'ye realise that you've known Paula all your life—and that you didn't love her until you were alone on deck in the tropics?"

"I thought you'd find out . . . about love . . . in Nikko, when you had tea in the little Japanese inn; but you didn't. Too many others around. I thought you'd discover you loved the girl at a dozen different places; but you didn't. Until to-night. Now—and I dislike the words—for your own good I've got to be convinced that you love Paula. Do you?"

"Don't you believe me?" David spoke with heat.

"I believe you think you love her. Will you love her everywhere? How will it be when the honeymoon's over, when you're back in New York, on familiar ground?"

In surprise, David said, "That's what Paula wondered."

"The devil she did!" The keen old man was ready for action now. He chose his words with care: "I thought a lot of your father. He was a good son. I loved your mother. I—you're a decent boy—man. I don't doubt but that you can ride a horse, and drive a car or plane, and do a lot of things well. You may not desire to be head of the Prentice affairs—some say I'm the richest man in the world, David, and that is an exaggeration—but you can't help yourself. I've had the Midas touch all my life . . . except that some people haven't been damaged by association with me."

"I sincerely like Paula. I suppose it's true to say that I picked her out for you. But even while you're kissing her, she isn't positive what will happen when you return

home. And so, young fellow, I'm going to be pretty mean."

David said, "Make us wait until you're sure? It'll only be wasted time, sir."

The older man waved the objection aside. "Behind Syung-hing, on the other side of the mountain, is a Prentice mine. Teh-kang Chong. A goldmine, and a mighty good one. When Korea became Chosen, and Japanese, even Tokyo didn't dare break up the terms of our concession. I'm too big to monkey with, and they know it. The Koreans've left us alone, although now that they're becoming Reds, some of 'em get nasty once in a while. Nothing serious. It's all part of this fun of holding what's your own. In the old days, we feared the Russians, beyond the Yalu River, which isn't very far away."

OLD DAVID leaned back in his chair, eyes closed. His thoughts must have been pleasant, for he smiled; for a full minute he was clear across the dark hills, again hearing the ho-to-to-gau, the death bird, as it sang in the evening, disturbed by bandits creeping up to the mine buildings . . . that had been a great night. Young David would see nothing like it. If there were real danger, he would never order the youngster into the hills. But there would be the semblance of danger: the armed guards, the watched gold.

"Before long," he continued at last, "the mine will make the annual clean-up. It'll run high, according to the reports. Better than a million. At clean-up time, it's well to have as many white men about as possible. Makes a good effect on the natives. I've been there myself, more than once; that's how I know Syung-hing port. Only, then there were none of these red-tape restrictions against the landing. Bah! I'd land if I wished to! So will you."

He began to laugh. "In the old days, Percy Wilson and Joe Davis and I, we'd have chased the Japanese constabulary into the sea, after we were full of beer. I remember one night, when we were visitin'—Humm! Got nothing to do with this. Don't argue with me; my mind's made up! You're going to spend six months up at Teh-kang Chong, and you'll come back hard as nails."

David said, "And wanting Paula more than ever."

"It'll be satisfied." Subtly the older man dropped his poison: "I expect Paula will feel the same way. Of course, she'll be back in New York before the six months are over, with a lot of people around; but

"It won't make any difference!"

Old David snapped, "You're the same size as Jorgensen, forward. I'll have the captain get him up, and give us a suit of his clothes. By the time you have changed, I'll have a letter for you to give Carstairs, at Teh-kang Chong, telling him who you are. I'll give you a second letter, on company stationery, with any name at all signed to it, saying you're a deservin' and honest young man, and to hire you for six months, and work you like a dog . . . and it won't do you any good to try and get in touch with me, either! The Iris will sail in the morning, and for a good month I'll keep out of touch. No wireless in Syung-hing, boy! Do you understand?"

David said, "You're just trying to make me angry, sir."

"And you're too much a gentleman to get mad!"

Grinning, David stood up. He didn't like the idea of separation; but all his life he had either given or accepted orders

without question. After all, six months wouldn't, couldn't, make very much difference. He'd explain that to Paula; she like himself, had been woven into the web of conventions, and would agree. Then—

"And one thing more," said Old David grimly: "get changed, and don't see the girl either before or after. You are to leave without her knowing it!"

For a long, silent moment old man and young looked eye to eye. Once David licked his lips; once Old David tightened his, lest he give in from sheer affection for his grandson.

Then, his voice blurred, David said monotonously, "Very well, sir," and left the cabin.

IF it had been black at midnight, at two in the morning it was lark. The village was so black, so silent, that it and the hills and the heavens seemed a continuous wall, extending clear up to the yellow stars.

On deck Jorgensen said, "Do I wait until I see nobody comes down to the shore, captain?"

The Iris' captain waited for Mr. Prentice to speak.

"You come back to the ship," Old David commanded, speaking, like the others, in a whisper. "All ready, boy?"

David said, "Right, sir."

"Got the—er—letters?"

"I have, sir. One in my jacket pocket, the other with the money, as you suggested."

"Humm. Good. Come here!"

He drew the younger man aside, away from the rail. "You—you feel well, do you?" Old David demanded.

"Fine, sir, I'm in good shape."

He was; even in Jorgensen's ill-cut, ill-fitting serge, David's lean frame showed its latent power. He was grinning again. Rather shamefacedly, he remembered he ought to be considering Paula; how she would feel on awakening in the morning, what she would say, what she would think, whether she would cry. No. She would smile about it. That was part of the code. But she would miss him. Then, in six months, he would be back, and she would be waiting . . .

"You'll get a gun from Carstairs, at the mine," Old David announced. "Perhaps"—he was fussing about like an anxious mothering hen—"perhaps I'd better give you one now to take along."

David slipped his hand to the older man's shoulder. "See you in six months, sir," he said.

"I—D'y'e think this is such a good idea, David?"

"One of the best, sir. You'll tell Paula I'll write her?"

This tremulous old man was hardly Old David Prentice. It seemed as if the two had changed places, as if David in some strange way had become the leader. These two were the last of the clan, and it was David whose lips were firm, whose shoulders were squared.

"Perhaps—"

David found his grandfather's hand. They shook once, quickly; and then David turned away abruptly.

He walked quickly to the lowered companionway, said to Jorgensen, "All set," and walked down quickly to the tender.

"Till row, sir," the seaman said, as soon as he had followed David.

"Do me good," David told him. "And leave off the 'sir.' Call me 'Dave'—and throw in a few 'Risdon's' for good measure." David Risdon: that was the name on which the elder Prentice had decided. The same

Christian name, to make it easier for David at the start.

Jorgensen shoved off from the Iris. David began to row easily, steadily.

Fifty yards from the Iris he paused, pulled in his oars, and waved to the silent figure standing at the rail of the ship. Old David's hand went high. The grandfather must have forgotten his warning for silence, for he called, "Good luck!"

David waved again, and then began to row steadily. Once or twice Jorgensen directed him briefly. "Port, sir—Dave," David pulled briefly on the other oar.

He thought he saw a whiteness, like a white shadow, come and stand beside his grandfather.

Had Paula heard the good-luck cry? Had she been awake or been awakened? What was she thinking? He supposed he imagined the pale shape beside the man's on the deck of the Iris.

"Port," Jorgensen told him.

"Port it is, captain," agreed David. The dream was gone.

It was a full ten minutes before the seaman spoke again. "Easy, sir. It's a shelving beach. One stroke . . . one more . . . she'll run herself up . . . now a good one . . ."

The tender touched bottom. David took Jorgensen's battered suitcase from the seaman; in it (checked by Old David) were David's brush, comb, toothbrush; a shirt or two, socks, an old overcoat with missing label, a pair of old white canvas shoes. Other things must be obtained at the mine.

Old David had seen to it that nothing was in the suitcase or on David's person which would give away his masquerade. He was to be Dave Risdon, looking for a job at Teh-kang Chong, and very glad to be given one by the manager, Carstairs, none of the other men must guess who he was. In no other way, Old David reasoned, would his grandson have a chance to mingle with men—working men, fine chaps; engineers, assayists, chemists, clerks—in an even basis, and learn the stuff of which men were made.

Jorgensen said slowly: "Good luck," as Old David had.

"Thanks, old man. For the good wishes and the clothes. Well . . ." David paused. He wasn't afraid, but he had the sensation of stepping off into the unknown. It was different from anything he had ever done; different from being sent to school as a youngster, after his parents' death; different certainly from his happy and ordered life. Jorgensen was to be his last sight of a familiar person. Unconsciously he lifted his eyes towards the black rim of the hills, then, lightly enough, he said, "Here goes nothing."

He was out of the boat, moving clumsily. Jorgensen's shoes were not the easy leather of his own.

Following his grandfather's directions, he walked swiftly up the shelving beach. It was not easy to see where the tiled roof of the Shinto temple cut a wedge in the blacker sky, even when on shore and near it. Old David had suggested that the temple courtyard would be the best place to spend the remainder of the dark hours. When daylight came, David was to go to the one large shop in Syung-hing, owned by a Japanese family named Fujimura, who sent supplies up to the Teh-kang Chong mine. He was to say that he had been hired by the mine.

Fujimura would either tell him when mine people would be down to the village, or make the necessary arrangements for a

guide and shaggy Korean pony. Once at the mine, David knew what to say.

His job there was to be a simple one, as Old David's letter to Carstairs explained. David was to be employed as an extra guard, and be given every chance to see what was going on, without actually doing too much hard work. Old David had even remembered to suggest that his grandson might like a shot at a tiger, in which case he was to be given time off during the hunting season. (Old David had killed his own tiger many years ago).

David patted his watch pocket, in which the letter to Carstairs was folded tightly about currency: Japanese gold yen notes, a few large American bills. He supposed there were a thousand dollars or so, though he hadn't counted the money. Nor would he have either shocked or astonished him to discover that the notes his grandfather had given him, in addition to the hundred or so he himself had been carrying, were each for a thousand dollars. It was simply unimportant.

The smell of the sea, fresh and sweet, was replaced as he walked by the fumes of drying fish. David began to walk carefully, circling patches of fish left out to dry. Fishing nets were in his way, in high piles, and he came to the first narrow dirty lane. The huts of the village began all at once, house on house of plastered mud, with straw thatch covering the remains of the original tiles of the roofs. He passed under a crumbling stone arch, walking steadily ahead, seeing no one, hearing nothing.

As Old David had explained, it was impossible to miss the temple; all of the same passages led to it. The building, with tip-tilted roofs, rose out of trees; the courtyard about it, paved with irregular rocks, was silent and deserted. David crept around until he came to a wooden bench, close to a heavy clump of bamboo, and then sat down.

He took out a packet of cigarettes, lit a match, and began to smoke comfortably. He was exhilarated at first, and puffed rapidly, lighting a second cigarette immediately the first was consumed. It tasted dry and hot, and he flung it into the bamboo.

David began to move about on the bench. It was a hard seat. He was tired—not drowsy, but becoming bored. A dozen times he took out his watch and peered at the illuminated figures. Two-thirty . . . two-thirty-six . . . twenty minutes to three . . .

For sheer lack of something to do, he slipped a finger into the watch pocket of Karamatsu's trousers and drew out the packet of currency and the letter—the important letter—to Carstairs. He began to unfold the bills, smoothing them on his knees.

If David had approached the temple in daylight, the first person he would have met would have been the beggar at the box, a hunched burly figure whining for a copper piece in the name of the gods of light. The beggar was supposed to be blind, a trick he had learned from his father, and which he guarded jealously. Now, with no need for deception, and being startled by the smouldering end of the cigarette against his wrist, the blind beggar opened his eyes. Shuffling away as one ragged quail from his body, he examined what had awakened him. He snatched the cigarette, and smoked it thoughtfully, resting on one elbow, until the tobacco was entirely consumed did he creep to the edge of the

bamboo thicket and stare out. He moved with extreme caution, lest he disturb other sleepers under the bamboo. This cigarette had a taste, a flavor that was new to him.

Stretched out on his stomach, the beggar watched the figure seated on the bench. He was able to eliminate all possibilities. The man was no Japanese, being too tall. He was not a Korean, being dressed in dark clothing. Therefore he was a seiyo-jin, a hairy one, a white man.

A missionary? Impossible, since he smoked cigarettes. A doctor-san from the hospital? Again impossible. Police regulations were strict. White men were not permitted to roam about at night, and the hospital men, being law-abiding, obeyed orders. Someone from the ship in the bay? Impossible also, for even stricter regulations forbade anyone's landing at Syung-hing without papers; and—as the beggar, in common with every idle man in the village, knew—no one had come off the ship since the police boat had gone out to her. So the white man was undoubtedly a hairy one from across the Yalu, on treacherous business with the priests.

Wahsh meant that here was a something about which the priests might be blackmailed. It would mean food and rice and perhaps heated purple brandy to Kumatsu the beggar.

Kumatsu sucked in his breath, stared once more, and, turning like a snake, began to wriggle back into the bamboo. One by one he pressed the wrists of his ugly companions, Chinese pariahs, banded together by strange promises coming from strange sources.

They awoke noiselessly. This was nothing new. More than once they had been driven from the bamboo by the town's constabulary. Probably Kumatsu had heard the distant whistle of the police, prepared to scurry away.

But the "blind" beggar who whined for coppers in the courtyard was beckoning for them to put their heads together. Evil eyes and blunt noses were close before Kumatsu whispered, in a voice hardly louder than wind in the bamboo, "Nanda! Dare ka . . . somebody in the courtyard . . . with much money!"

One of the others wriggled towards the edge of the thicket, returning to whisper . . . "I cannot see what it is. A big man?"

"A hairy one!"

"Ah!"

Kumatsu breathed, "I saw the money—"

"How much?"

"Millions!"

A thick-set man, a pariah beef-killer for the meatshops, reached into a fold of his tattered blood-clotted rags for a short heavy knife.

"No," Kumatsu muttered. "Not necessary. If we kill, and are caught, we die. But if we take the money, neither the seiyo-jin nor the to-be-bribed priests dare to say a word. We will drink deep, brothers; we will eat until we are red in the face—"

The pariah growled: "One stroke of my knife, and he will drop like a cow. Have I learned my trade for nothing?"

Kumatsu, figuring on the future division of the spoils, whispered: "The knife must be left here. Who knows—this hairy one may be the Personage who is to cause beggars to become lords, of whom we hear so much in these days—and see so little."

The butcher rubbed his chin. "I think all this talk of poor men becoming rich is foolishness," he grunted. "What is the tale? That a man is to come who will show us a sign, as the gods formerly showed

to men, and we will follow him, killing and burning, until the land is ours. It is all as ally as the sign he is to show—a stone which burns with light. I say let us take this one's money, and then we will be rich without waiting!"

"I agree," the "blind" beggar whispered. "Speak softly, O brother, and"—Kumatsu intended to get his full share of the currency—"leave your knife here, under the bamboo, or I will cry out, and then the hairy one will run away . . ."

DAVID slipped the money back into his watch pocket, having gone as far as trying to see how many odd-numbered bills were in the lot. Eight pairs of eyes were on him now. He looked at his watch again. Three o'clock. Why not go to the temple, and wake the priests? He could make a donation to the shrine, and they wouldn't be too angry at being disturbed . . .

He was about to stand up when Kumatsu pursed his thick lips, and very softly, accurately, sweetly, gave the low minor mating call of the ho-to-to-gisu, the death-bird.

David started to turn at this, the first intelligible sound other than what he had thought the whispering of a little breeze in the bamboo. His mouth opened. Instinctively he threw up his hand—and then the butcher was on him. The pariah flung out both arms, trying to bear the white man down. David's upflung left hand caught the outcast off balance, and before the others were able to get into the attack, his right fist smashed forward, cleanly, in a straight punch.

While the pariah swayed, out on his bare feet, David tried to dance back, seeing, all in the same flash of time, the advancing figures. The bench was his undoing. Before he could strike a second blow, he had stumbled over the wooden seat.

The pariahs were on him as he was falling.

For a few seconds the very fury of the attack, made by six men (with Kumatsu hopping around with excitement) gave David protection. He was able to shove off one evil face by jabbing his fist into it. Then fingers found his throat. He tried to kick out, to use his hands. There was hot pain in his shoulder, where a mendicant began to gnaw at him.

Old David, wise to the ways of the Orient, would have been bellowing at the top of his lungs as long as he had breath. Young David fought as he had been taught, in silence. The fingers were horribly busy at his throat. Funny . . . it was all black, with the sky blotted out by bodies, but he saw a red star . . . it changed to blue . . . it whirled, grew larger, began to spatter showers of orange and yellow and coppery-crimson light . . . and then, suddenly, went out.

DAVID'S head was throbbing as if it would burst, as if all the pinwheels and Roman candles he had seen were still seething around inside his skull. He lay perfectly still, eyes closed.

Bit by bit his body became his own, which made him feel no better. Slowly, very slowly, he was able hardly to tell himself what had happened. That his head rested on something soft seemed to indicate that he must have been taken into the old temple. Good of the priests! He felt terrible . . . but he was alive. In a few minutes he'd be back on the Iri . . .

Somebody was talking. The words should have been foreign; was he still imagining things?

"Eyelids flickering," he heard. "Pulse stronger."

Then a different voice, crisp, low — a woman's: "He took a really terrific beating, doctor. If—"

"He's tough. No damage done."

David opened his eyes. He said to the two wobbling figures in white, "Think not?" and then immediately shut his eyes. The light seemed to burn clear through him.

"Drink this."

David muttered—things were going black again, no matter how he fought to remain conscious—"I'm on th' wagon . . . or I'm not . . . or . . ."

It was full five minutes before he opened his eyes, cautiously, head clearer. No temple courtyard. No priests. A shining white room, immaculate. A girl, in white also, standing beside his bed.

"Hello," David said.

"Hello," David said. "Good morning, Mr. Risdon."

"I've seen better," David admitted solemnly. He added, blinking with pain, "I don't want to fool you. The name is Prentice."

The nurse said seriously, "You mean you landed from the Prentice yacht, Mr. Risdon?"

"Suit yourself," David agreed, remembering. "Call me anything you like, but I'll appreciate your getting in touch with the yacht. Just say I've had a clout on the head, and that all bets are off, please. They'll understand."

"I'm sorry," the nurse told him, "but the ship has sailed."

David thought this over. He did it with shut eyes, and it took a long time.

"I'll have the doctor in to see you now," the nurse said, half-alarmed.

David's eyes opened; he looked at her. Little thing . . . brown hair under the cap. He became suddenly weak; he didn't want to be left alone. Nothing like this had ever happened to him. Suppose the doctor chap insisted on some sort of operation; suppose his head had been badly bashed. No way to tell Old David . . . no way to have a friend about.

He said shakily, "I—I wish you'd stay here, please."

"Just lie quietly, Mr. Risdon, and—"

Prentice was not himself. He flared up painfully. "Look here, Miss—"

"Miss James."

"I want you to stay here! I'm not going to be left alone. Why, the chances are that we Prentices make your confounded mission hospital possible! I'll have you made the superintendent, build you a bigger hospital—two hospitals . . . only—"

the fire was gone—"please stay with me!" Even as she said, "The doctor wants to see you," Mary Ann James marked the pallor of David's face . . . a nice face. She had every intention of going herself for the physician, but instead she pressed the bell for another nurse to take the message. She supposed David Risdon—the hospital people had read the letter, the only identifying scrap on him—must be some friend of the Prentices', who had been brought ashore during the night. Some queer-do-well acquaintance, possibly, of young David Prentice, or some friend of a friend's, whose lean, muscular body and pleasant face and manners made up his entire fortune . . . and who was being sent to work at Teh-kang Chong.

She knew the mine; more than once she, with another nurse and doctor, had gone through White Tiger Pass when a native had been too badly injured to be carried down to the mission hospital.

David pleaded, "I feel like the devil. You—would you—hold a fellow's hand? I'm—"

He couldn't explain. There was a lump in his throat, a weakness all over him. If he could just get his head clear and figure things out, it wouldn't be so bad. Old David gone. The Iris gone. Paula gone. Old David's letter identifying him to Carstairs gone. Everything gone, and a chap left on his own, when he felt so terribly rotten.

"Hold on tight," Mary Ann James was saying.

David moved his fingers so that they were about the girl's. He had no sense of disloyalty to Paula; he was merely clutching desperately to the one thing which held him to the earth.

Not until the doctor entered did David speak again. Then, despite the pain, he managed a wry grin. He said to the nurse, "Thanks. I—I won't forget how . . . you helped."

Dr. Anderson examined David swiftly, with the little nurse anticipating his demands. When he had finished, he said, jocularly, "Well, Risdon, you'll live to be in a good many more fights."

"I hope not," David told him.

"Because you've got a hard head."

"That's a family failing. Being hard-headed. May I get up now, doctor?"

"Later. To-night, perhaps."

Miss James said suggestively, "He has been completely out of his head."

"But I feel better now," David broke in. "I ache, but the old head's clear, and I've a good many things to do—"

"They'll wait," Dr. Anderson said briefly.

"We may not be able to supply all of the luxuries of that yacht, but it's better being in the hospital than in a Korean seaport without a cent—"

David flushed. He said quietly, "If you'll just look in my watch pocket you'll find sufficient to meet the hospital's bill and your fee."

The medical missionary smiled, at once sadly and with amusement. "There's a vast difference between fees, Risdon. Some men in the States might have charged a couple of hundred dollars for what we've done—"

A trace of Old David came to his grandfather's face. He said curtly, "The money is in the watch pocket, as I've told you. I'm not a charity patient."

"Will you look, Miss James?"

The girl said, "It was done when the patient was brought in." Nevertheless she went to the wardrobe, opened it, and carefully, slowly went through the borrowed suit he'd worn ashore. She turned to say, "The pocket is empty."

"So that's what they were after," David muttered. "How many letters did you find?"

"One," the nurse replied.

Smilingly, Dr. Anderson said, "I suppose you were robbed, Risdon?"

For an instant, more than before, David looked very like his grandfather; but he controlled whatever he had intended to snap out, substituting, "You've heard that one before?"

"Many times. It's the favorite yarn of beachcombers in the Orient—"

"Thanks."

"No offence meant. You are welcome to stay here a day or so."

"There's some Japanese I've got to see. A man named . . . let's see . . . Fuji—something."

"Fujiwara." Thinking of the wise old Japanese merchant, Anderson said, "Don't tell him the tale about being robbed. Just say you're broke, and he'll feed you until you go up to the mine. By—you haven't said how you got into the fight?"

David said honestly, looking past the doctor to the silent girl in white uniform and cap, "I was waiting at the temple outside. I was bored, and I began to count—"

He paused. What reason to tell the truth, which wouldn't be believed? As a matter of fact, he hadn't really been counting the money at all, but had been looking at the numbers on the bills.

"Stars?" laughed Anderson.

David said slowly, looking away from Miss James, "I was so drunk I don't recall what did happen."

A hospital attendant tapped at the door, the nurse took from him a long sheet of paper. "The police report, doctor," she said.

"Efficient, these Japanese," smiled the medical missionary. "Heaven only knows how many of our boys tell 'em every time we get a patient." He drew out a pen, signed the sheet, and said, "Fill it out, Miss James. I'll look in later."

The hospital had no chart-room. From a hook on the wall the nurse took down David's chart, spread the sheet on it, drew up a chair, and then, pen poised, asked, "Your first name, Mr. Risdon?"

"David."

Dr. Anderson was at the door. He said, "Same name as the golden Prentices, eh? Must have been confusing. Miss James, how'd you like to go back to the States on a boat like the Iris?"

"Stranger things than that have happened," David remarked.

"If I ever do travel on a yacht," Mary Ann James said, "it'll be while I'm nursing some person who won't give me enough time off to get on deck—"

David leaned forward, "I would," he told her.

"When you own a craft like the Iris," Dr. Anderson chuckled, about to shut the door behind him, "don't forget to invite Miss James, Risdon."

David understood exactly how the doctor felt. He grinned as he lay back on the pillows, and, when the door was closed, he looked at the girl. Her expression was a mixture: pity, repugnance, a little interest to lighten the dough, all masked with nurse's calmness.

"Nationality?" she asked.

"American."

"Condition of life?"

David said, "Right now, rotten."

She did not smile then as she explained, "By that, the Japanese mean 'married or single,' Mr. Risdon."

"Not married."

"Nearest relative?"

"Grandfather."

Mary Ann asked, "His name?"

Bitting down the truth, Dave said that was hardly a lie: "The same as mine."

The nurse wrote down, "David Risdon," and went on, "Duration of stay in Korea?"

David made up his mind. He believed now that Carstairs, the astute manager of Teh-kang Chong, would not only laugh at the explanation of what had happened, but David's identity, but probably would not hire him after David told the story—and that might turn out to be a serious affair.

It came to him also that if he managed to get in touch with the Iris and Old David, his grandfather would experience disappointment, no matter how much he valued the fact to the younger man. Paula, naturally, would feel the same way, although, surprisingly, David thought of Old David first.

So that was settled. He was going to

a he-man and it was to be vastly more serious than had been planned. No favors from Carstairs. No easy jobs. Well, what of it? He was in trim, save for a bump on the head.

Therefore, he said shortly, "How long'll I be in Korea? How can I tell? I may not be taken on at the mine—"

"They always need guards at clean-up—"

"And I might be fired at the end of a month."

Mary Ann glanced at his thin brown—and smooth—fingers. She said, "Have you ever done hard work?"

David said, "Let's get along with the inquisition."

The matter of passport came up. Mary Ann assured him that Fujimura, if treated with politeness, could make the necessary official arrangements.

"How'll I talk to him?" David demanded. "I don't speak Japanese."

"He speaks some English." The girl asked a final question, wrote down the answer, and then said thoughtfully, "We might have someone from the hospital go with you to see Fujimura-san—"

David was feeling better. He said promptly, "Fine. That's good of you. When'll we start?"

"One of the boys 'has English,'" Mary Ann said severely, "and he can . . ." She began to smile. "Of course I'll go," she told Dave. "If I didn't, one of the other girls would, anyhow."

Insight made Dave say, "Because I'm a white man?"

"You wait until you're up at Teh-kang Chong, and see how lonely you get! It's no fun, crossing White Tiger, but any nurse is glad to get away, to talk with somebody different—"

"I suppose," David said involuntarily, "you have a—a friend up at the mine? Why on earth had he said such a banal thing? Why have said it at all? What earthly difference did it make?"

"They're all my friends," Mary Ann said, folding up the report sheet. "Of course, I don't know any of the guards. They and the others, the engineers and chemists and assistants and office people, are at different messes, you know."

"I see," David said humbly, "I'm one jump better than a native miner, and one jump less than a clerk?"

"That's it," the girl admitted.

"It's a good thing you're democratic!" He was unprepared for the swiftness with which she stood up. She was, he saw, no taller than five feet—five feet one or two at the most.

"Poor people are always democratic," Mary Ann said sharply. "And that's better than—"

She stopped.

"Than hanging about rich friends?" David asked slyly.

"Yes!"

The role pleased Dave. He said, "There are good pickings—"

Mary Ann said scornfully, "Anyone with half an eye can see that! The pickings must have been wonderful. You've done very well: landed in Syung-hing, the end of nowhere, without one copper rin in your pocket. You're in Korea, stranded, and not even sure you'll get a job and have enough to eat!" She reached in her uniform pocket, pulled out a small billfold, and stripped off a Japanese gold yen note. "And," she concluded savagely, "you may think it's funny, but being broke in the Orient is no joke!"

She was out of the room with the same motion that dropped the currency on the bed's coverlet—before David could get his surprised mouth closed.

He ejaculated, "Wow!" and then, "Well!" and finally, "So now you know, Dave, my boy." Then he began to laugh—laughter so shakingly deep that his head began to throb anew, and, weaker than seemed right, he was forced to lie back heavily.

What had made her give him the money, so suddenly, so abruptly? Only one thing: sheer lovely decency—a hand to a chap who was completely down on his luck.

"I'll buy her a hospital," David thought as he began to drowse. It came to him that two hospitals might be better. One near New York—a girl had a right to see plays to get to town—the other in the South, where she could escape the cold and seek the sun. It would be, David figured, staring at the ceiling, an even better notion to build the institutions for her. Call them the Risdon Hospitals. They ought to go over the plans at lunch, each day, and discuss operating rooms and charity wards. That'd be fun to do.

Half asleep, his next fantasy was that the running of a great hospital might be too much for one small nurse. He began to wonder how she'd look in something other than a stiffly starched uniform. Then sharply, he remembered Paula and the Iris . . . he'd probably wake up on the ship, with morning coffee steaming beside him . . . Paula on deck, waiting . . .

As the day wore on, he dozed and woke. His lunch tray was uninteresting—another nurse brought it to him—and slowly the adventure began to lose charm. The devil with Teh-kang Chong! This wasn't at all the sort of affair Old David had intended for him . . . Or was it? His grandfather's words: "You don't know anything, rise again and again to trouble him."

He slid out of bed and, going to the wardrobe, took cigarettes and matches from his—or Jorgensen's—coat. While he smoked in comfort, he heard village sounds, as yet undeterminable to him; the throbbing of hourglass drums, the eternal tapping of women's ironing sticks as they smoothed their master's garments to shining whiteness, the long-drawn-out cries of vendors, some crying their wares in Korean, some in Japanese . . .

The cigarette end was rubbed out in the saucer beneath the bedside water glass when Miss James returned. She said immediately: "You aren't supposed to smoke here, Mr. Risdon. Dr. Anderson will look you over before we bring your supper tray and then if he says so, you can go to Fujimura's."

David thought of something, and his brown cheeks became red. "I can dress myself, too," he said.

If his face was warm, something happened to Mary's eyes. "How marvellous," she informed him sarcastically. She was forced to add, with warmth in her own face, "Don't you think we have attendants here, as well as at home?" and, "Anyhow, you're just another case, you know."

"Of course."

"The girl went on hastily: "In the past, I suppose you've always borrowed somebody's valet?"

"The only time I ever borrowed a man—"

"Oh, I see. I should have said 'a man,' shouldn't I?"

"—was," David continued placidly enough, "when Stubby Chase—"

"The one they called the millionaire baby?"

"Stub couldn't help that. Well, he was at our place, and—"

"You mean you were at his place?"

"Suit yourself," agreed Dave. "Anyhow, we were somewhere, and we were all a bit noisy, and finally Stub—"

"I hardly think the story will be interesting," Mary Ann told him. "Open your mouth." She slid a thermometer between David's lips, and, reaching down, counted his pulse for half a minute. Then she said: "I suppose you know everybody who is considered somebody?"

David made the best noise he could, which might have meant anything.

"Do you know the girl who always has her picture in the home newspapers? Paula Rogers?"

David nodded.

"She's beautiful," Mary Ann said.

As she removed the glass tube, David demanded, "What made you mention Paula?"

"You call her Paula?"

"It's been done. You haven't answered my question yet."

The nurse said: "When you were unconscious—"

"What'd I say about her?"

"Nothing. Just her name, over and over." The nurse shook down the thermometer. "You've got a good deal to learn about the Orient, Mr. Risdon, and here comes your first lesson: we white people, both men and women, talk over whatever happens, and whatever is said or done or left undone. You never dare permit another person to know even what you really think. A dozen different meanings will be gossiped into it. Why, before you'd been in the hospital ten minutes, the hospital decided that you must have left the ship because she—Miss Rogers—"

had—"

"Decided I'd made a rotten husband?"

"Umm. That was before I—we had you in bed, and found the letter to the mine."

David was keenly amused. This was fun. He demanded: "What would you do if you had to make a choice like that, Miss James? If you were very wealthy, and you liked somebody who wasn't and—"

A second time he was unprepared for vehemence.

"I think that's a nasty thing to talk about," Mary Ann told him.

"Sorry. I didn't mean it that way. I was just following your instructions about Oriental behavior, and—well, talking. Forget it."

"When you've been given permission by Dr. Anderson, I'll have one of the boys take you to Fujimura's."

"I don't want one of the boys to take me," Dave snapped.

"Have it your own way."

"Then you'll show me how to get there."

Mary Ann said, "I'm going to be busy."

In the same brisk voice, David returned, "I see. About the money; I'll have my bank reimburse you as soon as possible."

"Your bank!"

David rose up in bed; he half shouted, "Look here! I'm—I'm not trying to—to—"

Oh, go jump in the lake!"

The girl's chin was high, her eyes, brown and warm, on a level with David's as he sat up in the high hospital bed. He had, strangely and curiously, the sudden swift wish to pull her to him, with her lips raised as they were, and— Was that the Old David in him? Was he beginning to feel those things his grandfather thought were not in him, that he was too much a gentleman to feel? Was he learning?

"In Syung-hing," Mary Ann James informed him coldly, "we haven't any lake. Isn't that a shame? You've always been accustomed to have nice lakes, with water lilies and highballs and servants; and the

best we can offer you here is a common bay surrounded by native huts."

David started to say, "The bay'll do for you, and I hope a couple of sharks bite you," but he said earnestly, "Why are we so able to anger each other, without really meaning to do it?"

The corners of the little nurse's mouth twitched, her face was prim, as she said calmly, "I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea. What a pleasant walk we'll have, going through the village to see Fujimura-san."

She was gone before David realised what she meant.

AS on the evening when David had left the Iris, the long soft twilight blurred the jagged outlines of Syung-hing. The temple bell to the making of which the women of the town and the surrounding hills had brought their scant store of gold and silver to be cast into the metal as a sacrifice to the Tiger Devil of the sky, sent its booming roar with the wailing whimpering overtones to smother every other sound.

When the final reverberation ended in a long shuddering moan, Mary Ann, cape over uniform, head bare in the warm evening, said: "That's the baby crying for its mother."

"Local superstition?" asked David, eating very little.

"Sssh! It was a girl baby—it would be, in the Orient. When the time came to make the bell, every woman was supposed to give gold coin or metal . . . they all have a tiny bit—"

"And if they didn't, I suppose their names were posted at the temple as hoarders, and the devils came down and flew away with them?"

"After you've lived in Korea longer, you won't laugh! Anyhow, there was one widow who hadn't any gold. She was so poor that she gave up the one thing she valued . . . Stand still. Listen."

Her hand went to David's arm. They stood in silence.

From somewhere in the hills came an answer to the whimper of the now silent bell, soft, comforting, very sweet.

"That's the mother replying," Mary Ann said.

"It's an echo of some kind."

Mary Ann stood very straight. "I wonder" was all she said.

They walked ahead, under a cumbersome gate, heavily beamed and strengthened with massive and badly-rusted iron sheathing, strips, and bolts, and set in a solid arch of grey granite blocks, which was roughly carved with barbaric figures of men and beasts. On the other side was the market-place.

Syung-hing at evening . . . Stately top-knotted Korean gentlemen, standing about doing nothing, in dazzling white clothing, washed daily in the sewage canal. Pig-tailed boys and unveiled little girls.

In the shops, chickens and eggs and black muddled beef were offered for sale; vegetables and Japanese silks and brocades, green and red slippers for the women, paper-woven sandals for mourners.

Mary Ann said quietly, "If you look inside, you can see how Koreans live. The places are heated by hot air passing under the floor; the fireplace is at one end, the chimney at the other. That's why they all cook outside—"

"Who's the big boy with rope?" David asked.

"Don't watch him," the girl pleaded sharply. "You haven't lived here long enough to learn what white men must learn;

to leave the Koreans alone, even if we don't approve . . ."

"What's he doing with the rope?"

David was still watching the burly man intent on stalking an underfed cur. At the moment the man made his cast, swinging the rope which was to catch and choke the snarling animal until it boiled in the stewpot. David grabbed up a chunk of sun-dried mud and hurled it truly. The dog yelped and ran; the noose missed, its coils falling to the packed earth.

"Now you've done it," Mary Ann said. "Keep walking."

"Hanged if I like that man. He looks to me like a good punch on the nose would do him a lot of good."

"Do your fighting when I'm somewhere else," Mary Ann told him briefly. "He's nothing. Come along."

The meat-killer was staring at the white man. In no time at all, the white-clad bystanders, blank of face, had pushed forward, closing in tightly.

Mary Ann snapped out, "Achi Ike!" to get them out of the way, speaking in Japanese as a reminder that there were overlords in Korea. To David she whispered, "The Koreans are brave only when they think somebody is afraid, or when there are a lot of them. In a minute a Japanese policeman'll be along, and they'll leave us alone."

David said, "I still don't like the big fellow." As the pariah shuffled forward, shoulders low, David added, "And I don't like poundmen. They may be all right, but it's a foul profession. That's why we founded a lot of humane societies—"

The girl—knowing trouble when she saw it—was both frightened and annoyed. She said, "And of course you gave all the money?"

Eyes on the pariah, David said, "It wasn't much. Couple of hundred thousand . . . If he comes any closer, I'm going to take a knock at him. He might have been one of the boys who had a good time with me at the temple—"

The pariah did not recognise this white man as the one he had helped rob; but with the money securely hidden in his kenneled, he felt very brave. It was not often a man of his class was allowed to play an important role before gentlemen. And he was the fellow to do it, too!

In addition, the pariah realised that whatever happened, every Korean would swear by the gods and devils that the white man had started the trouble. He slipped his hand inside his bloodstained jacket, and began to make ceaseless little cat-steps towards the pair who stood against the wall.

"Now you've done it," Mary Ann said.

"Done what?"

"We might've kept walking—"

With that, the girl cracked into dialect. The reply which the pariah made interested every native, and brought a hot flush to her face, turning it crimson to the eyes.

David said: "He needs manners, doesn't he?"

Before Mary Ann could answer him, or retort scathingly to the pariah, he stepped forward. Not the nurse, not the bystanders, not the pariah himself, had expected such swift action. The killer's short slaying knife was only half out of his jacket when David's fist lifted him from his feet and sent him smashing down into the ring of white-clad Koreans.

"And that," said John, "is that," David grinned.

"Is it?" Mary Ann said. "Oh, you fool!"

David said quietly: "This's a fine country. Hospitable, isn't it? But it's all very simple. I'm going to make five yards through the centre, and while I'm doing it, you skirt right end and get back to the hospital. Can you run?"

"You'll be dead before you hit the ground!"

David said: "Nonsense. I'll go through this line like a knife through butter—"

"That's the way their knives'll go through you! Don't you move!" She pointed towards the great gate, as if she saw a little policeman running up. But the stratagem failed. Some of the Koreans turned, but none moved away. Instead, the ring came closer, silently and ominously.

David, alert and ready, found himself able to ascertain that some of the natives were advancing only because others did, and that these others were scattered here and there in the crowd, which was growing every minute. One of the Koreans, dressed exactly like his companions, growled some word which marked him as a leader.

David instantly lifted his finger. "Guy," he began, "if you want—"

The taller Korean stopped. His olive-skinned face drained of color. He stared at the white man, who was still speaking, and then said, as if repeating the sound David had made, "Kal!"

After that, he bowed deeply, turned, snarled a word of command which started his companions away from the mud-plastered hut and the two white people, held out empty hands, and shuffled forward, howling at each pace.

He began to whisper to David.

David shook his head blankly.

The Korean became excited, until the girl replied to his stream of questions; then, bowing deeper than before, he began to back away.

Not until then did a rotund Japanese policeman come trotting down the street. It took only a moment for Mary Ann to pacify him; she explained that the Koreans only wanted assurance that a sick man, in the hospital, was recovering.

THEY were walking southward again when David said: "Do they think I'm an incarnation of somebody? What happened?"

Mary Ann sniffed. "You're the luckiest person I ever met," she said. "I—"

"Of course I am," David chuckled. "I've always wanted to take a knock at a poundman, and I've done it. I've scared away a bunch of natives by merely lifting my finger. And best of all, here we are, walking along together—"

"Have you really got it?" the girl asked voice low.

"Got what?"

"What they said you had."

"Meanless?"

Mary Ann looked up at his bland amused face. "You might tell me," she said soberly. "I can keep quiet. And," swiftly, "I think you came down to Syung-hing from the north, and you never were on the ship at all, and you understand Japanese and Korean—"

"If I did," David broke in, "I'd probably have punched that ugly chap a bit harder. He got under your skin, didn't he. Maybe I'll go back and slap him down again—"

"You could, and he wouldn't dare lift a hand to you . . . Kal!"

"The name," he told her, "is David. Not Guy. You call a chap 'guy'—unless it's his name—when you don't care for him particularly."

"You needn't treat me like a fool!"

They were passing under another gate, on which a winged tiger had been fashioned, all teeth and flaming eyes.

David touched her arm. "Why do you say that?" he demanded.

"You know what 'kai' means."

"I can't learn any younger," he suggested. "Tell me."

Mary Ann said uneasily, "Who are you?"

"You've already told me. Dave Risdon, busted, and on the way to Teh-kang Chong to earn an honest living."

"You're not! You're going up to Teh-kang Chong, I suppose. To make trouble. You're 'kai' . . . a Red. That's why the Koreans backed away and bowed down—why Chyol-an, the teacher who leads them on here, came fawning to you. You came down from Vladivostok, and because you're an American instead of a Russian, you are not so much under suspicion."

David began to grin broadly. He wished Old David might have heard his grandson—who was booked, willy-nilly, to become the second Old David himself some day—being accused of having revolutionary ideas.

Mary Ann said sternly: "You needn't laugh. You are. You're the person the pariahs and beggars and robbers and the students have been waiting for—the man who'll make all men equal, and divide the land and the gold. And although we went through your clothes at the hospital, you've still got it—"

"Girl," said David, "be careful. I like you, and I've been hoping you liked me; but you shouldn't be so flattering. As a matter of fact, it's you who have it. As far as being a Red's concerned, I'm no more a Red than I'm—"

"A millionaire?"

David stared at her. He flicked his lips, once, said: "Who started this, anyhow? Let's talk about something else."

Mary Ann James paused; she looked up again, steadily, as she said: "Will you give me your word that you're what you seem: Dave Risdon, on his way to get a job as a mine guard at Teh-kang Chong?"

There was no reason why David should not have agreed, but he found himself saying: "How much farther is it to this Fujimura's house?"

"Fujimura's . . . then you are masquerading?"

He laughed airily.

"I wish I'd found your horrible magical gem," Mary Ann told him bitterly. "I'd burn it. Then you couldn't make a lot of trouble—"

"So I've turned into a smuggler now, have I?"

"I don't care what you are!"

David asked, "Is that why you want to know so much about me?" and before she could retort, he continued, rather pleased with himself, "Just what is this magical gem?"

"You needn't think I don't know. I do. Everyone in Korea's heard about it. I told you there are no secrets in the Orient. It's a great jewel . . . so bright that it will illuminate a room at night. You can read by its light—"

"I've seen a good many large gems," David broke in; "but your fable sounds like one of those things that rise out of the hat when the wand is waved—"

"Of course you've seen all the magnificent stones," Mary Ann sniffed. "I'm only surprised you didn't say you owned them." She swung back to what was in her mind, to the thing which had already been discussed many times at the hospital. "You will use the gem to fool the natives. They're

waiting for the 'sign'—the gem of light. You and your friends don't care about the natives. I see what you're after now: the gold at Teh-kang Chong. Tell me you aren't going to try and get it!"

David said slowly: "Your wiles are too much for me, Miss James. For the first time to-night, you're right. He tugged at an imaginary moustache as he growled, "The gold will be mine, fair lady!"

"Will it? Don't you think I'm going to tell Mr. Carstairs who you are?"

"Who am I?"

"The man who'll use the Korean miners as catspaws!"

David shifted ground. He said, "When it comes down to facts, Miss James, all you know about me is that you found a letter asking the manager at Teh-kang Chong to give me a job."

"I don't even need to write to Mr. Carstairs. I'll merely tell Fujimura-san what I suspect, and you'll spend the rest of your time in Korea in gaol—"

"Have they a comfortable one?"

Mary Ann did not answer. They walked on, side by side. Neither spoke until they reached a house built in Japanese style, and then it was the girl who asked the maidservant if Fujimura-san would see them.

IN the quiet cool room of Fujimura, David had nothing to do save look about him. The old Japanese, in greyish unornamented kimono, knelt comfortably on a flat cushion. Mary Ann appeared at complete ease on her own smaller cushion, but David's long legs were not made for kneeling.

The old Japanese and the young white woman spoke together earnestly. Once Mary Ann asked David for the letter addressed to Carstairs at Teh-kang Chong. Fujimura looked at it, face impassive. David wondered whether the old man was reading it or the nurse had offered it merely as testimony.

David was a long way from the Iris. He wondered what Old David was thinking; what Paula thought . . . she, like the Iris, seemed to have become hazy. It was with something like astonishment that David forced himself to remember that Paula was a real person, who had told him she loved him. She would be—what was that word so seldom used any more?—true.

In him, he was beginning to believe, the blood of Old David must be running more deeply than he had supposed could be possible. Men shouldn't inherit desires as they did money; was his heritage to be more than the solid Prentice millions? Otherwise, why did he watch the girl, kneeling on her cushion, whose earnest words were obviously pleading his case before the astute old Japanese merchant?

David was honest enough with himself to realise that he wasn't interested in her presentation, but that he was observing her vital beauty, the eagerness of her hand motions, the way her head lifted when she answered what must have been a shrewdly put question.

This business of thinking things out was new to David. As yet, everything was chaotic—Paula, the leaving of the Iris, the attack in the temple courtyard, the disappearance of his money and confidential note to Carstairs, and now this girl and how she made him feel.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted. Old Fujimura nodded, and then tapped the end of his fan against the matting. The clicking sound brought maidservants; and the three, old man and young, and the girl, were drinking greenish tea in which salted

cherry blossoms floated. All three were silent.

When they were bowed from the house—Fujimura remaining on his cushion—Mary Ann said: "There! It is settled."

David, nodding, lit a cigarette. "Thanks. It took a bit of argument."

"Fujimura agreed to send you up to Teh-kang Chong. He wanted you to stay at his house instead of walking back with me, but I wanted to tell you, alone, what I'm going to do."

David slipped his hand under her arm. She seemed to be gathering her words, to say exactly what she meant; she made no effort to pull away. The moon had swung up by now, riding high in the clouds above White Tiger Pass; but David did not see it, or remember what it had done to him, and to Paula, before. He saw nothing but the soft oval of the girl's face.

He could hear Old David's politely contemptuous jeer: "Good heavens, can't you even kiss a nurse—a girl as pretty as this one—without qualms?"

His arm dropped from Mary Ann's and went about her shoulders.

She didn't resist. As at Fujimura's, her head lifted as she explained, "I'm going to write to Mr. Carstairs at Teh-kang Chong, saying that if there is any trouble there, he must open the other pole I'll enclose, and then he will know whom—"

David's arm tightened as she paused. He was tired to death hearing about letters, about people telling other people this and that. His grandfather had written two of them, and little good either would do, except to get him callouses on his hands. Letters were all rubbish, but Mary Ann James, in his arms, was real and alive.

"And," Mary Ann repeated, "then he will know whom to blame."

"He can blame anyone he likes," David said slowly.

He had one glimpse of startled eyes, and then he kissed her.

For one brief instant her lips were soft and responsive against his. Then they became taut and angry; but his arms tightened and he held her close.

The moon was on her face when he allowed her to draw back, breathless. She tore out of his arms. For a dozen paces she ran towards the village, stumblingly; then she turned: "You . . . Oh, you—you . . ."

"Me!" David called. "Me! The adventurer. The masquerader. The smuggler. The Red. That's who kissed you! And you liked it!"

She stood staring at him; but when he took the first step towards her she started to run desperately up the lane. David followed her, but lost her at the first turn. Search as he might, he found every black shadow empty. When he swooped down jubilantly on a kneeling, blind masseuse about to begin her nightly round of the village, and jerked the woman to her feet he knew he might as well return to the house of the Japanese merchant, and that his first kiss was undoubtedly his last.

KATO FUJIMURA had remained on his cushion; he was smoking his seventh pipeful of silky Japanese tobacco—three pinches to a pipe—when David returned to the calm, bare room. Fujimura carefully handed the slender smoking implement to a maidservant, who knocked out the contents in a brazier, and waited until it was filled again and lit with a coal before looking up.

He saw a flushed young man standing before him, and smiled.

"So she ran away?" he asked, in excellent English.

If the younger man's face had been flushed, it became the hot scarlet of the tree peony's blossom. "I thought you didn't speak English," David said.

"In any language," smiled the Japanese, "the expression on a man's face when he looks at a maid he desires is the same. I have been called dumb, but I am not yet blind." He picked up the letter to Carstairs at the mine, and read it thoughtfully. "Your name is David Raddon, and you are to be employed as a guard. All very regular. Inasmuch as the Fujimura family sell supplies to Teh-kang Chong, you have come to me so that I will send you up to the mine. Again very regular. You have no passport, which is not quite so regular, is it?"

"No, sir."

Fujimura rubbed his hands together; the old skin gave out a sound like dried parchment. "By the way," he asked suavely, "have you brought the glowing diamond?"

David believed that there was but one safe thing to say, as he stood before this canny old man, and he said it. "No, sir."

"Ah . . . that is too bad. I should like to see it. I am an old man, and there are not many things I have not seen. You are sure you have not the miraculous jewel? I would pay you enough."

David remained silent.

"In Syung-hing," the Japanese went on lightly, "there are no secrets—not to me, at all events. You lost the diamond when the beggars attacked you at the temple? Is that what happened?"

"How did you know?"

"The abbot told me."

"That I had lost the jewel?" David asked.

"He said nothing of gems. He is a sanctified man, who has many times experienced the bitter ceremony of purification. He merely mentioned that a white man had been half murdered by temple beggars . . . and beggars are always ready to embrace a new faith, especially if they are told it will enrich themselves. When—smiling—"a hint of magic enters into the matter, it becomes irresistible. Are you an expert in gems, Mr. Raddon?"

"No."

"A doctor, perhaps?"

"I am not. Why?"—David ventured his own query—"do you ask?"

"Magic is the brother of medicine," the Japanese said. "So you did not lose the jewel at the temple?"

David said soberly, "I couldn't lose what I never had."

Fujimura settled back on his cushions. He stared at the younger man so long, so intently, that David became restless. Not until this had been accomplished did the Japanese merchant say, "Sit down. What was the name of your father?"

"Raddon."

"I see. And the name of your grandfather?"

"Raddon." David repeated the word with just the proper touch of resentment in his voice.

Over the shrewd black eyes came the film of remembrances, and Fujimura said, as if his lips repeated what his head was thinking, "It has been a long time since I spoke with—a David."

"My father"—this was true, David was positive—"was never in Korea, sir."

"Your honorable father would not be the only man called David in the world," the Japanese said. He returned to his inquisition with, "You are not what you wish

to appear, Mr. Raddon. You say 'sir' naturally, not subserviently, because I am an old man, and you wish to show me respect and honor. Mah! Why must we fence? Who are you?"

David's uneasiness grew. Why not tell the Japanese? Old David had intimated strongly that Kato Fujimura was a person to be trusted.

But before he had reached what must have proved the ultimate decision, Fujimura, with the impatience of age, said, "Have it your own way. You are simply the fellow from whom a girl ran away."

"Yes, sir," David agreed.

The decision had been made for him again. Good; he would abide by it.

The old merchant remained with eyes closed so long that David wondered if he had fallen asleep on his cushion. The maidservant waited to hand him a filled pipe; but Fujimura's lax hand made no effort to reach for it. His eyes popped open as he rolled off a sentence in purring Japanese, and, immediately after, "Is it agreed?"

"I don't understand Japanese," David said.

Fujimura fairly shot at him. "Then how did you know I was speaking in Japanese or Korean?"

"Your servant seemed to understand what you were saying."

"Hah! You are not a complete fool. Did you understand?"

"Not a word, sir."

"I see. Then I must explain. What I said was, 'Be ready to start in the morning.'"

David nodded; he said, "Thank you, sir. I'm glad you don't believe all the nonsense about me."

Sternly, Fujimura raised his finger. "I believe all, and nothing," he said. "I warn you, Mr. Raddon: I am letting you go to Teh-kang Chong because it will be a good place to watch you, provided you are what rumor indicates: a man ready to cause trouble to the government. Who will watch you? I tell you this much only: men who have little love for foreigners."

"That is one reason I will arrange for you to go to the mine. There is another reason: when you sit there I seem to see a ghost of my youth—a man who was my friend, but who has forgotten me. In those days the world was not mad. There was no talk of supremacy and gold, gold, gold . . . Yes, gold made him forget me!"

David bit his tongue. He almost said: "He didn't forget you at all, sir."

Fujimura cracked, "Stand up!" and then, "Your name!"

David said quietly: "I've told you, sir."

Shrugging his narrow shoulders, the old merchant sighed. "So," he agreed. "I do not quite understand this matter. It comes to me—shrewdly—that you are not a mine guard."

"Not yet, sir."

"But you will be, if I send you to Teh-kang Chong. A guard of what? A single shipment of gold? Do I not know that Prentice-san's ship was here—without sending so much as a message to his friend of the past? Has that Wise Old One heard that there is trouble brewing here, among the Korean fools, among our young men who have not thoughts of conquest for which gold is needed . . . his gold? Has he been informed that the bearded barbarians in the north circulate stories about equality and magic jewels and wealth for everyone, even the very pariahs in the temple courtyards? Has he heard these things, my son?"

David said nothing. Had Old David

heard? Was he giving to him, Young David, a chance to fight for what belonged to them both? It was a new thought, and an unbinding one.

"If he has not," the merchant went on, "and if you are his man of investigation, I am repaying a debt to him. You have heard. Trouble is coming, and it will involve the mine owned by you Americans. If, on the other hand, you are a person about whom this trouble will revolve, I have actually told you nothing you do not already know. However, if you are what you seem to wish to appear—a simple fellow hoping for a job, a mine guard, a man who runs after women—then perhaps I have talked vastly too much."

David blurted, "I—you see, sir—I—"

"And if, lastly," Fujimura said gravely, "you have a secret to keep, let your lips remain closed."

Clapping his hands, the Japanese gave a brief order to his household. "Katakata-huketa zo . . . keep him safely in this house."

FUJIMURA had not the slightest intention of allowing the reticent and mysterious stranger to roam about Syung-hing, either now or in the morning. His retainers, sturdy men who had seen military service, would see to that.

This myth of a miraculous precious stone, at the sight of which the overlords of the land would fall prostrate, was worth investigation. Fujimura's fortune had been founded on chance, by accident: the meeting up with a young white man, when Kato was himself young, at a drinking bout in Osaka had seen the start of it. That man who was now as old as Fujimura, and travelled about on a fine ship, and was supposed to be the richest man in the world, Fujimura's friend—Old David.

There must be some good reason why Prentice had failed to visit him. If the harbor-master had been guilty of refusing permission (it never occurred to Fujimura that he should go out to the Iris: that would have been against all precedent), there would be a new director of the port before the week was out.

While the final bowls of tea were prepared, Kato Fujimura again thought of the magical diamond. There was no accounting for the fable in Japanese lore. Fine gems were sometimes offered to Shinto shrines, but these were usually in the form of beads: jasper, serpentine, crystal. None had any mysterious "glow."

So while the young man slept, his clothing would be carefully searched—and Fujimura intended to see that David slept well. The old man reached into a drawer of the tobacco stand and drew out a tiny snuff bottle fashioned of carved red jade. Very delicately he unscrewed the top, and with the little ivory spoon fastened to the stopper—jade also, but black—he scooped up a bit of the powdery substance.

He sprinkled a very small amount on the top of his own bowl of tea, and then dropped much more into David's bowl. Smiling, and handing the tea to David, he said, "A dreamless sleep, my son."

David undressed rapidly, in a smaller room to the side of the house, experiencing for the first time the valeting of one of the Japanese maidservants. He dived for the heap of silk quilts on the floor as fast as he could. After tucking in the coverings and making a track of insect powder about the bed, the girl hurried away.

Almost at once David was asleep. In the house of Kato Fujimura there began a curious business. The old merchant

expressed the wish to see his sons. From different wings of the rambling house they came, listening in silence to what the Honorable Elder had to say. He did not ask their opinion; he laid down flatly what he himself thought.

To hear him speak, there was no question in his mind. The white man was obviously a trouble-maker. He needed to be observed. Soma Fujimura, the youngest son—a man of thirty-five—was in need of a vacation; good, the things might be commended. In the morning, Soma was to go as guide to Teh-kang Chong. He knew the way well. He was to report what, if anything, took place.

The next thing, Kato Fujimura announced, was an examination of the white man's clothing. He glanced at one of the other sons, who, bowing, slipped silently from the room, returning with David's clothes. Inch by inch they were gone over. The soles of his shoes were slit; the heels were removed.

The lights burned late in the house, and the rape-seed oil needed replenishing again and again.

Over one more thing did old Fujimura ponder; the Japanese gold yen note. He looked at it so long—single evidence of any kind on the white man—that his sons began to wonder, and then he demanded his book of accounts. When he discovered that the number of the note coincided with one of many given the mission hospital, he was not pleased. Was he supporting men who treated the sick, or was he financing those people who would take away the Fujimura fortune?

Then, half aloud, he grunted, "Or did the little woman give it to him? That also is possible; and yet he does not look like the sort of man who would take a woman's money. Perhaps that is why he is more dangerous than we think. As to these looks of his, I must be mistaken. I have been engrossed with the thought of the Old One, my friend, who came and left without calling me, and therefore I supposed this younger man has a similar appearance to David-san. . . . I must be growing old."

Later, he stood staring down at the face of Old David's grandson. David, well drugged, continued to sleep heavily.

THE hill path grew steeper, until at last Soma Fujimura dismounted and, as the white man was already doing, began to lead his shaggy Korean pony. Hot sun hammered down, and David found himself wishing for the jungle they had left, where the way was dark and cool; where the ground was wet, and furry shapes slipped from tree to tree. Faintly retainers were following Soma at some distance.

Pointing upward, Fujimura's youngest son said "Top is soon."

"Much more of this, and I'd be coked," admitted the white man.

Soma Fujimura scowled; he asked, "Coked? Cork? Is what?"

"Done in," David explained. "Tired. You can't speak as much English as your father."

"Have never in America been," Soma Fujimura said. Grinning politely, he added, "Too bad for me."

The trail continued upward, becoming hardly more than a narrow shelf in the volcanic rock, with a sheer drop below. They seemed to be approaching a blank wall several hundred feet high, above which David saw only sky, with one wheeling bird watching them. The rock was hot in color and to the touch, and was becoming smooth as glass.

David said what he was thinking. "How

did they get machinery over this pass? Isn't there any other way to the mine?"

"Can other side come," Soma Fujimura told him, not turning. "From Yellow Sea. No other way from Syung-hing. Very sorry."

What had appeared to be a solid wall was in reality one great slab of mountain, possibly the old volcano neck. It was split asunder in the middle, leaving a place four or five feet wide; and on each side spikes had been driven. Across these were strips of wood, forming a fifty-foot-long bridge which, under the weight of the party, shook and trampled.

It was dark in the narrow chasm. David managed to turn and look back at Syung-hing village huddled against the shore, with the Sea of Japan stretching out to grey infinity. Then he was on the far side of the rock.

Southward ran the grim, uncrossable barrier of the mountains. North, below the continuation of the impenetrable range, was the Yalu River, a streak of pale color, with Pai-ku-san, the Long White Mountain, beyond. Westward was a long ravine, ending in a narrow green valley, in which stood minute buildings, white, orderly, planned by white men; Teh-kang Chong, the fabulously rich gold mine belonging to Old David.

Carved on the shining rock was a fantastic figure of a winged white tiger. As old Fujimura's son passed this object of Korean veneration which gave the pass its name, he said, "Only tiger of the sky with wings can cross mountain; if bashi—walk place—go away."

David didn't doubt that without the bridge through and across the chasm it would be impossible to get over the White Tiger Range. The rows of stupendous cliffs spread north and south for miles, with jagged teeth of peaks jutting upward either out of glassy rock domes or out of soft and treacherously angled patches of rotten-looking yellow rubble. The near-black treeless gullies were dead-ends, in some of which sulphurous steam rose from hissing vents, making noises like the snarls of tigers. This steam fell back to the rock to become slimy green trickles. The crags and pinnacles and rugged westward slopes dropped sheerly into one narrow valley, from the opposite side of which, barely visible from the pass, water fell like a long silver needle almost to the toy-sized roofs of Teh-kang Chong.

The way down became a series of cut-backs and zig-zags, difficult and tortuous, like walking along the ribs of a rocky skeleton.

They were half a mile from Teh-kang Chong when Fujimura pointed down the trail. David saw something human approaching—something which turned out to be a Korean, with whom the Japanese exchanged a curt word. The native was a hunter, with blue canvas-like skirt and green cotton turban coiled twice about glossy hair, the torn and frayed ends hanging over the forehead.

Soma Fujimura said, after the native had continued upwards towards Syung-hing, "Very nice man. He go Syung-hing. Man at mine—how you say?—too much sick-hurt."

From this David gathered that somebody at Teh-kang Chong had been hurt, and he surprised the Japanese by beginning to whistle.

The buildings of the mine were all close together except one, which, small and of concrete, with barred windows over which steel shutters could be fitted, stood alone on a slight rise about a hundred feet from the others.

As the little party reached the easy path

to the valley bottom, Fujimura pointed and said, "You good boy, you stay that house."

David asked, "Why?"

"Number one guard sleep all day that house," Soma Fujimura said. "Gold come there." The Japanese added slyly, "Too bad, all day with gold and not have. I sorry for you."

"The dence you are," David grinned.

To this the Japanese did not reply, having failed in drawing out his companion. Soma Fujimura, never forgetting his father's instructions, had watched closely to see if any sign passed between the Korean hunter-messenger and the white man who was Red; but even his suspicious eyes had failed to see anything out of the way.

About Teh-kang Chong there was no indication of work. The mine drowned in the mid-afternoon sun, more like a mountain hotel than what it was. There was the low hum which might have been machinery, but really was the noise of the waterfall. No person stopped them until Soma Fujimura stepped to the verandah of the first of the buildings, although David observed that in the doorway of the square concrete place a white man sat, with a rifle across his knee.

The Japanese opened the door silently, and then coughed apologetically. As a man seated at a desk turned, put down the newest States paper, Fujimura drew in his breath politely, bowed, and said, "Carstairs-san! Too bad I bother. Very sorry. Very hot. Very tired."

David saw a lean face, dark as any Korean's, with bright tired eyes masked like an Oriental's. As Carstairs stood up and started to advance to greet his countryman, Fujimura spoke several words in Japanese, and the mine manager remained where he was.

David thought, "The Jap said I'm nobody, or less than that."

Fujimura's family retainers had remained on the shaded verandah. At a word from Carstairs their leader turned and spoke to them.

While he was sending them to rest and be given food, the mine manager said to David: "I understand you have a letter to me?"

David nodded, and handed him the message.

The first comment of the manager surprised David. "This letter's been handled considerably. Why?"

"I showed it to Fujimura at Syung-hing, sir."

"I see. To anyone else?"

It would have been easy to snap out an answer, but David was learning control. The wrong word, or even the right one improperly spoken, meant that he would be sent back to the seaport. So he said: "I was in the hospital at the village. I suppose several of the staff looked at it."

"We only use men in good condition, Riddon. If you were in the hospital . . ."

"It was just a crack on the head, sir. I'm very fit."

Carstairs appealed to Fujimura in Japanese; and after the small brown man explained, the manager said, half doubtfully: "We can use a man here, Riddon, but you must keep away from native liquor. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"And native women!"

David thought of Old David. . . . "You don't know anything about women!" He wished his grandfather might have been listening to this interview, so utterly different from the one Old David had planned and intended.

Carstairs re-read the letter that told him so little; merely that David Risdon should be employed, and that his references were satisfactory.

"How'd you get this letter?" Carstairs asked sharply.

David stuck as closely to the truth as possible. "A friend of young Prentice's got it for me," he replied. Old David was as much a friend as relative. "I hope you take me on, sir."

"College man?"

"Yes."

"Engineering?"

David bit down, "Economics," and said: "This and that—which is why I need a job. I don't know anything about mining."

"You're not supposed to know."

Recalling one of the things Old David had said, David continued: "But I'm not a bad shot with a rifle, sir."

He was aware that the manager was measuring him according to some standard new to David, studying him coldly and competently—and that Carstairs was more puzzled than satisfied.

The manager said suddenly, the furrow of doubt still between his eyes: "There is only one law at Teh-kang Chong, Risdon, and that is my law. You must obey orders without question, whether you like them or not. If you are not on duty to the minute, wherever you may be assigned, you are through right then and there. If you go near the assay room, you're discharged. If you drink native liquor at any time, or our own liquor during working hours or before sundown, or if you go to the miners' settlement when the men are at work and the women aren't, except if instructed to go there, you are finished here. Got that clear?"

"I have, sir."

David didn't dislike the older man. He found the other's caution praiseworthy; but he couldn't help comparing Carstairs' attitude with what it would have been had the manager been presented the other, lost letter, from Old David. What he liked not at all was the little smirk on Soma Fujimura's smooth face.

"A hundred and a quarter a month and chow," Carstairs was saying. "You can send whatever money back to the States you wish, to anyone you want; but no cash here until after clean-up, when we won't need you any longer. Cigarettes may be charged at the commissary. And clothes. The boys will tell you what you need. We're not hard to get along with. You go on duty to-morrow. Report at the office"—he scrawled words on a slip of paper and handed it to David—"and they'll fix you up."

WHEN David was at last in a long, white-painted room, with six beds on either side, he walked across the matting-covered boards until he reached the last of the beds, and dropped on it a heap of clothes he had been given. He looked around at this place which was to be his home for, he hoped, several months.

The bed across from his was, like his own, unmade: it seemed therefore obvious that the mine employed ten men as guards—seven, including David. Between the beds were small tables, and on these were cigarette trays, packets of cigarettes, a pipe here and there, a framed picture, books and newspapers.

On the walls were several maps; one of Korea with native names, another marked Chosen, with the towns indicated by the appellations given by the conquering nation. There was also a large map of the Teh-kang Chong, showing both surface and under-

ground diggings and—what David had not seen on the journey—the miners' settlement, which was hidden completely from the buildings by a wooded rise.

At the foot of each bed was a padlocked box. Using the key furnished him, David unlocked his, and, stripping rapidly, placed blue serge and Jorgensen's shirt and shoes inside. He locked the box, not because it contained any treasure or a single valuable object, but because it seemed the thing to do.

The shower-room, like the dormitory, was bare and clean. David came out of it with volcanic dust and weariness both washed away. He whistled to himself as he dressed: khaki-colored stockings and low, heavy tan oxfords, khaki shorts, heavy belt with holster, thin white shirt. No automatic or rifle had been issued him as yet.

It was all like being at school again. School, or prison. The windows of the room were heavily barred.

Sitting on the edge of his bed, he helped himself to one of the newspapers on the table between it and the next. He paused to admire the framed photograph on the stand, and began to grin when he observed that the charming face was that of a motion-picture star.

The grin slowly disappeared as he realised that the fixed smile must be the best substitute a lonely man had for a girl who ought to be waiting at home, but who didn't exist. Teh-kang Chong was indeed the end of the world.

The sun had left the long valley, and from behind the trees rose the pale smoke of many cooking-fires, grey against a lilac-grey sky.

A bell rang once, sharply—the mine bell, ending work. Almost instantly the gong in the Korean temple of the settlement was hammered by the waiting neophyte, and the clattering boom filled the valley.

Standing beside his bed, David stared out. One late-flowering shrub, a pomegranate, bloomed against a white-painted wall, a blood-scarlet spot of beauty. As the light swiftly faded with the sun behind the forested hills, the color shifted for one sharp instant to ruddy-gold, warm and harsh to the sight, like the gold the mine was steadily producing. David's own gold. Between David and the glowing hue were bars.

He saw two men in khaki shorts come along the path. Each had a cigarette burning, and each drew in the smoke as if it were the first smoke of the evening. David sat down on the bed again.

"Hello, fella," he heard. "The name's Nance. I heard we had company. And this's Joe Ryan."

Men came in, hastily, and, after a word or two to the newcomers, but without pausing to talk, stripped and joined the first two guards in the shower-room, yelling companionably under the steaming water, ribaldry. Howls rose as the icy water piped from the base of the waterfall was turned on. As the men dressed, David caught snatches of words: "production up again" . . . "we hit a couple of pockets at Fourteen" . . . "yeah; nother argument" . . . "one native got it b'fore I c'd bust th' other on th' jaw" . . .

And then, "Pretty lucky for him," Joe Ryan remarked. "Th' hospital gang'll be up sure, after that prem'ture blast that hurt a couple of miners. . . . Say, Billings, how'd you like t' have a white woman take care of you again, huh?"

Billings, David saw, was a short, thickset man, who was methodically smoothing the tails of a fresh shirt before fastening his brownish shorts.

"I was took care of in Keijo, I was," said Billings calmly. "A hundred yen it cost me."

"That was nothing to what happened to me in Shanghai," another man laughed. "I come in on the Harrison, and—"

"We've all heard that yarn before," Nance shouted. He called to David. "Say, fella, what brought you here? Liquor, women, or a pair of aces that wouldn't stand up?"

The grandson of Old David said: "I just landed at Syung-hing, broke."

"And a sweet place to land," admitted Nance.

Billings demanded: "How long you there, boy?"

"Not very long."

A guard who was sprawled on his bed asked: "See any of the nurses there?"

"I was at the hospital," David told him, deciding that any evasion, in view of the coming presence of hospital people after the accident, would only place him in a difficult position with these men who were to be his companions. "I got a good wallop on the head, and—"

"Some bad boy stole your money?" the man on the bed drawled.

David's lesson in Syung-hing stood him in good stead. "Money?" he smiled. "Was said anything about money?"

"Not us," a guard named McAllister announced. "What good's money here? There's too much gold around anyhow—"

A man with a newspaper open said: "I see that gold's goin' up all th' time. Another few million for old man Prentice. What a life he must lead! He's got everything—even a good digestion."

The big man on the bed—Howell by name—had been eyeing David shrewdly. He said: "Which nurse took care of your bump?"

"Miss James."

"If you think you'll get any more than a look-see at her here, Risdon, you're crazy with the heat. You're just a guard and nurses are for engineers and chemists any assayists—"

Nance said soberly: "Nix, Howell, lay off." Then, as Howell continued in more candid detail, Nance said coldly, "Shut up, please."

David's cigarette had been mashed between his fingers.

"What's the matter with you?" Howell demanded. "All you ever talk about's women, women, women, until a guy gets nutty. I say one word about a nurse, and you go haysira."

It was Nance who spoke again: "Nurses aren't women, old man. It's different. They come to give us all a hand when we're sick. They—oh, let's go and eat. Come along, Risdon. Don't worry about George Howell. He's all right."

And then, in the guard's messroom, he gave David something to remember. "It just provokes George that the office people and the engineers and assay boys can get around with the nurses, and we can't."

David looked at the clean, straight guard. He said: "Why not?"

"Two reasons," Nance said slowly. "One: The Orient's rotten with it. That's one. The other is . . . we've all got something behind us so that—well, we try to stay away from—decent women."

They were leaving the sleeping quarters Nance and Risdon together at the end of the procession, when the guard said: "When you were at the hospital, did you see a nurse named Ellis?"

"No, I didn't. I saw only—"

"Forget I asked you," Nance said.

"Of course."

THE light burned in Carstairs' office; David stood waiting for the older man to speak. On the verandah outside, mine men lounged—everyone save the guards, whose cigarettes glowed in the darkness a hundred feet away.

"No man of any intelligence can be at Teh-kang Chong for five minutes without hearing things, Risdon," the manager said. "Theoretically, we employ guards to see that no gold is stolen by the natives, and that the Koreans behave peaceably, and that the strong-room on the hill is left alone; but these are only a portion of your duties. It is useless to tell you to keep your ears open, because you won't know what the natives are saying. Pick up Korean as rapidly as possible. For the present, I'm assigning you to the surface working at Five, where you will work with another guard."

"What I wish you to bear in mind is that Teh-kang Chong is an isolated mine. A rich one. Our miners, we believe, are loyal to us, but the hill people dislike foreigners. Times are different, so keep your eyes open. At least you can tell if men become hostile, even if you don't understand what is said—"

"You mean, sir, that the miners have been loyal in the past, but now—"

"The less you know, the better," Carstairs told him. "Just follow my orders, and report anything unusual to me personally."

David said suddenly, "If I find the glowing diamond, I expect you'll want to know it."

Why had he said that? To let Carstairs know that he wasn't a fool? To boast?

"So it's become common talk, has it?" Carstairs asked.

Flushing, David said, "Everybody knows about it."

Carstairs leaned across his desk. He said coldly, "Don't repeat such stuff, Risdon. The Koreans have been fooled before about ridging the land of foreigners—Americans, British, Japanese—and they are being fooled again."

"Sorry, sir."

Carstairs remained watching David as he said, "By the way, what did Soom Fujimura talk about while you were crossing White Tiger?"

"Nothing important, sir. Just about the land, and the steep trail. That sort of thing."

"I see."

David neglected his part to ask frankly, "What did you think he might have talked about?"

The older man must have forgotten that a mine guard, lowest in the company scale, was before him—must have been deep in his own problems and thoughts—for he said, "I'm wondering why Fujimura has asked to stay on here and check over our supplies. He might have mentioned something about that to you."

"I didn't know he was going to stay at the mine at all," David assured the manager. Nor did he add, "In order to keep an eye on your newest guard."

"Very well. That will be all, Risdon. Remember, surface working Number Five, in the morning. These weapons are yours. You are to sleep with them beside you. I need not say that loss of a weapon, either rifle or automatic, is cause for dismissal."

David joined the men sitting in front of the guards' quarters. He listened to the conversation, sometimes elaborately explanatory about the future, sometimes monosyllabic about the past.

Ryan finally said, "Yeah, but the trouble you had at Mukden'll be nothing t' what I

look for here. Why? I dunno. Except that the natives is gettin' mean. Here I have a couple of birds sailin' into each other with knives, an' why? I dunno that, neither. A woman? Naw! What then? Three times I dunno! One of 'em says somethin' about pearls, or maybe rubies"—he winked—"and the other goes f'r him —"

This time David kept silent. Like the others, he had seen the guard's eye flicker, and realised that the men, like Carstairs like the natives of Syung-hing, had heard about the magic diamond.

The guards finally ground out last cigarettes, and went to bed. Some lay reading, others slept at once. David thought about many things before his mind settled on the lovely Iris . . .

DAVID'S step was brisk and his eyes clear as he accompanied Howard Nance towards Number Five. Breakfast, a sober meal, was behind him; his rifle was across his arm. He had learned his first two words of Korean: the equivalents for "hurry up" and "more coffee."

Natives were already ambling along a broad path, and as the two white men, with their long strides, caught up with them, the workers slipped aside to let them pass. Nance spoke to some of the miners, who bobbed their heads and replied. He said to David, "They're a sort of beaten-down folk, to look at them. Everybody's had a hand at holding them back you see. But they've reached bottom. No way to tell what'll happen next."

"You mean—"

"I don't mean anything," Nance interrupted.

The working at Five had come a long way since the day the first examination concerning alluvial deposits had brought British, German, and American capital into Korea. Gone were the old days of a vertical shaft, with narrow steps cut into its sides to the level of the reef, after which wood was packed in the bottom and kept burning until the rocks became friable and could be scratched up and rubbed to powder. Working Number Five, beyond the settlement, had become a great wide hole in the valley, a full two acres in size.

The gigantic depression was a full twenty feet or more deep, and the Koreans were shovelling ahead up the valley, removing the half-rotten quartz by advancing in a series of steps as in a marble quarry. Here, unlike the hillside mining to the left of the valley, there were no shafts or tunnels, for the gold-bearing rock lay close to the surface, to be had for the digging.

Nance stood on the edge of the huge scraped-out hole, rifle at ease over his crooked elbow. From his position he could look down and across the working. He said to David, "This is the day's work, Risdon. We're really marking time until the clean-up. Nobody knows when that'll be except the Big Hubs in the office. Pick yourself out a soft rock somewhere, and think about your shortcomings. That's all there is to do, unless you see a miner shove anything into his pants. Then tell me."

"Gold?"

"Usually. This is one of the world's richest diggings."

David asked, "What do you do when that happens?"

"Get it back to add to the Prentice fortune."

"Oh."

Down in the depression David saw another white man, in shorts and white shirt, who was obviously outlining the day's work, and

for whom, later, a Korean opened a great umbrella and unfolded a canvas-backed chair, from which vantage point the engineer smoked and watched.

The morning wore along; the sun rose high, and sweat began to trickle down David's neck. The rifle became hot to touch, and he shifted it constantly, discovering that it was gaining weight. It all seemed a silly procedure, this watching lost a few dollars in gold vanish. He sauntered along the pit's edge, and said as much to his silent companion.

"Gold's worth a good deal an ounce, today," Nance said briefly. "It will be worth more and more, until affairs are ironed out. This man Prentice must be the greatest power in the States, eh? He not only controls the strongest of the banks, but his mines pour into them more and more gold, to add to their solidity. I've heard he is turning the gold over to the Government to keep things going, but that may be gossip. We hate to believe anything good about the wealthy."

"This money thing is important, what with the world running on currency. Paper can't be a medium of exchange; there's got to be something solid behind it, and gold has always been the proper thing. Not too much . . . just enough. Except during panics, when it goes into hiding, and nobody knows what their money is worth. Lord, but it's getting hot!"

Young David asked, "Did you learn all that by watching a lot of natives, Nance?"

The other man looked down at the ground and then up at David; he said slowly, "Fella, never put question marks on what you say in the Orient. I'm Howard Nance, and I draw a hundred and twenty-five a month, and that ought to satisfy you."

A cock pheasant cry sounded near to them.

An hour passed, a long hour; the Koreans squatted down in what little shade they could find, and opened bags, devoured red-peppered meat mixed with flour as they sat on their haunches. A boy from the quarters brought food and bottled water for the two guards. The engineer below departed for lunch.

David said, "Friendly chap, isn't he?" as the white man passed below them without looking up.

"You'll become accustomed to it," Nance smiled. "He's just several cuts above us. We rate better than a mess boy, but below a clerk. . . . Thank heaven this tansan is cold. Sometimes they bring us warm water."

He drank thirstily, and when the bottle was empty, went on, "Somewhere there're ice drinks and girls and night clubs, I expect . . . but here we protect gold. Look straight down, Risdon; see that native with the yellow loincloth? I've caught him before, helping himself. He's going to have a try at it again. See the way he's slipping over to the barrows? Either he or a pal must've seen a chunk of quartz that's rotten with gold . . ."

Without moving, Nance had become alert. But he continued speaking placidly, eyes never leaving the scene below. "It's strange, Risdon, how these pheasants'll come so close to a working. Hear him? It may be only a hunter's call, but it's probably a cock. I'd like to have a shot at the beggar. Not with this gun, of course." His voice rose sharply: "Hayo Hai! You there!"

The miner paused, hand over the contents of the barrow.

Then, reverberating in the narrow valley like thunder in the dry season, David heard the crash of a discharged gun. Nance seemed

fairly to leap into the air and, as David whirled towards him, fell forward, face to the earth.

DAVID stood gripping his gun tightly. Where had the shot come from? The digging below? Impossible; the Koreans were clustered together, staring upward. David thought he saw a flash of bluish splendor—the rising pheasant?—blue, green, in the hill thicket; and, at once excited and cold, he lifted his own gun and fired.

Positive that he heard noise in the bush, he hesitated one moment, between running to the sound around the rim of the diggings and dropping beside the wounded Nance. In that short time of hesitation the Koreans were swarming up out of the depression, and armed men were tearing over the ground, rifles out and ready.

One thing more happened: the plaintive cock pheasant's cry, close and loud, was repeated.

Guards and office men, at mess before, spread out fanwise. Not until Carstairs came up did anyone do more than fling a single hurried question at David.

"What happened?" the mine manager asked curtly.

"We were eating," David explained. "And talking. The shot must've come from across the working."

Carstairs watched one office man open Nance's shirt. The slug, an ancient iron bullet, had ripped through the guard's shoulder.

Nance's eyes opened. He said weakly, "Saw a native reachin' for gold . . . yelled at him . . . bang! . . . bling! . . . got me."

Little Soma Fujimura, holding to the side of bread he had been eating, was bustling up excitedly. He asked politely, "He be too dead?"

"Not yet," Nance retorted, and fainted. Teh-kang Chong was gathering at the working—clerks, assayists, engineers—all attracted by the double discharge. Guards began to return from a fruitless search. As Nance was lifted gently, a man in a white smock stained with reddish chemical said, "Now we have three sick. There will be plenty of work for the ladies, now?"

Assured that Nance was alive, and that tragedy had not marched with too heavy feet, an engineer, Hunter, said, "Which is no break for you, Bauerlein. Instead of playing the heavy lover, you can go ahead and get our tests finished."

Bauerlein laughed. "For me there is always time to play," he told the other. "It is an ill wind which—you all know the remainder of the saying, gentlemen. For now the ladies from the hospital must remain here a long time, for—who knows?—the slug in that guard's shoulder may infect the wound."

David asked sharply, "How'd you know it was a slug?"

Eyes turned to him; those men who were standing near took a step back. Carstairs started to speak, but remained silent.

The assayists was smiling. "How do I know? Good heavens, boy, what else could it be? What do these natives shoot? Steel-jacketed bullets?"

To this David nodded. What had prompted his sudden question he did not know himself; and yet, at the moment, it had seemed a logical one.

The two men carrying Nance were fifty feet from Five when Carstairs said slowly, "It may seem inhuman, Risdon, but we've got to keep a man at this working, and I can afford to lose you easier than any of

the others . . . I'm going to leave you here."

David thought of the unseen assassin, and cold came up his legs to unthrottle the joints of his knees. "Yes, sir," he said slowly. For some reason not apparent to Carstairs or to anyone else, the humor of the situation caused him to grin. What had the manager said? "I can afford to lose you easier than any of the others!" Here was something to tell Old David . . . if the murderers in the jungle stopped his target practice.

"At present," Carstairs continued, "you are actually of little value to Teh-kang Chong, Risdon. We hope that nothing more will happen. As a matter of fact, I am at loss to explain Nance's accident, except that I feel that when the theft was discovered by Nance, some confederate of the thief fired from the bush. However, I do not wish to lose another trained man who speaks Korean, nor do I wish to show fear by removing a guard."

"Brave of you," David said wryly. Carstairs stared at him. "You can leave any time you desire," he told David. "This moment, if you wish."

"I'm staying on," David announced casually.

"Good. This is merely an isolated matter. Now, if you know who did it, go down and bring up the man who tried to steal."

David felt, and rightly, that the mine's manager was testing him. As he descended into Five, he could almost hear the roar of the gun again, and sense the impact of slug against bone; but he strode forward towards the huddle of mutters without looking towards the hill thicket.

The Koreans moved away surlily, and it took David several minutes to identify the yellow-jailed native. The other half a hundred men half closed in on him, and he heard Carstairs, above, give some sort of order to the ring of men on the rim of Five. For some reason he couldn't explain, he wanted to take the thief up alone, unaided.

The man in the yellow jailet backed away, step by step, clear to the place where work had been stopped. As David saw the other's hand reach back, towards a steel bar on the sloping bank—directed there by whispered instructions from the natives—he forced himself to keep his own hand away from the gun at his belt.

"Guy," David said grimly, "if you try to—"

The miner's glittering black eyes became confused, and he mouthed—as had the Korean teacher in Syung-hing—that other word of similar sound: "Kai!" He bowed; the steel bar slid down the bank, and, while the other natives followed his example, David took him by the arm and marched him to the top.

"Here's your man," David said. He added, "Don't forget that he came without a fight."

"A lift of his pick," McAllister rumbled, "and we'd have had him. He's the dog who was fightin' in the settlement last week."

Carstairs asked, "How did you get him to come so easily, Risdon? You spoke to him; we saw you. Thought you didn't speak the language?"

Before David could offer what was so little explanation, Soma Fujimura giggled. "Very smart man," he said, touching David's arm. "Too much smart."

David now, at last, understood what the miner thought: that he, the white man, was one of those who were making promises to the Koreans.

"The natives bowed when you passed them on the way back," Carstairs said. "Why was that, Risdon?"

"A matter entirely simple," Bauerlein, the assayist, boomed. "When your men go to arrest somebody, what do they do? Wave a gun. But this man, this guard, he is brave; and the miners, being simple, without intelligence, admire bravery. At least"—smiling "so it seems to me."

David was grateful to the white-smocked assayist for the ingenious and logical explanation. Carstairs was still doubtful, as his lean face showed clearly.

The mine manager said finally, "The main thing is that we have the culprit without the shedding of more blood. This concludes the matter, gentlemen. You, Risdon, are to take proper precautions. Do not remain on the rim of the working. Go inside and find a spot where you are out of range of any chance shots. Have some of the tool-boxes moved, and keep behind them."

The Teh-kang Chong people moved away, following the squat form of Fujimura, who, after his last word, had made towards the administration buildings. The engineers and office men went to resume their interrupted lunch; the guards resumed their posts; Carstairs and a chemist went to swab Nance's wound with antiseptic. The engineer in charge of Five returned in half an hour, and work was started again.

The afternoon sun burned down and at last slid into the hills. The final bell clanged and the settlement gong took up the clamor. David, last of all, walked down over the rise to the white-painted buildings. One day done. He was wet, sticky, tired, with dust plastered to his face and hands. He understood now what the shower meant to the other guards.

But as he reached the beaten path in front of the main office building, Howell, leaning against a verandah post, said levelly, "The chief wants you, Risdon. With shirt sticking to his back, David was close to saying, "Nobody wants me until I've changed," but even one day of routine was enough to make him nod and go up the three steps.

Howell put a hand on David's arm. He said, "You might as well know: Billings was knifed while the performance was going on at Five."

"Hurt badly?"

"I couldn't say. Anyhow, he's dead."

"But who—what—"

Howell grunted. "We'd all like to know. Billings was at the strongroom on the hill. He must've heard the shooting . . . came to the door—and they got him. But"—grimly—"he managed to slam the door behind him, and the automatic lock worked. The gold's all inside. I thought I'd tell you before Carstairs does."

"Thanks. But why me?"

Howell said, "Hanged if I know," and turned on his heel.

As David crossed the verandah he heard, somewhere inside, the treble voice of a woman, an answering deeper tone, and then a swift light laugh. The hospital people had reached Teh-kang Chong to care, not only for the injured native miner, but for Nance as well. Nance had been kind to David; he hoped the other guard would recover rapidly, without complications.

Then he caught himself listening for a voice he didn't hear. It came to him as he crossed the threshold that if Mary Ann James told Carstairs what she knew and what she guessed concerning the actions of the Koreans in the village street, one "David Risdon" would be in a difficult position, considering what had now happened.

at Teh-kang Chong. He found himself wondering if she would look squarely at him, with her head high, or if—remembering what he had done—her eyes would waver and flame come to her cheeks.

If David expected to see Mary Ann in Carstairs' office, he was entirely mistaken, though the room was not empty. The burly Korean miner stood in the centre of the room; Hunter, an engineer, and Bauerlein sat on chairs, as did Soma Fujimura. At his desk Carstairs rolled a pencil slowly between his fingers.

The mine head was never a man to waste words. He said directly: "Risdon, we've decided to get to the bottom of this. What do you know about Billings' death?" David said: "You told Howell to tell me?"

"That's of no importance," Carstairs said. "I know just as much as you do," David said, feeling hotter and stickier, "and as little. You know where I was, and what I was doing, when Nance was shot. Why ask me?"

"Because we want to know," Whatever quiet and sensible answer David intended was washed away when little Fujimura giggled nervously.

"Suit yourself," he said standing straight. "I shot Nance at five, and then at the same time I knifed Billings. It's probable also that I blew up your Korean miner while I was coming over White Tiger." Bauerlein chuckled. "So! You see, chief? Have I not said this is nonsense?"

"Teh-kang Chong has been peaceful for years," Carstairs said to David. "Now, the moment you arrive here with extremely doubtful credentials, trouble begins."

David was angry. He was standing; the others, including Soma Fujimura, were all comfortably seated. He was tired, hot, sticky. It was all so ridiculous that he said: "And you want to know how I'm starting trouble? Why, I'm the man who is showing the natives the glowing diamond!"

"That fable again," Bauerlein laughed. "And at a word from me, every Korean'll run you chaps out of the country," David smiled.

If he expected anyone else to join the big assyist's laughter, he was wrong. Carstairs spoke abruptly to the Korean, the natural words rolling out fluently. What the burly dark miner did surprised even David. For, without reply to the head of Teh-kang Chong he bowed once to David, and then, hands extended, dropped to his knees and touched his head to David's shoes.

"What have you to say to that?" Carstairs demanded.

David brushed his hands together once, and at the end of the gesture folded his arms.

"Nothing," he said, "because I don't understand it. What I do know—shortly—is that I'm surprised any man acting like such an ass could've been kept here as the head of the mine."

Hunter growled: "You chaps could do it a lot better, eh?"

David saw how he had been angered into saying too much; he was sorry for this, and ashamed of his outburst. Carstairs was doing his level best to get to the bottom of the not-to-be-understood. So he said: "Sorry, sir. I lost my head. I didn't mean what I said. I'm glad you've taken me on here—and I do assure you that I don't know a thing about what has happened."

"How do you explain the miner's bow-

ing to you?"—telling the man, in Korean, to stand—when I told him that you were Akai—a Red—"

This was something David didn't want to talk about at all; but again he was helped out by the tall assyist. "You say the same thing about me, chief, and I warrant he falls on his knees again. It is so with these grown-up children."

Charlie King, the engineer, had been eyeing David thoughtfully. Now he asked his first question. "Look here, how'd you happen to land in Syung-hing?"

"To get a job here."

"Why here?"

David asked, "Why not?"

"That's why I'm asking you. Mr. Carstairs says you had a letter from the Home Office. Who gave it to you?"

"The man who signed it."

"He gave it to you in New York, and you came all the way across the Pacific to get a job as a guard?"

"Perhaps."

King stretched out his legs. "According to Miss Ellis," he said, "the Prentice yacht Iris was in Syung-hing about the time you got your knock on the head. The gossip is that you were on the ship and swam ashore."

"What of it?"

"I don't know. After what has happened to-day I'm trying to learn. It doesn't seem possible that you could be a Red, and have been on the Iris. Unless you were signed on and stole the letter, using it to catch on here."

Despite his sticky shirt, David was grinning. "You have got to guess better than that," he jeered mildly.

Carstairs broke in: "It's not a laughing matter, Risdon. May I point out that the situation is extremely serious for us—and for you?"

"If you discharge me," David said, "it would be serious for me. It's a long walk back to Syung-hing."

"The longest walk you ever took," agreed King lightly. "In case you didn't know it, Risdon, the penalty for theft at Teh-kang Chong, and all other Oriental mines, has always been death. And we think even less of communistic white renegades. If that's what you are."

David snapped: "That's the most ridiculous nonsense I ever listened to!"

"Is it? Well, you're young. You've got a lot to learn."

Carstairs had been staring at David. The older man's sober reasoning told him that "Risdon" was not acting like a guilty man; that the youthful guard's reactions were normal and natural. He doubted if he would have acted so brusquely if it had not been for Soma Fujimura's hints concerning the newcomer. So, slowly, he said, "You have the power to clear this up, Risdon. You do not look like the sort of man who'd deliberately come here to start trouble—"

"That may be why he is dangerous," King said.

"According to Miss Ellis," Carstairs said, "while you were in the Syung-hing hospital you were a bit out of your head, although she doesn't know what you said. Mr. Hunter, please send a boy to bring Miss James here."

"What's she got to do with it?" demanded David, suddenly hot and cold.

"You'd rather we didn't ask what it was you may have said?"

In the interval before David replied, Fujimura fidgeted with his finger nails, the engineering chiefs looked at the blank ceiling, Carstairs eyed the erect figure of his new guard, Bauerlein gazed composedly through the open door, and the already-

convicted Korean miner stared at nothing at all.

The mine men had attempted to get the native to speak—had spent most of the afternoon at the task—and now knew as much as when they had started.

The best David finally managed to offer was, "I hardly see what earthly good it will do."

"In less serious times than these we would send you back to Syung-hing and be done with it. You may be a dangerous person, Risdon. We do not dare let you loose. If you've had a hand in Billings' death—and in Nance's, if he dies—I'll—"

Carstairs paused, and David alert, felt that the perplexed mine manager was voicing his thoughts as he went on jerkily. "If, on the other hand, you are what you say and the letter indicates, and it is truly yours, you may be badly needed at Teh-kang Chong."

There was no answer involved. The men in the office were silent. Outside a Korean boy touched the supper gong, and three rising notes sang out. Following the tremulous tones, the first man in the dining-room started the phonograph. Death had come to the mine, but this was not the States; this was one of the far places, where death might come often, but women seldom.

Then Mary Ann stepped into the office. "I'm sorry to trouble you, Miss James," Carstairs said, "but this is urgent. I have been given to understand that you took care of Risdon at Syung-hing. That is true?"

The girl said briefly, "Yes," as she sat down.

She had changed her white uniform, David saw: what she wore now was some silky material, creamy-tan like her skin.

"When Risdon was brought to the hospital, he was out of his head?"

"He was."

"This may all be important, Miss James. In what way?"

Firmly, coldly, "He had delusions of grandeur, Mr. Carstairs."

"Thought he was going to own the universe?" Hunter suggested.

A little muscle in the corner of David's jaw began to dance, but he remained silent.

Without smiling, Mary Ann replied, "He seemed to think he already owned it."

Carstairs asked, "Would you say that he was simply raving in delirium, or that there was any basis for his statements?"

"I'm not qualified to answer that."

Fujimura giggled again. "Too bad," he said.

Carstairs frowned as he continued, "Think carefully, Miss James. You know the circumstances here. Teh-kang Chong is a rich mine. Our output is piling up. If you know anything at all about this person Risdon, it will help materially if you tell us. If you can be of help, I will appreciate it, and I will show you my appreciation by taking the matter up with Mr. Prentice himself, who will, I am sure, arrange for you to go to one of his endowed hospitals."

"Why don't you just hand her the money, and bribe her that way?" David asked. He was angry at the figure he must be cutting before this girl, and at the same time he rather wanted to laugh.

King said, "Suppose you shut up?"

"I don't think he is dangerous," Mary Ann remarked lightly.

"Since he came to Teh-kang Chong, one guard has been shot, and another, at the strongroom, has been knifed, which means that an attempt was made to get at the gold there. Wouldn't you call that suspicious?"

Would the girl say, "It certainly is! When

I was walking with him in Syung-hing we were attacked by Koreans, and with one word—*akait!*—he stopped it. He must have some connection with the Reds who're getting the Koreans to act for them." Would she say it?

For long enough to let the people in the office hear laughter in the dining-room, the nurse was silent, and then she said, "He isn't the kind of man who'd do anything desperate, Mr. Carstairs."

"On just what do you base your opinion, Miss James?"

Lightly again, Mary Ann said, "I don't wish to say. What a person says when not conscious is a professional secret."

Fujimura had been talking to the mine head. Carstairs took a new tack. "Did you know Risdon in the States?"

"No," she said. "Was he penitential when he came to the hospital?"

Color began to warm her cheeks. She said slowly, "Yes."

"You felt sorry for him, and gave him a gold yen note?"

David answered for her, "I'm a pretty rotten pup," he said quietly. "Why blame Miss James because I begged?"

He was entirely unprepared for the force of her words. "That was a nasty thing to say, Mr. Carstairs. If I did give him anything, it was because he was broke—"

"And good face has?" Fujimura asked slyly.

Carstairs waved his hand. "I'm only trying to get to the bottom of this," he said. "In your opinion, Miss James, Risdon has no connection with what has just happened here?"

"I haven't any opinion at all about him." "Have you any idea why he came to Syung-hing?"

David was tiring of the performance. He snapped, "If you're so interested in why I'm here, and what my past may be, why don't you cable home and find out?"

Carstairs ignored this. He had already sent a messenger over the hill trail to send just that sort of a cable.

"Did Risdon reveal anything as to what he was before he came to the Orient?" he asked.

"I gathered that he was—somebody."

"He spoke to you about it?"

"It's the old stall," Hunter interrupted.

"There never was a man on the beach in the East who wasn't a misunderstood younger son at home, or whose uncle wasn't worth a couple of millions. Is that the one you tried to pull, Risdon?"

"Exactly," said David.

The Korean miner, while they had been talking, had backed away, inch by inch, to the bare wall. He was, he knew only too well, already as good as dead. The sweat stood out on his dark forehead like crystal beads and trickled down the long muscles of his arms clear to his fingertips—a terrible sign, for it was well known that if a man had water issue from his body when neither working nor exposed to the sun, it meant that the air devils were sucking the life from him, and he would end up as dried as a squeezed orange, and blow away to become a never-sleeping, never-eating ghost.

Mary Ann answered Carstairs' question thoughtfully, as if there had been no interruption: "When I was showing Mr. Risdon the way to Fujimura's house, he became rather—rather confidential."

"Didn't I, though?" grinned David. "I was afraid you might have forgotten."

He was rewarded by her rising chin; but before she could retort, or any of the white men could glare him down, the Korean, crazed with fear, began to race from the

room. Fujimura, nearest to him, reached out a hand and was knocked headlong. King and Hunter and Bauerlein were all in motion, and while Carstairs' hand was reaching for the button which controlled the alarm bell of Teh-kang Chong, the room went black as the pit.

WHAT happened next none of those in Carstairs' office were ever able to explain. There were the angry yells of the white men as they tried simultaneously to find the electric switch or dash out of the room; there was the high-pitched cry of a cock pheasant—long, querulous, as if the bird had been awakened by the noise; and, probably last of all, there was the shriek uttered by Soma Fujimura as he began to rise from the floor.

"Warui koto! Look! Look!"

So terrific was this howl of fright and astonishment that the others whirled about, banging together.

On the floor, almost in the middle of the room, glowed something golden, with sufficient light to illuminate the nearest faces—the girl's, David's. The Teh-kang Chong men stood stock still, as if the blazing object had hypnotised them. It burned and glowed and shimmered like a hot miniature sun come suddenly and magically into a night sky.

In a hoarse whisper Carstairs muttered, "Get it!"

The men, the spell broken, half fell forward in their eager race to lay hands on the strangely gleaming gem, so large, so very bright . . . and then it vanished. Carstairs later swore it disappeared instantly; David thought a streak of light followed its disappearance; but whatever happened, when the lights of the office were snapped on it was plain that the mysterious golden diamond was no longer to be seen.

Hunter said sharply, "Search him." "Don't be an ass," David growled. "I haven't got it."

"Even so, to search is wise," Bauerlein agreed with the engineer.

Standing erect, David said: "You might wait until Miss James goes. Or are you going to search her, too?"

Carstairs slapped his hand down on his desk. "Somebody has that diamond," he said. "Diamonds don't go running away by themselves. You're the first, Risdon, but I want every man in this room searched. You must be hungry, Miss James; we'll join you soon."

"And after dinner," Hunter said, "I'm sure that Miss James will want to see—"

"How much we have improved the waterfall by placing a bench beside the river below it," Bauerlein went along smoothly. "And I will gladly—"

"Take her to see it," Hunter said.

Mary Ann left with a vague nod. During the excitement, men had brushed against her, this way and that, but her part had been only that of an astonished witness. The glowing diamond had come—and gone. It was, then, a real thing. If it were on David's person, she knew what would happen to him. According to the natives, whoever was able to show them the magic gem would be the man capable of freeing the land of foreigners, white and Oriental alike. If the jewel were discovered hidden somewhere in the office, David would inevitably be considered just as gully as if it were found in his clothes.

Without following the thought to its definite and final conclusion, she hoped that justice would be done at Teh-kang Chong,

rather than have the guard sent back to Syung-hing, where the Japanese would ship him to Tokio. What would happen there to a Caucasian who had attempted to arouse the Korean subjects of the empire she knew only too well, if from hearsay. Swift death, for a man as young as David, would be bad enough.

It was curious to David, the way he himself was feeling as Carstairs began to search the clothes he was taking off. He, David Prentice, grandson of Old David, didn't seem to mind what was going on at all. Or what was coming off, he thought wryly. He was under deep suspicion, and warranted suspicion, with no earthly way of knowing what the end might be . . . and that was unimportant also.

All he seemed able to think about was whether a small person would enjoy being shown the foam of water crashing into the black river beneath, and if she would lift her head when she looked at the top of the cascade, and if, when she did—

The search for the glowing, golden diamond was vain. After David's clothes had been examined, each of the other men stripped in turn. Carstairs finally had the office locked and barred, and the shutters closed, until it might be searched also. He sent the guards to the native settlement; but, like the glorious jewel, the Korean miner had disappeared, and his woman had gone with him. They must have taken to the black hills, for the guards heard the querulous call of the cock pheasant, as if that brilliantly-plumed bird had been disturbed as it slept high in a fragrant, flowering tree.

THE cigarette David was smoking as he lay on his bed was not a good one. He had remained a long time under the shower, before going to a lonely meal where he could hear the laughter of the two nurses and the technical men in the dining-room. Through the window in the guards' quarters he could hear his mates talking quietly. They seemed to think the slug that had been taken from Nance's shoulder ought to have hit the newcomer, although they were careful to treat him casually.

If King or Hunter had been in charge of Teh-kang Chong, David would not have been left free; but Carstairs, wiser and older, insisted that suspicion was not enough to gaoi a white man, and instead issued orders that Ryan, keenest of the guards, should keep an eye on Risdon. During working hours, whichever engineer was in charge of Working Five was to watch the newly-hired guard. After hours, Ryan was never to let the suspected man out of his sight, although he was to permit him to do whatever he wished, and then report what these actions were. Carstairs was a believer in the theory of sufficient rope.

While David lay at full length, with Ryan propped against the door, talking to the others, Carstairs' own dinner was waiting for the mine manager. In the security of his own room, the head of Teh-kang Chong was re-reading David's letter requesting employment, and comparing the signature at the end with that on the last letter from the home office.

Old David had written the first name to the letter which came into his head, and this, as the expression on Carstairs' face showed, had been a mistake. Old David had made no attempt to copy the original signature—what difference did it make, when Carstairs knew who David was? Con-

sequently the forgery was so crude that there could be no doubt about it.

While Carstairs stood with the two letters in his hand, it was impossible to avoid glancing at the final paragraph of the home-office note:

"We call your attention to another offer made us for Teh-kang Chong Mine. This has come to us through the Berlin and Eastern Corporation, but we have learned that this company is really Japanese. We have refused to enter into negotiations, but our Mr. Miller, in Tokyo, cables that it is possible that certain elements in Japan may attempt to put pressure on us to force a sale. Should any such effort be made, you are to inform us by code, and the matter will be placed before Mr. David Prentice, who will take what steps are necessary to nullify it."

Carstairs, at the time the letter was received, had passed over the matter as not important. He knew from the Japanese newspapers that in the empire there was a party of young men crying out for Japanese control of all industries and operations; but that this should stretch clear across the Straits to Korea, and across White Tiger Pass to Teh-kang Chong, seemed ridiculous and out of the question.

However, it came to Carstairs that if there were a serious disturbance, it would be created, not by those in authority, but by foolishly patriotic men—the "Young Japanese" they were called—over whom the government had little or no control, as the assassination of officials had proved again and again.

He thought of his scant number of guards, of the engineers and office men. Fight, if necessary, they could and would.

"I'm overly frightened," the manager of Teh-kang Chong decided. "Just because some thief in the hills shot Nance, and because there was a senseless try at getting into the gold in the strong-room. I'm looking for more trouble. Why, for the past five years we've been prepared for a raid from the north, across the Yalu, and it has never happened. Heaven knows the border scum would like to get their hands on the gold, but they haven't dared try." Then, "I don't understand about this man Reldon. And I don't understand about that diamond!"

With that he went to a meal as solitary and tasteless as David's had been. For the first time in ten years he cursed the native who cooked it, and the boy who served it. Nothing more than this was needed to tell the native servants that something was wrong at Teh-kang Chong.

While Carstairs was at table, David swung up from the bed. At the door he said lightly, "See you all later, fellows," and strode up the beaten dirt of the path, a cigarette, unlighted, tight between his tense fingers. He couldn't stay in the room any longer, staring at maps, at the ceiling, at nothing. He had to get outside. Just walk around a bit. Cool off. Have a smoke.

Ryan rose a moment or so later, knocking out his pipe and grinding the coal to ash. As casually and unconcernedly as David, he said, "What a fine night for a walk, after a long day," and, moving only in shadow, followed the unaware younger man.

Circling the native settlement, where the cooking fires burned low and the miners whispered the tale the thief's woman had brought back—that she had seen with her own eyes the flash of the Gem of the Sky—David reached the river path only after having taken several wrong trails, which

led to the various workings of Teh-kang Chong, surface and underground. It appeared to Ryan almost as if he were deliberately marking the way to each of the places where the gold-bearing rock was mined.

The river, when David finally found it, ran cold and black, silvered only where rushing water broke beautifully against a submerged rock and splashed over it with a hissing sound, like silk against silk in an exotic dance. Before he had gone far, this became obliterated in the steady thrumming of the waterfall as it hit theinky pool at its bottom. He walked along the path.

Ryan, behind him, kept to the trees and away from the edge of the dark river. When David stopped, Ryan stopped—no more visible, had David turned, than the shadows. When David started forward, Ryan followed him again.

It was five minutes before David paused and crouched down, within sight of waterfall and pool. Ryan began to work his way cautiously nearer, until he was not over a dozen feet behind David.

In David's ears was the steady beat of falling water, loud, monotonous, and at any other time provocative of sleep and deep perfect peace. About the pool it was black as the pupil of an Oriental eye. While David strove to make out any human figure a sudden glow appeared, a gleam feebly like that of the strange, vanished luminous jewel.

In the halo of light made by the ignited match, David had the vision of faces: Bauerlein's, smiling, masculine, dominantly powerful; the other smaller, oval, pale (even with the match flame held close to it), and . . . lovely. Lovely! Then as David leaned forward automatically and tensely, the match was waved out by a swift motion, and it was blacker than before.

Only the reddish end of the cigarette showed where the man and girl sat on the newly-made bench beside the pool. Bit by bit David was able to make out Mary Ann's dress, her face, Bauerlein's white shirt. The spot where the assayer's eyes were became visible when Bauerlein puffed on his cigarette. It was, to David, as if they sat together in peaceful contentment, side by side, satisfied with the mere presence of each other.

That he was spying—that in decency, he had no excuse to be watching—never occurred to him.

The cigarette must have been given its final puff, for David saw an arc of gold above the pool. There was now movement on the bench. Mary Ann was standing, and the assayer also. David heard nothing, and saw only indistinctly, but the dress and shirt and two faces seemed to have merged into one. Hands clenched, he stood up; his knees, although he didn't know it, were beginning to tremble.

What Ryan did was instinctive. Orders were forgotten as he said in David's ear, "It's tough watchin' a girl being loved up—but lay off!"

And what David did was just as impulsive. Human. Whirling, he stared at the friendly face near his, and without considering that the matter-of-fact words were only audible verification of his own disturbing thought, David drove his fist in a short arc to the other guard's unprotected chin. He hardly felt the impact of bone on bone, hardly understood why Ryan wavered and then dropped headlong into the thicket, the sound of snapped twigs more than covered by the continuous crashing of the waterfall into the pool.

In David's head, as he turned again, were stunning questions. What was the matter

with him. Why had he punched Ryan? Had he gone entirely and stark mad? Then David saw that the one blurred shape had disintegrated into two figures again. One of the indistinct forms had staggered or been shoved against the stone bench, sprawling grotesquely over it, with arms and legs waving. The second figure, aimmer, smaller, was running along the path towards him, white and wraithy, like a fleeing water sprite.

For one moment David stood utterly still. Then as Mary Ann was about to pass where he was concealed in the bush, he reached out with both hands and seized her. He did it in the same manner as he had struck Ryan—without thinking, flashingly swift. Her body thudded against his, with a force that turned her startled cry to little more than a gasp. Whatever she must have tried to cry out in the next few seconds was effectively smothered against David's chest.

Ryan started to stir, lifting glazed eyes into the gloom. David did not see the lifted head, but he did mark how Bauerlein was advancing along the river path. He lifted the girl and without hesitation began to break a way through the thicket.

Bauerlein, after a few preliminary steps, started to run. Ryan was sufficiently conscious to realise that someone was on the path, and went stumbling after him, doggedly, like a boxer trying to close with his antagonist. By the time the guard finally overtook Bauerlein, not far from the native settlement, David had marched blunderingly into a clearing, where an abandoned working was being steadily reclaimed by the jungle.

The chaotic condition of David's mind, once he was able to drive from it the perfume of hair and the uncontrollable feeling of exaltation brought by the heart hammering so near his own, made him say exactly what he thought: "You've got to get out of here! This is no place for a woman—"

A muffled voice said, "Then put me down!"

Holding her as he had been, but no longer with her face pressed against him, David said, "You've got to promise to go back to the States."

Before she lifted angry, puzzled, defiant eyes, Mary Ann knew who was her captor. She had slipped out of Bauerlein's embrace just as the assayer had groped down for her lips; she had been frightened, terrified even, at the unexpected capture. Now she was becoming angry, and with that, more and more confident in her ability to slip away from what had originally appeared to be a diabolical situation.

"Put me down!" she commanded.

David watched the movement of her lips without replying.

Hotly, Mary Ann said, "What d'you think will happen when I tell Mr. Carstairs? Do you know what the men will do to you for—for what you're doing?"

"I'm not doing anything," David said slowly.

She slapped him hard, and instantly David kissed her. Her hands were free, but she made no effort to push him away. When David realised that the lips under his were tight and cold he set her down almost violently. Not until then did he know that she was crying.

His arm was around her shoulders. "Don't," he pleaded. "Please don't. You mustn't cry." He blundered on, "You can get out of here in the morning. I'll see to it to-night. This is becoming impossible. I'll get in touch with the Iris somehow. It's got to be done. I'll—"

The gleam in her eye David mistook for a delighted acquiescence. He was doubly glad, because she was no longer crying.

"You think Korea's pretty?" said David scornfully. "Wait until you've been up in the Canadian Rockies. Old Bill Hamilton's got a cabin near Lake Louise. You'll like it there. The water's bluer than Como. When the sun comes up it's magnificent. Or we could go to the Prentice shack at Santa Barbara."

Mary Ann knocked his arm from her shoulder. "You fool!" she said. "Oh, you fool!"

The words slipped out of David's mouth. "For loving you?" he asked.

"For thinking I'd live on these wealthy friends of yours!" Mary Ann stormed. "Watching you perform your antics; making up a fourth at bridge—borrowing money you never intended to repay, instead of being given a salary as an entertainer."

"Look here," said David, "this nonsense has gone far enough. I'm fed up with it. Tell me one thing—do you—do you love me?"

"No!"

David began to grin. "Now that we've settled that," he said shrewdly, "will you—?" He stopped.

The Iris must be several hundred miles from Syung-hing harbor. It was late enough for the people on her to be finishing about the second rubber. Would Paula be playing, or would she be on the deck, watching the moon on the water? The thought was as cold as if David had fallen into the waterfall's basin. He had been about to say, "Will you marry me?"

Mary Ann's hands were at her sides, but when David stepped forward they went to her throats, from which the cape had ripped back, as if they could control the throbbing there.

She spoke as if she had become terribly tired, as if only two words cost physical effort. "Oh, don't," she said.

David said huskily, solemnly, "I love you. Don't you know that?" And his arm went around her, his free hand touched one of hers—and found it icy.

"You're cold," David said amazedly. "I didn't know you were cold. I'm sorry. I—we—I'll walk back with you—"

Again they were at cross-purposes, as they had been from the time of David's arrival at the hospital.

Her own voice a whisper, Mary Ann said, "No."

"You—you want to stay here?"

"I want to go back to the quarters."

"Of course. But you mustn't go alone."

"I've been to a good many places alone," Mary Ann James reminded him. She said, "If Mr. Bauerlein thinks I ran away, it would cause trouble. I'll go first. If we meet anyone, please don't let them see you—"

"Ashamed to be seen with a guard?"

"I work the same as you do."

"We could walk together until we're near Teh-kang Chong."

Steadily, she agreed, "If you wish."

Whatever vehement assurance David was about to give her was stifled as he thought of Ryan. The result of knocking down the guard might be disastrous. "Perhaps you're right," he agreed. "You go along, and I'll keep some distance behind you—"

Cross-purposes again! She thought, "He's afraid of what the mine people will say to him! He can't be the man who has the glowing diamond! He's just nothing—nothing—a coward." She said, "Very well."

Then David had her in his arms again. She did not struggle, knowing how useless it would be here; but she did the one thing which would serve better: she stood so

aloof, so unable to escape him, that he stopped. As they faced one another, it was she who was more controlled. She was able to smile, to attempt to be as calm as she appeared.

She said, "Of course you can kiss me and I can't prevent it—but would you want that?"

"I want to kiss you," David said, as if it were any sort of proper argument. "I want to like the devil."

"Oh! More than anything in the world, I suppose?" And, as David nodded soberly, "Even more than being a millionaire?"

David said inelegantly, "Blah."

"I see not more than that? More than having the golden diamond?"

David blinked; instead of answering he said, "If you'll kiss me good night, I'll let you pick out any diamond you want—"

"First the diamond, and then the kiss," Mary Ann suggested. "If you're in such a hurry, just tell me where the diamond is, and then I'll—"

"If I had the diamond, I wouldn't use it as a bribe," David snapped, forgetting that he had made a similar suggestion. "I haven't got it. I never had it. I saw it, yes, but just the same as everyone else did." He went on, more slowly, "I want to kiss you because—because—let it go. You're willing to let me kiss you in order to find out something that'll make the mine people think you're somebody. I—"

Mary Ann flamed, "I didn't let Mr. Bauerlein kiss me, and he's somebody at the mine. He ranks next to—"

"He's not so much," David remarked. "Isn't he?" Mary Ann's lips tightened. "Perhaps not—to Mr. David Ridsen."

David suggested amiably, "Don't hit a man when he's down." And then, "Look here, darling; we started our talking about something else, and now we're dragging in everything else under the sun... and the only point really before the court is this: will you kiss me good night?"

"Please?"

"Please."

"No," Mary Ann said readily.

David began to grin. "Now that you've made your decision," he said, "perhaps we'd better get started—home, that is, to the mine." It was almost as much fun talking to her as having his arms about her, but not quite.

They left the clearing side by side. Mary Ann, as well as David, was astonished that they could walk along as friends instead of antagonists. The way back to the path was difficult to traverse. The river sounds guided them, but vines hanging from the trees clutched at them. Although more than once they were very close, David made no attempt to embrace her. Both forgot the resolution to part when they reached the path, and it was not until the lights of the Teh-kang Chong buildings were in plain sight that Mary Ann said suddenly, "Good night, Mr. Ridsen."

"Good night. A lot of people call me David, because it's my name."

David had said it casually, lightly; some nuance in his tone caused the quick-witted girl to say: "And Ridsen isn't?"

The lie stuck in David's throat. "Good night," he repeated.

He had given her another thing to ponder over, after she relieved the other nurse in the room where Nance had been placed.

David went directly to the guards' quarters. One bedside light burned, where Ryan re-read the first three parts of a mystery tale.

As David passed his bed, he looked up. "Back?" he asked.

David said: "Umm. I'm—I didn't mean—"

"It was a good wallop," Ryan said.

"You can take a knock at me any time you want," David told him.

The guard picked up his magazine again.

"It's only when I'm drunk that I enjoy fightin'," he admitted. "Who taught ye that uppercut, Ridsen?"

Voice low in the room filled with sleeping men, David said: "We had Gene down at Long Island, and before breakfast we—"

"I got enough fairy tale in this book here," Ryan chuckled. "It was a good punch, an' let it go at that." His drawl shifted to crisp words: "An' what've ye been doin' fr th' past two hours, eh?"

"I—"

Ryan's right eye drew down in a broad wink. "I smelled th' perfume when ye came in," he said.

David's face was in the dark. Ryan returned to his magazine.

On such a small matter as the extracted scent of flowers hung Ryan's report to Carstairs in the morning, that "to date, sorr, I can guarantee that th' young man's done nothin' I wouldn't do meself."

TEH-KANG CHONG went about its own intricate business. Everyone was busy, and, as if understanding the importance of gold production in the world's muddled affairs, even the machinery operated without trouble. Soma Fujimura dragged out his visit of examination of the mine's stores; but after the first news of Nance's wounding, the attempt at the strong-room resulting in death, and the appearance of the glowing jewel, the canny little Japanese had little of importance to write to old Kato Fujimura.

Nance was desperately sick; the two nurses were on day-and-night duty with him and with the recovering Koreans. While Mary Ann James was with Nance, he lay with eyes closed; when Martha Ellis relieved the smaller girl he wanted to talk, demanding to know what she had been doing, until it was necessary for her to sit on the edge of his bed and hold his hand tightly until he relaxed.

The appearance of the glowing diamond had told Carstairs that matters were bubbling and seething like one of the caldrons near White Tiger Pass, and the manager never allowed himself any peace. He endeavored to be in a hundred places at once. He watched the attitude of the miners. He strengthened the guard at the strongroom as the little gold bars increased in number. He insisted on constant target practice by the guards, done where the natives could see it. David's proficiency with small arms increased. With a rifle he was able to outshoot any of the men.

David began to pick up words of Japanese and Korean. He began to learn things about Teh-kang Chong—that world of its own with Carstairs as its lord, but with a thousand other divinities worshipped by the natives: the god of food, the hundred-handed Mang-syon-k'ou, the moon goddess and her seven demons, hunger, rapine, and all the other naked devils.

He learned of the other mines, at Kang-kyoi, Kapwan, E'ng-san, some few held as

concessions by the English, the others all taken over by the Japanese.

He learned another thing, which must have been amusing to Old David: in the Korean settlement, where gold was actually produced, it was not used as a medium of exchange, nor was silver. The Koreans made use of square-holed iron coins, similar to Chinese cash—having no intrinsic value, backed by nothing, and circulating only because none of the natives was equipped to stamp out the money, and therefore the supply, like that of gold, was limited.

He saw little of Mary Ann James, and that only at a distance. During the long monotonous days he was at the surface working, and on those evenings when the nurse was not on night duty she sat surrounded by men on the verandah, towards which David might stare—and did—but where he and the other mine guards were not welcome. One thing pleased David: Mary Ann had never gone for another night stroll up the dark river path with anyone. David had been very fit when he arrived at Teh-kang Chong, baring only the smudge on the head. Now, the day-long sun slowly dried the juices in him until he became leaner, darker. Never talkative, although far from taciturn, he went through many days without doing more than replying to one of the engineers' "Hot day, what?" or "Have somebody move my chair to the other side of the Working, please." At night, outside the quarters, he listened to the conversation of his fellows. In bed, tired out, glad for the cool sheets, he slept—the Iris was very far away.

Joe Ryan continued companionable and friendly. Even so, he learned nothing worth reporting to Carstairs, except that sometimes one of the natives, bowed to "Bacon," who always passed on without noticing and without any comment.

The guards in general treated David casually but without trust. Now and again their talk would include mention of the uncanny glowing diamond, at which times shrewd eyes slipped towards David, but to which he had become immune. Like the others, he wondered what had happened to the strange jewel.

Once Hunter and King left Teh-kang Chong for a day's hunting, returning with a fine tiger pelt and having cool beer sent down to the guard's quarters. That was the sort of thing Old David had intended for his grandson.

Once the assayer, Bauerlein, brought in a collection of magnificent orchids to be sent across the Pacific—some great pale things colored like mother-of-pearl; others small and intense and odorless, crimson, scarlet, orange, and amber. David would have liked to see these growing—not to see the assayer pin one of the red exotic blossoms on a small nurse—even if Old David would have chuckled at the sight of his grandson's face.

Once McAllister, sent to the native settlement by Carstairs' orders, returned after completing his errand to report that some of the natives didn't look or act like decent hill folk to him.

Otherwise, Teh-kang Chong continued to produce gold peacefully and swiftly, and the supply in the strongroom on the eastward rise increased. An additional quantity of red-lacquered tin was brought across White Tiger Pass, where workmen fitted it into more containers for the small gold bars. The tally in the office grew and grew as the mine was pushed to top speed.

The home office wanted the year's gold shipped to San Francisco as speedily as possible, and wanted it in one shipment. The

price of gold was rising jerkily—Old David's gold. Conditions in the States were such as to make the mine people wonder if the powerful Prentice banks had any unusual reason for desiring bar gold.

"What's a couple of million to a man like Prentice?" one of the guards remarked outside their quarters. "Nothing. Like a few yen to us."

"He'll make another million out of the gold alone," Howell said. "A lot of it he'll send to the Mint, to get paper for it! Yeah! He'll make himself a nice fat profit. The rich get richer, and the poor—"

"Get dumber," Ryan broke in, hitching one leg across the other. "We got no kick. We take his money."

"Wasn't kidding," Howell retorted. "When we get out of here I'll have enough to live like a lord in Shanghai for a month. . . . How long before we take the gold down Syung-hing way, Joe?"

"Bauerlein said pretty soon."

"No Shanghai for Nance this year," McAllister said soberly.

"Nor for Billings," Joe Ryan said. "Of the two, maybe Billings' th' lucky one. He's just dead . . . and I wish I knew why, too. But Howie Nance's crazy about a decent girl—"

"A nurse, you mean," Howell grinned.

McAllister said lastly: "It's a good thing Nance isn't here while you're working that big trap of yours, Howell. Doesn't it ever get into trouble?"

"At that, a good fight wouldn't be so rotten," Joe Ryan remarked. "We're all gettin' fed up, waitin' for somethin' to happen which don't—waitin' 't' get away. A fight can clear th' air sometimes."

"Perhaps it can be arranged," David said.

"Huh! It'll be a long time before Howie Nance does any fightin' with his fists, David." David looked down at his legs. This moment there was no Iris at all, nor had he ever held a girl in his arms on the yacht's deck. He had no desire to stand up for the good name of nurses; it was simply that one nurse was involved, and that he was finding that his store of new stolidity was vanishing.

"I'm just about Nance's age," David said slowly. "Er—wouldn't I do, Howell?" David had a strong notion that he was saying just about what Ryan intended him to say.

Howell remained at full ease in his canvas chair.

"What do we want to fight about?" he asked amiably.

"Nurses," Joe Ryan reminded him.

It was all so placidly discussed that David, like the other guard, reclined on his own chair with relaxed muscles, although there was a little tingling in his fingertips. He supposed that if he said no other word, nothing would come of this; and he knew instinctively that the guards were waiting for him to speak. Why?

Because an innuendo had been made about the Ellis girl, without Nance being able to defend her? That seemed ridiculous. Or because the men were on edge, eager to have something out of the ordinary take place? Or what? It didn't seem to make sense. A chap didn't fight about nothing. More, David had never done any fighting except in friendship, with heavy gloves.

The rock above White Tiger Pass was shimmering in moonlight, looking towards it, David said lightly. "Whoever that is coming down the trail has more nerve than I. It must be difficult at night."

"Ham and eggs are good for breakfast, too," McAllister told the Korean sky. "Let's go to bed."

Ryan, glancing eastward once, said,

"Japanese. Sometimes they get up to the pass by sunset, and come down with lanterns. So we're going to bed, are we?"

David watched the bits of yellow light bobbing down the mountain trail. "Not for long, let's hope," he said. "Suppose we get it over, Howell. If I've got to be specific, that was a very rotten thing you said about Nance's girl."

"I didn't say anything about Howie's girl. I made the crack about nurses." The big guard was on his feet; his shirt was off with one rapid movement, revealing his thick barrel of a chest. While McAllister rose and went into the hot sleeping-room, Howell exploded into a laugh. "Feller," he said in a loud, carrying voice, "it sounded like talk to me when I heard it, but it must be true. One of the natives said that the Bearded One—old Bauerlein—went up to the pool with the HJ nurse, and—"

David's open palm slapped him across the mouth.

The two men were caught and held by other guards before another blow could be struck. McAllister had returned. While Ryan pulled off David's shirt and singlet, McAllister began to lace on the gloves he had brought; another of the men performed the same service for Howell.

David said to Ryan: "This's your idea, Joe. Why?"

"Can you lick him?"

"Why—"

"Keep away," Ryan counselled. "When you get a chance, as he's comin' in—it's all he knows—let him have it on the button. You got dynamite in that short punch. If you don't drop him, back away. Keep your left in his face. Have you got a left?"

"I—yes, I suppose so," David had to ask again: "What's the idea, Joe? It seems so ridiculous."

"We need entertainment," McAllister told him, "and you two are well matched. Let it go at that."

David let his gloved hands drop to his sides. He said in a low voice, but very clearly: "Joe, either you'll tell me why you've started this, or you don't have a free show."

The Irishman's faded blue eyes met David's. Finally he said: "Tis a fool notion of mine. Will ye let it go at that?"

"No," David said.

"Ye won't? So. F'r months Bauerlein and Howell were friends, and now they ain't. I'm curious about that; and so—well, I'm wonderin' how Bauerlein'll act when there's a fight. That's all."

"And I get my head knocked off to satisfy your curiosity?"

"Ye stay away and keep your head where it don't get hit! Or—shrewdly—'tis with Howie Nance you'll be stayin', if Howell gets a fair shot at ye!"

"There might be worse things than that," David retorted.

"Perhaps. An' how will ye like Miss James settin' ye flat on your face?"

David's jaw dropped. "Will she—"

"She'll come, whether she likes a fight or not, because the others will. . . . Are ye ready, Howell? Shake hands!"

David held out his hand mechanically, fingers about to curl over Howell's gloved ones. The other guard touched David's glove and instantly lurched forward. David managed to back away and slip to the left.

The advice Ryan had given him was excellent. Obviously Howell knew but one way of fighting: to get close and maul. What strength there would be in the big guard's

punches David could well enough imagine. Head down, flat-footed, Howell shuffled after the slighter man, left hand pawing forward, right close to his side. It was that right, David knew, he must avoid. He slowed his constant circling.

Somebody cried, "How 'bout music for this?"

Then, almost instantly, the two men were ringed about by engineers and office people. Carstairs was demanding, "No bad blood about this, is there?" and Ryan, never taking his eyes from the two men, said that it was just a little evening's exercise for the boys.

Although he kept his eyes on Howell's, David had also in vision the moonlit faces as he swung in his circle. Carstairs, tight at the lips, lean and angular; Hunter's, Bauerlein's, with mouth a little open; Ryan's, very thoughtful and intent; the smooth oval of Mary Ann's, where she stood between two of the engineers. He thought his gaze passed by her as it did the others, but at what to him was the self-same instant Howell closed, brushing aside David's left hand, and was pounding at his middle with heavy punches.

David managed to work free, with a sudden, leaden feeling in his knees, but with head clear and becoming very cold. His eyes, which had been a little amused and a little puzzled, were bright and keen now; his left was out again; and when they had made a complete round of the hard-packed earth and Howell rushed, David slipped away only after driving the stockier man's head back with two swift jabs.

"That's it," cheered Ryan. "Easy does it."

David saw that Howell was gathering himself for another of the lunging attacks. He decided to give ground more slowly, see if he couldn't get in a couple of lefts before he backed away. Howell's slower attacks had fooled David; this time the other guard came in swiftly. His right caught David high on the cheekbone, and he changed inside David's jab, pounding away methodically, one hand holding tightly about David's neck.

Here was something vastly different from the automatic clinching at home, when you exchanged a word of compliment with your opponent. Hot pain crackled up to David's head, exploding there to partially numb him. He could hear Ryan crying out to him, excitedly, in warning. Deeper voices were shouting also, but they only added to the constant ringing in his ears.

He couldn't get away, try as he might. He couldn't even get an arm down to block the sledge-hammer smashing away at his stomach. Every blow increased the agony. The moon began to turn red and revolve like a pin-wheel, throwing off scarlet and yellow tongues of fire.

This was nothing like fighting in the States, with a fellow you really liked, for the fun of exchanging good-natured wallops, and grinning when a clean one went home . . . and he could not get away.

High shrill voices became an over-tone to the ceaseless shouts of the Teh-kang Chong men. Koreans from the household were watching, some standing on the porch rail, others dancing up and down on the roof.

Head down, as David's was up, Howell kept about his business, grunting as he kept on hammering away, each punch taking more from the store of David's strength and resistance.

Bauerlein was howling, "Push him back and drop him!"

As Howell did just this, probably having the same intention even without the ad-

vice, David's head managed to tell him one thing: he must get over a short punch. Ryan'd said so. Ryan knew. Dynamite in it, Ryan'd said.

Howell shoved with the heel of his glove against David's chin—and at that instant, as if the rasp of the laces had unleashed temper and arms, David's hands, right and left, began to pump up short sharp blows, which sent the other man staggering back, head jerked up, blinking, wavering.

"After him, Dave!" Ryan shouted.

David wanted nothing better than to hammer Howell all around the ring. No more of this backing away for him! Anger was flaring blood-bright before his eyes.

But before he could follow his arm, there was a silvery gleam in the air, like faint summer lightning; and then the flash steadied, and, in the centre of the human circle, between the two white men, became a long knife in the packed earth. The blade gleamed; it made a deadly and trembling black shadow, like an ominous and not-to-be-crossed line between the men.

Carstairs snapped, "It was thrown from the roof."

Every head except David's buzzing one and Mary Ann's looked towards the dark buildings. Man and girl were as completely unobserved as if they had been at the top of White Tiger Pass. She half held out a hand to him, and David felt a warmth as invigorating as rage as he nodded to her.

Then the mine people turned again, having seen that the roofs were empty and the long verandah deserted. Carstairs gave no useless order to round up the Korean servants. The mine manager was puzzled and angry. There had been fights at Teh-kang Chong before, and would be again; but Carstairs wished he had stopped this one, coming as it had when all had been peaceful.

Soma Fujimura stepped out of the circle. He said directly to David, "You have friend who threw knife?"

"Had he a friend," Ryan said quietly, "he wouldn't have stopped this fight so soon."

"Fight all done?" the Japanese inquired.

"Too bad I sink."

Howell was rubbing a thoughtful and aching chin, firm now in the belief that "Risdon" had been faking during the clinch, and had only been waiting for a chance to get in blows like the ones which had almost knocked his head from his shoulders. After all, what was the darn' squabble about? Howell hardly remembered until he saw Mary Ann.

"Lady," he said, "your boy friend's got a wallop like th' kick of a mule."

The guard couldn't have said anything worse. The Teh-kang Chong staff, one by one, had attempted to get the nurse off the verandah, without success, and had wondered about their failures. All that the engineers wanted was a chance to talk with her alone, because she was white, and pretty—because she represented Home.

King said sharply, "What do you mean by that, Howell?"

"That's a statement I resent," Bauerlein added heavily.

"You would," Howell agreed.

The bobbing lanterns, after having grown larger, were out of sight behind the rise on which the strongroom was situated, where two guards spent the night now.

"I do not like the way you say 'boy friend,'" the assayed growled.

Howell stared at him. The guard's face was puzzled: perhaps he was recalling the assayed's words of encouragement, perhaps he acted a part, as he retorted, "One fight's

enough for one night, mister. Go soak your head."

"That will do," Carstairs said, "Shake hands, you two men. And neither of you pick up that knife. If you don't know, Risdon, it is a sign from the Koreans—"

"A sign of what?" David asked.

"Any of the men can tell you," Carstairs said. "You'd better all go to bed."

David almost said, "And have someone tuck us in?" Why, confound it, Teh-kang Chong was his—or Old David's, which was the same thing. He was young; he was suddenly tired of being ordered about. He had been made a spectacle before a lot of people, and he was sick of it.

Deeper, there burned the resentment at the attitude of the staff; that the girl had no right to be acquainted with him—"boy friend" was the word—and it was this more than anything else that made him step closer to the knife in the ground.

"Here's what I think of their sign," David said. He kicked the blade, and as it fell and touched a pebble, it gave out a tinkle like that of a priest's bell.

Carstairs was saying, "Go to your quarters, you fool," when a higher, thinner voice interrupted him.

"Good evening," someone was saying in meticulous English. "I can see that it is time we came."

The speaker, David saw, was a Japanese, in what was a strange conglomerate of clothing; he wore knee-high boots of fine leather; on his head was an English cap; over his body was a black silk kimono.

"I will introduce myself," he said. "Mr. Tauro Matsumoto, of Tokyo." He bowed and waved his hand. "I have a few friends with me," he added.

Carstairs bowed, uneasiness visible in his face.

"You've had a long trip," he said. "I'll have food prepared—"

"This is a business visit," Matsumoto smiled. "If we can trespass on your valuable time . . ."

The mine manager bowed again.

"It would be well to have the gentlemen who kicked over the death knife come also," Matsumoto suggested placidly. "Otherwise there may not be much left of him in the morning, Mr. Carstairs. It is a serious thing to go against the customs of the country, unless you have armed forces at your disposal . . . more than a dozen guards, at least."

At a nod from Carstairs—a short jerk of the head, as if the mine manager was not in agreement, but didn't wish to argue the point—David followed Carstairs to the office. Hunter, Bauerlein, and King, as department heads in Carstairs' confidence, came along quietly and without conversation. David saw that the visitors were twenty or more Nipponese, all sturdy and young men, some of whom carried racks of foreign manufacture or imitation, one of whom bore a knapsack with the letters B. S. A. and an eagle on the back. Educated, European or American-trained men, with round shrewd bland faces.

Over in the native settlement a bell was ringing. The word had already arrived. The sacred knife of protection had been knocked over, and by the very white man it was intended to protect! Here was an affair for the priests to argue. But in the meantime the miners and their families took no chances. Devils were certainly abroad, now that the blade had been kicked, and sacrifices must be made.

Rags torn from worn clothing were stuck on those trees known to harbor evil spirits. The women spat at the trunks according

to ritual, praying incessantly. A chicken was hastily slaughtered, so that the feathers might be scattered in a wide circle around the entire settlement. There was nothing so effective as white feathers to frighten demons.

The Elder Men gathered solemnly at the makeshift temple, and waited in silence as the incense rose; waited for the opinions of the priests, which could not be given until the Curtain of the Clouds was drawn aside, and holy men were able to converse with the gods.

Not all of the men in the settlement were so superstitious. Some of them knew a thing or two about temples and gods and devils and such nonsense, having spent years begging in the courtyard of the shrine at Syung-hing. Men who had suddenly been able to acquire good clothing and well-stuffed pouches. Men to whom word of the appearance of the glowing diamond had come, spreading Oriental fashion from mouth to mouth, until even the scum and scour of the gutters knew of it.

Hai-ya! Where there was gold (said Kumatsu the beggar), there was the place for men who knew what gold would bring!

THE disdain which Tsuro Matsumoto managed to get into a single raised eyebrow as he stared once at the younger member of the Fujimura family, was surpassed only by Soma Fujimura's expression of humility. The visitor to Teh-kang Chong wasted no time on polite preliminaries. He had entered the office ahead of the mine manager, and without apology had appropriated Carstairs' chair, from which his short legs dangled as if he enjoyed the others' slight but well-concealed discomfort. From the start Matsumoto was literal; all his *i's* were dotted, all his *t's* crossed.

"Conditions in Korea are very bad, Mr. Carstairs," he began.

"We haven't found them so," said Carstairs.

"You will," Matsumoto smiled. "Or perhaps I should say, 'You will not,' because that is why we are here."

To this Carstairs said nothing.

The Japanese patted his fingertips together. "Conditions are very bad," he began, as if reciting something learned by heart. "Everywhere we find unrest, both social and economic. Prices are rising, and there is not much work for the natives in the towns. I regret to say it, but there is a definite movement towards rebellion, which is, of course, silly, but very unfortunate. Naturally it will not be allowed to spread."

"It won't get as far from the towns as Teh-kang Chong," smiled Carstairs. "If it does, we're prepared to take care of it."

Blinking, Matsumoto said, "Please do not interrupt. In the past, Mr. Carstairs, we have always been able to give you complete protection when you ship your gold from Syung-hing; but this time we can make no promises."

Again Carstairs broke in: "You speak for the provincial government?"

He seemed to have caught the Japanese at a vital point, for Matsumoto's eyes narrowed. "I speak," he said, "for men who are very patriotic, and who wish nothing to happen to endanger any friendly relationships. Let me make myself clear, Mr. Carstairs, we are ready and willing to purchase Teh-kang Chong, including the gold now ready for shipment, at current prices, and also to make you an offer for the mine which will meet with your approval when you consider all of the circumstances."

"You'll have to make your offer to New

York," Carstairs said. "I have no authority of any kind in such matters."

Matsumoto uncoiled his legs, and brought his feet to the floor with a loud sound, at which Fujimura bowed his head. He said, "That is exactly the point, my dear sir. If your home office is convinced that only trouble can result from a continuation of your operations here, what will they say?"

Carstairs knew the answer to this. He merely repeated his statement that he was without authority in the matter.

"That is understood," the Japanese said, more coldly. "Let me outline the situation. I take it that you have heard rumors of a strange gem, sir?"

"I have."

"This is more than just peasant talk, I assure you! There is a luminous jewel somewhere in Korea, and it is a real diamond. I have investigated, and I am in position to speak truth." He smiled at one of his companions. "Mr. Oyama-hashi is a man of scientific mind," he explained. "He will tell you about it."

In precise English the other Japanese said, "In 1887, M. Berthelot first made announcement. I will read his opinion. The texts leave no doubt as to the employment by the ancients of precious stones rendered phosphorescent in the dark by the superficial application of thinctures composed of materials whose phosphorescent quality is known to us. It might be made to last several hours, perhaps several days, and can always be renewed by repeating the application. Therefore—"

"You mean this diamond is treated so that it throws off light?"

"Who can tell?" Oyama-hashi smiled. "Let me go on. Another man, Sir William Crookes—very important scientist—says that a diamond in his collection gives off almost as much light as a candle, and where there is one such gem, it is possible there are more, and—"

"What has all this to do with Teh-kang Chong?" Carstairs asked.

Matsumoto rubbed one plump thigh. "We come to that," he purred. "You have heard the tale of the Descended Sun Mortal, Mr. Carstairs? That there will appear in Chosen a man who is a god, and who will be recognised because of the piece of the sun he brings down from heaven?"

"I've heard it yes," agreed the manager, "but a little differently: it was supposed to be a piece of the moon, when the yarn was told me. Just how does this affect the mine?"

"Ah. Yes. How? Very simple. The natives rise up and follow this man-who-is-a-god, and drive all the foreigners out of Chosen—"

"Including the Japanese?"

Matsumoto's face darkened, until there was a purplish flush over his brown cheeks. "Chosen is a part of the empire. Let there be no more such talk! We are in no danger, but white men are, because we cannot guarantee to protect isolated mines in the future."

"And your authority for the statement?"

Matsumoto sprang to his feet. "I am authority," he said with new fierceness. "I, a member of the Young Japanese! I say to you—"

"Sit down," Hunter suggested quietly. "And don't say it."

The now excited follower of the patriotic movement confined to hot-blooded Japanese jingoism was not to be stopped. He had an audience. He felt his power, and his words surged forth: "We wish no trouble. The glowing diamond will appear, and you white men will be murdered. Then our Government will be blamed, and there will be complications. Instead, we offer you—"

"Have you seen the diamond?" Bauerlein interrupted soberly.

"What is your offer?" Carstairs said rapidly, before the Japanese could answer or in turn ask a question of his own.

"That is better!" Matsumoto sucked in his breath. "You see your position! Very good. Ver-ry good." He was unable to withhold playing what he had originally held as a high card. "Suppose you have the gold ready to go to Syung-hing, and you reach White Tiger Pass, and armed men attack you. What happens?"

"A lot of dead men," King smiled. "That's what we have guards for."

"A few guards—hundreds of fanatical savages! You lose the gold—we lose the gold—everyone loses the gold. How much better is my plan! We take the gold at to-day's quotation, we take the mine at—are we not generous?—your own book valuation, and—"

"Every day gold rises," King told him. "How do you pay? In gold?"

The Japanese drew himself up. "What is wrong with imperial banknotes?"

Carstairs again spoke before his engineer: "I'm sorry, Mr. Matsumoto, but we aren't getting anywhere. I have no authority of any kind. I doubt that if I suggested we were in a dangerous situation, my chief in New York would be governed by my recommendation, anyhow."

Matsumoto was smiling all over his round face. "If you make it strong, and tell what will happen—that you will be killed, and so will everyone else—they will listen. Besides—virtuously—there are women here, and we do not want them to be hurt."

The leader of the young Japanese drew inside his kimono, and took out an envelope. Very carefully he slipped a letter from it, and handed it to Carstairs.

"Read aloud," he requested.

The manager read the short message in silence, and then, after a glance about his white companions, did as the Japanese requested.

The note was addressed to the Tokyo-Osaka Mining Corporation, and not to the name given in the home-office letter which had been sent to Carstairs, saying that an offer had been made for Teh-kang Chong.

"In reply to your letter of the 7th, there is nothing to be added to our original declaration of your offer, nor do we desire to discuss terms. We will be willing to enter into negotiations only if convinced that the people of Teh-kang Chong are actually endangered. Proof of this condition must come from the mine management, submitted in code. At such time we would go more deeply into the matter."

The letter was signed by the secretary of the company.

Carstairs was in a difficult position and realised it fully. He had no intention of antagonising the Japanese, who could stir up all sorts of trouble. What Matsumoto said about the crossing of White Tiger Pass was in the nature of a threat. Did the Japanese know that the strangely luminous jewel was at Teh-kang Chong? That Carstairs, for weeks, had been prepared for trouble, after Nance's wounding and the murder of Billings at the strongroom?

The manager understood exactly what these fanatical men intended; to secure Teh-kang Chong's gold at a minimum figure in a rising market. Japan had troubles of its own; financial, the problem of expansion, rising food prices, unemployment. These so-called patriots must have

decided to pour into the imperial vaults—no matter how the government felt about it—the riches of the Korean foreign-owned mines, American and British, in order to re-establish a dwindling credit and vanishing gold reserve.

Carstairs set a high value on the liver of his people; but he and all of them were paid to get the gold out of Teh-kang Chong and safely to the States. The guards were hired to defend the gold; it was their job. But—was there treason in the ranks? This, more than anything else at this moment, unsettled the manager. For weeks there had been quiet; but Nance lay wounded, and Billings had been killed—and the glowing diamond was somewhere.

The room was silent. Matsumoto, positive of the outcome, rocked comfortably in Carstairs' chair. Soma Fujimura muttered to himself, "Too bad. Oh, too bad," until one of the higher-class Nipponese glared at him, and then he muttered nothing at all. David, a witness of no importance to something involving what belonged to Old David and himself, thought this would be a marvellous time for the diamond to reappear.

From the native settlement came the moaning of the gong; the hum of praying voices was not to be heard, but the long continuous sound set nerves on edge.

Just as Carstairs was about to speak, a step on the verandah stopped him.

Mary Ann James was without her cape. She said, voice blurred, "Mr. Carstairs, Mr. Nance is dying."

The minor hum of the beaten gong rose; into it, and through it, shrilled the wild scream of an animal.

"They have killed a pony," Matsumoto smiled. "A sacrifice. You see, Mr. Carstairs? Trouble is starting. The natives have shed blood, and who can tell how it will all end? Perhaps they have already seen the man with the strange glowing sun jewel."

David almost said, "I wouldn't be surprised," which was what he was thinking; but that wouldn't do at all. His was a positive part here, although he was beginning to feel rising restraint. After all, Teh-kang Chong was his. But there was no reason to rise out of his masquerade—even if he could prove his identity, which he couldn't—as long as Carstairs had things in hand.

Carstairs was looking at Mary Ann; for a fraction of time he glanced at David, who had been in this room when the luminous diamond appeared and vanished. Then he said jerkily, as if decision were becoming more and more difficult, "You will excuse me, gentlemen. One of my men was shot. And now—"

"We suffer for you," Matsumoto bowed sorrowfully.

"Too bad," said Soma Fujimura, and might have said more if the other Japanese had not coughed in unison.

The nurse had faced towards the village where a glow arose from a steadily tended altar fire. David saw only her profile.

Carstairs followed her out.

THE Japanese were talking about a huge tiger which had been shot in the outskirts of Syung-hing when Carstairs returned. The white men were not drawn into the talk at all.

Obviously unstrung by death, Carstairs said, "Poor Nance—poor chap. Miss Ellis has broken down. We've got to get her back to Syung-hing—"

"We can be of service," Matsumoto of-

fered immediately. "We return in the morning, and will gladly escort her—when we take your letter to be mailed for New York. For, of course—"

"I'll write my opinion and send a messenger with it," Carstairs said.

"It might get lost. Better give it to us," Carstairs said, voice low: "You take too much for granted, Mr. Matsumoto."

"Not at all! I know reasonable men when I see them. And you have read for yourself that your superiors in America wish you to take no chances. Will you disobey their orders?"

King remarked, "Nothing much has happened."

"Yet," said Matsumoto.

The howling from the settlement was sufficiently loud to reach the mine. Carstairs said uneasily, "We'll send word to Syung-hing for protection. That's in the concession agreement."

Smiling gently, Matsumoto said, "Ah, yes? You will send word . . . through White Tiger Pass? Yes?"

There it was, the threat, naked as the gigantic smooth dome of the rock itself. Carstairs must have been remembering the gash in the mountain, through which but a single man at a time might advance, and that only with extreme caution. A pair of armed men could hold the gap against any sort of attack without the slightest difficulty; hold it indefinitely and safely. At no other point were even natives able to cross the range.

Bauerlein rumbled, "If we cannot send men out, perhaps when you are gone we will not allow you to return."

"No! That is silly. We can come down from the north, which takes time but can be accomplished by determined and armed men. But you cannot escape to the Yalu. Oh, no. The Red hordes would cut you down before you reached the river. We would come in force, and not with just a few guards." Matsumoto held up his hand. "Let us all be reasonable," he asked. "Your superiors will not thank you for anything else, after we have made such a good offer. Why, it says just that in the letter we received; let me read it again—"

Carstairs' indecision was written on his face.

Matsumoto's voice was a monotone as he methodically plodded through every word on the page:

"Teh-kang Chong Mines, Incorporated, Prefecture Building, New York, N.Y., U.S.A., May 26th. The Tokyo-Osaka Mining Corporation, 142 Yamanaka Street, Tokyo, Japan. Attention of Mr. S. Sukamura, President. Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of the 7th, there is nothing—"

David asked, "What was the date of the letter, please?"

"The seventh. Again: In reply to your letter of the 7th—"

"I don't mean the letter that was being answered," David said, his heart beginning to pound rapidly. "The date on the letter from New York."

"Mah! What difference does it make? The date is May 26th, and—"

"Who signed the letter?"

Matsumoto's face was becoming angry. He said without politeness, "What has that to do with anything?" A glance towards Carstairs demanded: "Who is this of your young men who talks so much about nothing?"

"Wasn't it George Randolph, the secretary?" David insisted.

"It was. Now, please, let me continue—"

"In a moment perhaps you won't care about continuing," David stepped away from the wall, his face rather tense. He appeared as if he had found the store of courage which Carstairs had lost, although he spoke quietly enough. "On May 26th," said David, "George Randolph was in Bermuda—"

"Nonsense," Matsumoto snapped. He waved the envelope. "See the date on it," he told David, stepping up swiftly and showing the paper under David's nose.

"Sorry," David told him. "George Randolph wasn't in New York on the twenty-sixth—so he couldn't have signed the letter."

Hunter, as well as David, had marked his chief's uncertainty. Although it was Carstairs' place to do the questioning, the engineer said, "You're pretty positive about it, Raddon. Why?"

"Because Randolph was in Bermuda."

"How do you know?"

"He was with my—I saw him," David said.

Matsumoto wasn't laughing. His courteous blandness was gone, revealing the insensitiveness of purpose beneath. "And you know absolutely that it was the twenty-sixth day of May, young man?"

David nodded. "I do."

"What a fine memory! Yes! This is almost two months ago, and you know it was the twenty-sixth, and not the twenty-fifth or the twenty-seventh."

"That's correct," agreed David.

"What makes you so certain?"

David said quietly, "The twenty-sixth is my grandfather's birthday. Randolph came down to Bermuda to see him."

"So?" Bauerlein asked. "And who is this grandfather of yours, that high officials visit him?"

With only an instant's hesitation, David said: "The point isn't who my grandfather is, but that this letter could not have been signed by George Randolph on May twenty-sixth. Therefore—"

"Am I to be insulted?" Matsumoto demanded. "Here is the letter, the envelope, the signature. These are all forgeries!"

"Now that you've mentioned it, I believe they are," David agreed.

"It's got a funny smell," Hunter said soberly.

"Not such an obnoxious odor as dead men lying in the sun," Matsumoto snapped at the engineer.

Hunter shrugged.

Carstairs no longer stared helplessly about him. He heard the shouting in the native settlement; heard, nearer, the weird cry of a cock pheasant in the bush. In his nostrils, and in every other man's in the room, was the sweetish smell of burning incense as the Koreans placed burners about the house to purify it after death, lest the angry ghost of the white man return and kill them all as they slept. He glanced once at David, and the steady eyes of the younger man were somehow invigorating.

He had no way of knowing that David's statement concerning the whereabouts of George Randolph was correct, but he did realise that the Japanese had been badly upset by it.

"We are taking our own gold to Syung-hing," Carstairs said in a chilly voice. "If we are prevented there will be an investigation—"

"You are men in a strange wild land," Matsumoto argued. "To the north are the Red Bannermen. Your workers are savages, ready and willing to revolt. If you are attacked—"

"We'll know who did it," Carstairs said evenly, "although the assailants may be dressed like Koreans."

"That is it, exactly," chuckled Bauerlein. Matsumoto fiddled with his kimono cord. Then he said, smiling sorrowfully, "We are very tired men. Perhaps you can offer us a hot bath and tea?"

Carstairs was now able to be both magnanimous and diplomatic. He bowed. "You had better stay here for the night. Food will be ready after you have rested, and then you can tell us the latest news."

Sighing as if grateful, Matsumoto returned. "It is pleasant to be here as your guests, Mr. Carstairs. Ah, yess. Some day you must honor us likewise, especially the—this suspicious-minded young man who goes about kicking down sacred knives. Is he also an engineer?"

Soma Fujimura, dumb before in the presence of his militant superiors, but feeling now that his position as a merchant's son was no longer in danger—and still wishing in currying favor—said, "He is man we not able—"

The rumble of Bauerlein's voice smothered whatever Fujimura intended to say. "I'm going to the settlement, Mr. Carstairs. I want that filter cloth I'm having woven the first thing in the morning—"

"Better have a guard go with you," Bauerlein laughed. "I'm not afraid of devils," he said.

He was gone when Carstairs said to David, "You are to stay in quarters. Reldon, until I learn what you do in order to have the natives understand that your kicking the knife was accidental."

As David stepped outside, his head was high. It had been fun, watching the Japanese tumble off their horses when the gate was kept locked. "If I hadn't brought up the fact about George Randolph's being down to visit grandpa on his birthday," David thought, "they might've bluffed Carstairs."

Walking towards the guards' quarters, David saw a tiny glow against the white wall of the main dormitory. Not until he was almost where the greyish-violet perfume wafted upward beside a rancored oil lamp did he see a white figure on the ground, and find with a quickening of his heart that it was Mary Ann.

The girl spoke first, as if to herself. "He was getting better. He'd started to plan. About going home. With Martha. Now he's dead."

David knelt beside her. She moved her eyes, dreamy, puzzled eyes with a question in them. How much she was shaken was apparent from the quick words the long pauses between sentences. David found her hand, listless and lax and, in spite of the warmth of the night, cold.

"He's dead," Mary Ann repeated, as painfully as if the other nurse's sorrow were her own. "Martha didn't know she loved him. At first she let him talk and talk, because he was so wretched. She was sorry for him. Now—she knows."

They were each covered by an emotional veil, the man fighting his longing lest he take advantage of her grief by comforting her, the girl abandoned to her thoughts and not fighting at all. Between them beat and flickered waves of warm air.

Then she turned her face full. Their eyes met. Darkness, a stifling sense, a leap of the heart, and she was in his arms. David held her fast there. Her face was hidden, but he saw her shoulders heave. If he had fought before, he was utterly beaten now, and he knew it.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart," he said. "Is this true?"

She lay close, cheek against his shoulder.

not answering him for a long while. Then she said, "Is what true?"

He had to have her answer, even if he drained it from her. "This—that you love me."

At last she looked up, and in her face David saw the pale gleam of smiling certainty. "It's true," she said. "I can't help it. I've tried. I suppose I ought not to love you. How can I help myself?"

David, in the floodtide of the oldest of old triumphs, and Mary Ann, in her complete surrender, had no eyes but for one another and no voice but that of the lips.

When she stirred, it was only to come closer. When David moved, it was to hold her so.

At last she said, "I must go in. To Martha." David kissed her.

"We've got all our lives yet," she whispered.

Hungrily, David said, "It isn't long enough."

Standing, they kissed again, once hungrily and then almost shyly.

They were able to think only of this moment, which was ending. Mary Ann promised, "To-morrow night—"

The conference in the office brought David back to reality. "To-morrow night you'll be back in Syung-hing. You're to go with the Japanese. So is Miss Ella. I don't want you to go."

Cheek against shoulder, she said, "In Syung-hing. Waiting. It will be—so long. Waiting. So sweet to know that when you come—"

"I could—"

She kissed him swiftly, breathlessly. "No, Mr. Carstairs is worried about everything. Stay here until the gold is brought down. Mr. Carstairs would let you go now. He's king. Stay, because it's your job—"

"Don't go walking with anyone until I come!"

"How could I?" As David kissed the palm against his lips, she whispered, "I've never waited for anyone before. Some day we can come back to Teh-kang Chong. I love it here, because you—I—"

David said, in his elation, "I'm glad you do. I'll give you the mine for a wedding gift, darling."

She said, "Oh," and only that.

NOT until she had disappeared into the building did David go inside the guards' quarters. Not even then did he realize that her final kiss had been just as soft and sweet as the others, but that her lips had turned to ice. What doubts his light statement must have aroused—not only as to his masquerade, but concerning his purpose at Teh-kang Chong—he never thought about at all. And not until he had gone to bed did he think of anything save happiness.

Then he recalled something. Not her final, "Oh," so close to horror, but what she had said earlier: that waiting would be sweet, and that she had never waited for anyone before.

How far was the Iris from Korean waters? What—what was Paula thinking? Was she, too, waiting, and finding the interval of absence interminable?

Paula on the Iris, slim and lovely, swept away by moonlight on the deck of the yacht. Mary Ann James at Teh-kang Chong...

David thought restlessly, "I love her too much to let her go."

On the next bed, Joe Ryan turned towards him. The guard asked, "No can sleep?"

"All the noise in the settlement."

"Yeah. Sure. You heard Nance died?"

"Yes. Poor devil."

"Lucky," Ryan said shortly.

"I don't think so. He was going to be very happy, Joe. Who was he?"

The guard moved so he was nearer David's bed. "That's how it was?" he asked. "Tough. For th' girl." Silence.

Then: "Who was he? We don't ask that question in th' Orient, boy."

"Sorry, Joe. But he seemed—"

"A square man. Let it go at that. Maybe a bitter one; I dunno. Anyhow, did ye notice what happened durin' your fight with Howell?"

"I had too much to do. D'you mean how Bauerlein acted?"

"He wanted Howell to knock your block off."

David said, "Well, he almost had his wish—"

McAllister suggested, "Pipe down, you birds. It's too hot to listen to you."

Feet off the bed, Ryan said to David, "I want a smoke m'self. Come along. Finish your cigarette outside."

The two men moved fifty feet from the sleeping quarters. Ryan was naked from the waist up, David in the thin cotton pyjamas issued at Teh-kang Chong.

"What happened in the office?" Ryan demanded without preface.

David told him, and the older man listened without comment until the conclusion.

Then he said, "A good thing you knew about Randolph bein' in Bermuda, David. How'd you happen t' be there? Pretty swift comp'ny for a young feller."

Dave was grinning in the darkness. He said, "You mean, who am I?"

"Yeah."

"That's a question you aren't supposed to ask in the Orient," David told him calmly. Before Ryan could either retort or apologise, Dave said truthfully enough, "I was bringing a tray of cocktails down to the pool—"

"That's a job I never had," Ryan admitted. "Plunkin' in. No wonder you ain't boastin' about it. Me, once I washed dishes down in Cebu. Free chow, warm beer, two dollars Mex a day. . . . So you was waitin' table in Bermuda, an' you seen Randolph there. So far so good. Carstairs was in a tough spot. Th' Young Patriots held what looked like plenty of cards. An' if th' boss passed up a chance t' negotiate instead of losin' Teh-kang Chong entirely—"

"They couldn't have taken it," David protested. "The Japanese don't dare break the terms of the concession."

"Maybe not officially, but funny things can happen. Sometimes patriots can be just as bad as Reds. It looks fine now, but I bet Matsumoto thinks of some devilment he can do, just out of meanness an' because he was licked. Even if he don't, listen to them natives down at th' settlement. They're ripe for trouble. All they need is a leader."

"The man who'll have the golden diamond?"

Ryan spat thoughtfully, "Yeah. A leader who'll have some fool sign like a phony stone which shines in th' dark. Maybe this diamond. Maybe some other nonsense supposed t' b'long to the gods. David, answer me a question: What happened to th' jewel in Carstairs' office that night?"

"I wish I knew."

"You ain't got it?"

David remained looking towards the glow above the settlement, a glow that was slowly fading until it was only a blur of purple-maroon through which yellow sparks shot. "Do you think I have?" he asked curiously.

"If I did," grunted the other guard, "I'd not be here talkin' with ye. I was just wonderin' that's all. Somebody's got it. An' I think it's Bauerlein."

"I don't like him, either," David agreed. "But he was searched like the rest."

"You was all searched. All except Miss James."

"She was nowhere near where the diamond was. She and Carstairs were both across the room."

"I was just wonderin' again. Let's get back t' th' other business. Tell me: When ye were in Bermuda, slamin' hash, didn't it seem tough with th' rich havin' everything, an' ye sayin' 'Yes, sir.' No, sir?"

"I didn't think about it," David grinned. "It might have made ye a Kai . . . sometimes when I think how all this gold goes t' two men, th' Prentices, it makes me mad meself."

"David said, 'Perhaps at this moment they may be sitting in the moonlight just as we're doing, Joe.'"

"If ye were a real Red, Dave, ye'd be makin' me a speech b'cause I'm discontented. I'm satisfied. At first we trusted ye little, but now— Will ye walk t' th' village with me, careful, an' see what's goin' on?"

"I've been told to stay in quarters." It was nevertheless pleasant to have the oldest of the guards—a man in Carstairs' confidence, David had learned—ask him to accompany him. "I'd like to go, Joe. But—"

"All my life I've been takin' chances. Come along. Ye'll not be seen. We'll go 'way round."

His mine was involved in whatever the natives might be about, if it were anything, David said, "Let's go, Joe."

RYAN led the way, first in the shadow until they were out of sight of the mine buildings, next across patches of cultivated ground, where scraps of cloth tied to poles kept out hungry demons, and so to the outskirts of the settlement.

The village was deserted. No men sat combing their long hair in the thatched huts, no woman ironed her mate's clothes with a bowl filled with charcoal. Even the pigs, secured to pegs in the walls by cords through their ears, for once had given over their continuous squealing. Whatever noise was audible came from the beaten-down field where the makeshift temple stood, a larger and more imposing hole than the rest. Everyone was gathered here.

Ryan said, "This'll do, Dave," as they reached the wall of a hut not far from the outer ring of natives. He added, "Th' moment anybody leaves, we beat it in a hurry."

David was able to make out the scene by his. The flames had died down, but there was light enough for him to see the squatting figures, the altar, the gong hanging like a golden moon between crude uprights. Not only men were there, but the women, many with babies.

All seemed to be waiting, not noiselessly, but with an eagerness which forced them to call out from one to the other.

It was impossible to miss the whiteclad priest who came from the temple. He made a sudden gesture—breaking in two a cake of

pine nuts glued together with honey, although the white men saw only the abrupt swinging of his arms—and the natives lowered their heads.

Another priest had joined the first. Both began to chant in unison, addressing first the common gods and demons, and finally those divinities of abomination and evil the very thought of which set the older women trembling.

They stopped as suddenly as they had begun. Without preliminary banging on the gong, to attract the attention of the gods—unnecessary, since the sky was cloudless, and this was the Moon of Observation—one of the pair stepped up to the dying fire. He held in his hand a twisted taper made of straw impregnated with oil or fat, and, bending slowly, thrust the end into the dying embers. When he held it up, it burned with a smoky flame; when he blew on it sharply, the flame died, leaving only a fierce yellow glow.

The Koreans were leaning forward on their knees when the priest stepped into a makeshift tent. Standing in the rear of the black darkness of the interior, the priest held the glowing taper so that all could see. He held the light close to his face, and even the two white men, at their distance, were able to see his saturnine dark countenance. Then, while the natives stared fixedly at him, he swiftly covered the glowing taper with his left hand, and as quickly—with one sharp cry, as of pain—uncovered it.

The taper was gone. The priest held in his hand, for all to see, the strange glowing jewel—the golden diamond. It gleamed like stardust.

It was so very still now that David was able to hear the excited throbbing of his own heart. The priest with the glowing gem stepped out of the tent, and vanished into the temple. The natives set up a wild believing about, and began to scramble to their feet and press forward.

"With me own eyes I seen it!" Ryan muttered. "You saw it, didn't you, Dave? It was like—it was like nothin' in this world."

"I saw it," David assured him. "Who—"

"We c'n talk later. We've been here too long now . . ."

Ryan first, David behind, they edged cautiously along the side of the hut. They were a quarter way through the village when both heard the cock-pheasant call ripple across the settlement. Loud. Clear. Close.

AS if the cry of the bird had been a signal of warning, natives began to run towards the village. It would have been easy for David to outdistance the shorter, older man as they ran side by side, automatically taking the roundabout path they had used when coming to the village. Clad only in shorts, Ryan was hardly visible; David's light-colored pyjamas must have given him away, for hoarse shouts set the pack in full cry after him, with the shrill concerted venom of the women urging the men ahead.

It was one thing to walk on the smooth warm ground barefoot; running was a different matter. One thing only kept Ryan and David from being either caught or surrounded: Korean-fashion, the natives stopped again and again and again to hurl stones at the fleeing men.

"I never—run—from a—native—b'fore," Ryan panted. "Gettin'—old. You—better—"

"Shut up and run," David snapped at him.

Rocks smashed down all about them. It was too far for knives to be properly hurled, but the infuriated miners forgot about distance. Not until the two white men were at the end of the cultivated fields, where mud from the river rucked at their feet when they missed the path, and circling the thick-covered rise between settlement and the dark Teh-kang Chong building, did a wiser head order continuous pursuit, instead of trying to kill the white men before capturing them.

Seeing how the rabble were gaining, Ryan choked out his own command: "You—go—get boys. I'll go—strongroom. They'll—know me—when I—yell."

This was sensible, and David knew it. He doubted if his breathless companion would be able to reach the mine quarters. The strongroom was much nearer.

It was not necessary for Joe Ryan to call out: the guards on the hilltop were awake. One of them shouted, and then they sent a blinding light swooping down across the bare flat bottom of the valley.

The beam missed Ryan entirely, and then steadied on David's racing body. Dust was kicked up ahead of David as one of the guards fired instinctively to halt him; then the men must have seen the pursuers, for the light was swung northward and the natives were checked as both guards began to fire methodically in front of them.

David tore along towards the quarters, where an interior light had already been snapped on.

Teh-kang Chong was awake. Rifles in hand, the guards not on duty at the strongroom were already running towards the spot where the searchlight showed the slowly retreating natives; Carstairs, in pyjamas also, was demanding of David: "What happened, Riddon? Did you hear them coming, and go out to see what was the matter?"

Should he tell the truth? This involved not only himself, but Ryan also. There was the certainty that Carstairs and the mine people would put their own interpretation on the visit to the settlement. More, David had been ordered to remain in the quarters. It was important to him, because it seemed important to Mary Ann, that he keep his job at Teh-kang Chong.

In his moment of hesitation, he saw more of the people coming. Hunter was already there; King and two fellow engineers were running up, all three armed. Bauerlein was behind them, in a long dressing gown that flapped about his bare ankles.

"Well?" Carstairs asked impatiently.

David began cautiously. "You see, sir," he explained, "I'd been unable to get to sleep—"

He stopped, and even as he faced Carstairs, he smiled. Even in moonlight, he had no difficulty in determining which of the two advancing figures was Mary Ann's. Her kimono was black, shot through with strands of silver silk that glittered as she walked swiftly along. Martha Ellis was beside her, a pale girl with circled eyes of violet intensity, tired and unhappy.

King said to the mine manager, "Does Riddon know who led the natives? That's the fellow we want."

"It is that we must find out," Bauerlein agreed, stepping beside the two nurses. "When I was in the settlement on business, all seemed quiet."

David had his lie ready now.

"I couldn't sleep," he said again. "You'd told me to stay in quarters, sir, but I'm afraid I didn't. The men were sleeping; I

couldn't. So I got up, and started to walk about a bit. Smoking. I must've walked farther than I thought—

"As far as the village?" Bauerlein demanded.

"Ignoring the question, David continued—and when I heard a good deal of noise, I started back. The natives must have seen me, and—"

"Sure they saw you," Ryan's voice broke in, from where the stocky guard had returned to the others. "Dye think they were blind? You in them pyjamas couldn't be missed."

A higher voice than Mary Ann's said sharply. "But you were going to the village. You were! If you hadn't come, Howard wouldn't have been—been—shot. I don't believe what you're saying. Mr. Carstairs, he's a liar. He is. I know he is. Look at his face—"

"If he's a liar, so am I," Joe Ryan said soothingly. "Mr. Carstairs, to me, orders is orders. I followed Dave—"

"To the village?"

"An' what would he be doin' at the village?"

Bauerlein said, "That is the question, Ryan."

Martha Ellis was not to be restrained. She had known both love and death at the same moment, and both had remained to her, the one as unending as the other. Her face was terrible to see in the moonlight; hatred was in it now, and despair, and fearful longing.

"Since you have come here," she said, step-towards David, "everything has gone wrong. What are you? A penniless beggar. You look Mary Ann's money at the hospital. You lied when you were brought in—drunk. You wanted to get up to Teh-kang Chong." She laughed wildly. "The Fujimuras were so suspicious of you that they sent Soma along to see what you were up to." She turned on Carstairs. "It's your fault, too," she told him bitterly. "Can't you see what he is? Can't you see? He's a thief, a murderer, a plotter, a Red. He'll drive the natives into taking the mine, and—"

Mary Ann said, "Sssh, darling. You—"

"Don't talk to me," Martha Ellis cried. "You believe him because he can make love nicely—"

The slighter nurse said softly, "Please, Martha. Don't."

"Don't?" said Martha Ellis. "Don't what? Don't be such a fool as not to know when I love someone. I'm not a fool, Mary Ann! Yes . . . I am. I am!"

Mary Ann had her arm around the other. She said, "Let's go back—"

"Back where? Why? I haven't anywhere to go! Only a life of sick people and old complaining women and . . . and . . . bells . . . temperatures . . . Ugh!"

David's happiness penetrated the pain he felt for the unhappy girl, so close to complete breakdown in such a place as Teh-kang Chong, where diamonds glowed, where gold came from the ground, where strange things would and did happen.

Carstairs was saying, "We are dreadfully sorry, Miss Ellis. You can be positive that we are as anxious as you to discover who killed Nance, and—"

"I don't care who killed him," Martha Ellis sobbed. "He's gone. That's all that matters. Gone." Then she belied her words by saying, "This—Ridson did it. Oh, not with his own hands. No. He's too cunning for that." Scorn whipped her voice higher. "Cunning! Look how he got around Mary Ann! The rest of you couldn't even walk with her; but when he just looks at her she forgets that he's a horrible, murdering Red, always lying—lying."

"No," said Mary Ann.

Warmth at the money-labile word, seemingly in his defence, thrilled David.

The taller nurse blazed. "You let him deceive you, although you know what has happened from the moment he came to Syung-hing. You've known me for years, but you believe him—believe in him—"

"No," Mary Ann said quietly. Her eyes lifted to David's, and their steady gaze drained the warmth from his own. "Not now." It was as if she had said to David, "The truth is not in you. If you did give me Teh-kang Chong as a gift, you'd be giving me something you stole from these men who have befriended you. I know you now for what you are. Perhaps I did love you. Perhaps I do. But I despise you."

Carstairs asked directly, "Ridson, from the time you left quarters, did you speak to any native at all?"

"I did not."

Joe Ryan said, "An' I can swear t' that, sir."

"Did you go to the village?"

"Dye think I'd have let him go there, sir?" Ryan demanded incredulously.

Matsumoto had been thoughtfully scratching the lobe of his ear. He said, "With so much talk about Akai—with this shooting to-night—perhaps you will reconsider your decision, Mr. Carstairs? No? Then perhaps it would be better if I take this man back to Syung-hing, where he cannot cause you trouble."

Carstairs was no fool. He knew how little affection the Japanese must bear "Ridson," who had so neatly broken up the subtle plan of the Young Patriots. "I'll take care of my own employees," he said. To David, "If Ryan were not so absolutely certain that you were merely sleepless and blundered into the Koreans, I'd— However, from now on you are to be kept in strict confinement—"

"For him in my room," Hunter recommended. "The shutters lock from both sides. I'll move out my stuff."

Carstairs nodded. "You will stay in Mr. Hunter's room, Ridson."

"But—" David almost laughed at the situation. Then he saw that Mary Ann was staring at him, as a person does when trying to stare up an image. Teh-kang Chong loomed its importance; so did what David had seen at the settlement; so did everything else. He said, as much to the girl as to Carstairs, "Don't lock me up. Let me help. If you know—"

"It's the best place for him, sir," Joe Ryan broke in harshly. "He's slippery as an eel. An' he's learned some Korean by now. Best let me take him his meals, sir, instead of one of th' houseboys."

David said, "Look here, Joe—"

"I'll look nowhere, I'm tired of lookin'." Pointedly, Ryan added, "An' I seen enough fr' one night."

Despite the obvious unfriendliness of the words, David knew Ryan's shrewdness. Carstairs was telling Hunter to have his room cleared out at once; several of the other men went to assist the engineer. Mary Ann was leaving also—walking away. David didn't dare tail after her. After all, even if he did, what could he say? He couldn't cry "Sweetheart! You said you'd wait forever. You said you loved me. Don't go! Please don't go!"

He saw Bauerlein detach himself from the group and stride after the two women. If the assayer touched Mary Ann, David knew he could never stand as he was. But the bearded man was content to walk along with them, until the black kimono was invisible in shadow.

Gone . . .

THERE was little sleep for David that

night. Hunter's room, with both shutters closed and locked from the outside, was hot. Even David's first cigarette, the first of many, his own and Hunter's, had been a mistake. He picked up an old newspaper, and threw it on the floor without reading.

He did not blame Mary Ann; all reason was on her side. He loved her, which was far worse. The venom of Martha Ellis' hatred and agony would never cease dripping over her—nor could David find it possible to blame the other nurse. He could not even blame himself; save that he so often said the truthful thing, which sounded like the worst of all lies.

Here was too much for a tired man to figure out. David muttered, "I wish I were on the Iris now. On deck, where it'd be cool. Lord, but it's hot in here! Old David talked about the heat in Sumatra—I wish he were in this room. He sent me here to learn about gold. All I know is that it's bringing me nothing but grief. It's getting hotter. I wonder what the natives are doing. I wonder how the glowing diamond got into the village. If Bauerlein hadn't been back here about when I came, I'd have sworn he took it there."

"It ought to be Bauerlein. He was in the settlement to-night . . . I wish I were on a beach where the fog was coming in. It's getting hotter every minute. If I could tell Mary Ann who I am—what would she say? She'd laugh! Laugh! I wish I could get one of those infernal windows open . . ."

A night cannot last forever. Ryan finally brought morning coffee and tinned Japanese mandarin orange.

"I says t' Carstairs," Ryan opened apologetically. "I says, 'Maybe I'll go with David an' let him take a shower,' but from what he answers he don't care if you have one or not, because—"

"What's I done now?"

"It ain't you. Last night somebody got into C store-room. Cartridges an' extra rifles. This mornin' I hears that th' office reports a shortage in blazin' materials. Either one'd be enough to make Carstairs jump up an' down—"

"I hope he breaks his neck," David said. "He—"

"He's just scared, son. We all are. I don't like thins intell, an' I don't scare easy. We're gettin' shed of th' Young Patriots this mornin', but you 'n' I, we know th' natives are ready fr' trouble. Which is why you're here."

"Is it? Thanks."

"Don't get sore, Dave. I know: I could've said t' Carstairs last night, 'Boss, somethin's goin' on in th' settlement. I seen th' golden diamond. So did Dave.' Then what'd happen? First off, everybody knows about it. Second, th' Old Man raises th' devil with th' natives, gets nowhere fast, an' we have a outbreak on our hands with a lot of tough Syung-hing boys in th' settlement. So I got foxy. When I hears you are goin' t' be locked up in Hunter's room, I decides just what we're goin' t' do. Drink some coffee, Dave, an' I'll tell you . . ."

Ryan spoke earnestly; when he had finished David said, "And after I've managed to cut through the pins of the door between this room and Bauerlein's, then I go in and search it?"

"No. If he's got th' golden diamond, he won't leave it in his room."

"Well, what do I do? If I do it, I've done about enough around here!"

Ryan soothed him. "Sure ye have. An' a good job, too. Tis Carstairs himself will thank ye before long. If old Bauerlein

has th' diamond, he'll keep it on himself, see? Well, tonight, about four or four-thirty—he keeps easy hours—he'll be comin' fr his shower. You're listening. You hear him drop his shoes. You hear him go out an' lock his door on th' outside. Then you go in an' look over his clothes. If th' diamond's there—we got it."

"We?"

"You."

David laughed shortly. "That's a marvellous notion, Joe. Then Bauerlein comes back, misses the diamond, and where am I?"

"Right here, with th' door locked."

"He'll examine the top and bottom bolts." "Maybe. Maybe not. Even if he does, what'll he say? That he had th' accursed thing th' natives worship? He don't dare. Maybe 'Is not a perfect plan. Dave, but have ye a better?"

"I haven't any plan," David told him.

Ryan went on slyly. "Once ye've just about saved Teh-kang Chong. Will ye have a try at doing it again?"

In no other way could the guard have urged David into agreement.

Even as he nodded, he asked, "Joe, tell me; when you were around this morning—what time are the Japanese going to leave?"

"Soon."

"Is—are the nurses going with them?"

"Yeah. Now, David, when we get th' diamond, we'll—"

"Did you see Miss James this morning?"

"Th' little one?"

David said, "You know which one I mean."

"It's sorry I am fr th' other nurse, too."

Ryan told him volubly. "Lookin' poor Howie Nance, an' him dead. It—"

"You saw her, and you spoke to her," David accused. "You would do just that, Joe. Trying to be decent to me. You can't fool me any more. When you're getting out of telling the truth, you just keep ahead talking. Come clean. What did she say?"

The stocky guard stared at the locked door between Hunter's and Bauerlein's rooms, the key to which, like that of all connecting doors at Teh-kang Chong, was in Carstairs' safe.

"I thought maybe I'd get in a word about what we was up to last night," he admitted slowly, "but—"

"Somebody came along?" David asked hopefully.

"Sure!" Brightly. "That's just what happened."

David knew better. "Just what did she say, Joe?"

Ryan's eyes never wavered from the blank, painted door. He began, "Listen, boy: when this's all over, an' we're paid off in good money, let's us take ourselves down to Shinonomeki, where th' ships touch after leavin' Korea—"

"Was it as bad as all that?"

Ryan tried his best. "It ain't so bad there," he said, purposely misunderstanding what the intent younger man asked.

"No. Not bad—"

As if Ryan had not spoken, David said, "What did she say to you?"

"Ye must know?" Ryan picked up the tray. He looked squarely at David, then, quietly, he said, "I think ye can guess."

FOR a long time David did his guessing. At last, in sheer desperate search for something to do, he began to work on the bolts which held the door in place. These were similar to those customarily used in the States, except that the head was solid,

and the lower end of the pin, instead of being another round knob, was also a bolt-head, welded into place after the door was hung. He worked feverishly at first, until the grating of Ryan's file warned him.

Long before one of the houseboys brought lunch, with Carstairs silently unlocking the outer door for the native, David had both top and bottom bolts filed through. He wasn't hungry, although he ate mechanically. Carstairs' bleak face forbade questions, and the manager's countenance darkened when the Korean bowed each time David glanced at him.

Carstairs said at last, "You've managed to fool them, haven't you, Ridsen? Proud of that?"

"I fooled them so much last night that they tried to kill me," David retorted.

"Rubbish. All a performance to make us think you aren't mixed up in whatever is being planned," Carstairs said, almost too eagerly. "Give up this diamond, and I'll agree to let you go to Syng-hing."

"I haven't got it, sir."

"You know where it is!"

David wondered if he did. He said, "What makes you so sure? Didn't you search all of us in your office that night? None of us had it—"

"The nurse wasn't searched."

"Of course! So she had it?"

Carstairs voiced his thoughts. "So she took it when you handed it to her, because she—"

"That's enough," David suggested. "I don't mind this being locked up; I don't blame you for doing it, but don't be ridiculous. Or—"

"Or when you renegades have the natives seize the mine for you, you'll torture me the way it was done last year nearer Yalu?" Carstairs added almost helplessly. "We ought to use your own system on you, Ridsen. Find a way to make you tell us where you've concealed the diamond."

"You wouldn't try, sir. You're a white man."

For a moment the two must have been close in thought. White men. Then the head of Teh-kang Chong sighed, watched the houseboy leave the room after a final bob of the head to David, and closing the door, left David alone again.

Four o'clock came on slow, dragging feet. David tried to imagine just where Mary Ann would be. On the zigzag path up to White Tiger Pass? Had she already reached the gash between the great round rock at the top? Did she turn and look back at the valley? Just once?

He heard Bauerlein enter the adjoining room; heard the assayer moving about, singing blithely. Now and again the unseen man would stop singing and whistle, a melodious tune David did not know. Once or twice David thought the never-ending snatch of exhaled breath through Bauerlein's white teeth was familiar: a series of short low notes, followed by several rising ones. Like—why, like the call of the cock pheasant!

That the assayer could have issued the pheasant cry was impossible; the man had been at the mine when the calls were heard. Even if he knew the sound of it, so did everyone else at Teh-kang Chong. But the noise was sufficient to set David more on edge, and to make him listen closely.

He heard Bauerlein move about; heard at last two sounds close together: the shutting of what might have been two doors from the noise, followed by the loud closing of the door into the hall. Then he

knew: Bauerlein must have locked the two shutters before going for his shower.

To pull the door towards him, lifting it on the edge of the panel, was not so easy as David had supposed it would be. His fingers strained. The door came towards him, held only by the lock, which he was careful not to allow to slip out of place. Then he was in the neighboring room—about to become a thief, if he could find what he wanted.

There was no time to waste, and David wasted none. Ryan had said to look at the clothes, and David went for them where they had been dropped on the bed. He examined pocket after pocket, hands a bit unsteady at the squeamish task. A coin purse, with gold yen pieces in it. Lesser money loose in the same pocket. A wallet with papers, but without the bulge the strange gem would make. A cigarette partially filled. Matches, a pen, notebook, pencil stubs . . . but not the diamond the Koreans worshipped as a sign from heaven.

Ryan had been mistaken. The jewel was not in Bauerlein's clothing.

There was no way of knowing how long the assayer would remain out of his room. David intended going over the whole place, inch by inch; but this could be thoroughly done only when he had sufficient time—when Bauerlein went to dinner. Then David could come back and continue his search.

He had left the door open. His hand was on it as he was about to pass through into Hunter's room again when, without warning, it shook violently. A bottle on Bauerlein's desk clacked its bottom as it moved, once. In David's ears, all in the same brief space of time, was a sudden dull thudding rumble . . .

Earthquake? David's heart almost stopped. He could think of only one thing—the gash at the top of White Tiger. To grasp the binoculars, step to the window and unfasten a shutter, raise and adjust the glasses, took no time at all . . . Was it a cloud he saw at the top of the peak? A cloud, rising slowly, blacker and more compact than a cloud should be?

Smoke! Had White Tiger started to spit fire, to erupt like the caldrons on either side? Then David saw, outlined against the rock and the smoke, what might have been ants, scurrying this way and that. Black ants . . . two white ones . . . on the path. The Japanese. Mary Ann James and Martha Ellis.

His lips went dry; his throat constricted; he could think only of one thing—to get out of Bauerlein's room and about out what he had witnessed, although the meaning of what was taking place on the top of White Tiger was something he did not clearly understand.

David was about to pull himself through the window when Bauerlein, behind him, spoke softly.

"Don't move," the assayer said.

Instinct, and not indecision, made David turn his head. Whatever he might have been about to say was never said, for the bearded man, in silk dressing-gown, box of soap in hand, had come forward so swiftly that his hand went to David's neck, jerking him back into the room.

If Bauerlein had acted rapidly and unexpectedly, so did David. Although off balance, he swung up with his right fist in a desperate short blow, harder than he had ever struck in his life. Bauerlein's head snapped back with a cracking of neck muscles; his eyes were wide and glazed

as he fell backward, head striking against a bedpost. Blood began to flow.

David, only one thing in mind, turned again to the window. Men were outside now, glasses were levelled at White Tiger; and pausing, David heard verification of what he himself had seen.

Someone with powerful binoculars was shouting, "They've caught 'em! The Koreans've got both girls!"

Carstairs was already in command. His orders were sharp and instant. "I want six men to go up the trail. The rest of you go to the strongroom."

Six? That wasn't enough. David wanted every man to start for White Tiger.

He had forgotten entirely about Bauerlein. There was blood on the assaist's head and face, although the bearded man was growling a little already. Blood on the floor. David thought, "They'll never let me go now!"

He stared down at Bauerlein as if he could wish the assaist back on his feet, un hurt.

Then David saw what had happened to the box of soap. The celluloid container, when Bauerlein had fallen, had been dropped from the assaist's hand, and had come apart on impact with the floor. The soap within lay in two pieces also, like the top and bottom of the box. It was divided as evenly as if it had been cut with a knife, and in the middle of each piece was a hollow.

And, between Bauerlein's feet, David saw something that glowed and gleamed, even in the light of the room—something that threw back the yellow of the electric light dazingly.

The golden diamond.

Someone was calling, "Hey, Bauerlein!" David stooped and picked up the great jewel. With it in his possession, he was trapped. Without it, he was powerless. Bauerlein had shut the door behind him; the key was in the lock.

David was out of the room and in the long deserted corridor—even the houseboys had rushed outside to jabber and point at the peak where the smoke was disappearing—without the waste of a precious second. There was only one way to go: westward, towards the forested slopes of the hills.

He ran at full speed as far as the river, without, so far as he knew, being seen by anyone. Certainly no shot halted him; certainly only a bullet could have. The golden diamond was in his hand. Not until he came to the river did he thrust it into his pocket, as if it were a thing of no value, this gem he had been trying so hard to obtain.

Only one thing had importance now. Mary Ann.

The current was swift, the water icy. When David reached the far side, he took what had once been a narrow road, which had been in use many years ago, when the machinery had first been brought into Teh-kang Chong. He knew the jungle had reclaimed the way to the Yellow Sea—the jungle, the savages, and the spring torrents during the rainy season. The road had long since become impassable, had literally vanished, as he discovered when he found himself trying to tear his way through vines and leg-thick trees.

At first he had had the wild idea that, after widely circling Teh-kang Chong, he would be able to make for White Tiger Pass. Now he recognised the futility of such action. The ravine was darkening already; before he could get very far east, it would be black. Even were he able to

stay on the trail without lanterns, sooner or later he would come face to face with whoever had gone after the captured women.

He was done with Teh-kang Chong. After having knocked Bauerlein down, he would be able to tell no story which could ever reinstate him. The truth—that Bauerlein had been in possession of the golden diamond—would never be believed by anyone.

WHILE the grandson of Old David plunged blindly through the undergrowth, Carstairs prepared for trouble. He had sent six men up the zig-zag trail leading to White Tiger Pass, on what he was positive was a useless and possibly dangerous errand. The others he arrayed at the strongroom on the rise, ready for an attack in case the natives made one at this logical time when the mine force was divided.

He had not hesitated to send men, who might never return, after the two women. This had to be done. But he had not the slightest intention of surrendering the bars of Prentice gold.

He hoped fervently that the Young Patriots were alive, even if held as hostages—first, because he wanted no more of death; second, because of the probable governmental complications. It would be said that the Teh-kang Chong management had directed the blowing up of the pass and the killing of the Nipponese plotters in retaliation for their intention of taking possession of the mine. Not even Old David's skill and influence at Tokyo would get them out of this predicament if the authorities were convinced of this. It was serious, and Carstairs knew it.

He was in more ways than one a real man, this grizzled manager of Teh-kang Chong. The catchwords of the year were only words to him: inflation, deflation, bimetalism, currency, revaluation, parity in exchange. His job was to produce gold and turn it over to Old David.

Gold . . . it kept other men at work, did gold. It was lent to keep factory stacks smoking. It built hospitals and libraries.

It kept Old David on the Iris, also, although Carstairs was not an envious man and did not think of this.

On the Iris, at anchor at Hongkong, where the elder Prentice at this moment was watching Paula going ashore . . . nice chap, this Britisher who was escorting her. A fellow as cool and controlled as the girl. Both thoroughbreds. Old David wondered how his own youngster was making out at Teh-kang Chong. The writing of a letter would not have hurt David. No. The boy could have had Carstairs send it out without anyone else knowing about it. Been the decent thing for him to do. Only the two of them left . . . Old David, David.

"That's the way with youngsters," Prentice supposed. "He's undoubtedly having a splendid time. Everybody'll like him. Everyone does."

That David was the most cordially hated man in Teh-kang Chong would have been nearer the point. His disappearance had been discovered. Bauerlein's story, smacking of truth, had been that when he returned from his shower Riadon had been concealed in the room and, without warning, had struck him down from behind. To the mine folk, David's guilt was clearly proved.

He it was who must have allowed the natives to get possession of the explosives which had blown the gash at White Tiger into an impenetrable barrier. He was the

Red. To this idea Soma Fujimura heartily subscribed; the guard was Akai, and Carstairs had been foolish not to have knocked the white man over the head before all the trouble started.

Only Ryan was not entirely convinced. He believed the younger guard had been surprised in Bauerlein's room, and had acted in the only manner possible. But to have mentioned this, or the reason why David had been searching the assaist's room, would have put Joe himself in a difficult position.

DAVID, up in the hills, unarmed, without food, fought his way through the thick growth. He tried not to think about Mary Ann—and thought of nothing else. He forgot she had left him in anger and disgust, and remembered only the touch of her hand on his cheek, the lift of her head, the shine in her eyes.

Teh-kang Chong was no longer to be seen. Trees and intergrown shrubs were on all sides, with the tough tendrils of wild honeysuckle and thorny tiny-blossomed pink roses holding and scratching at him. At last he stopped, back against a tree. He had escaped from the mine . . . but what earthly good would it do him? How could he do the only thing he wanted—find Mary Ann—when he himself was to be a hunted man? His position was desperate, and he knew it. No gun. No food. Water only at the river. Unfriendly natives . . .

DAVID began to march slowly northward, vines holding him back, thorns scratching at him evilly, waist-high white nettles stabbing at his hands, leaving hot places which stung and burned. He tried to think of nothing but advancing, but his head was filled with many thoughts.

All the things that had happened Mary Ann, so dear and adorable, gone, captured.

"I've got to find her," David muttered. "Got to!"

He strode into a small clearing on the northward side of the upper river. Here he would have a chance to pick a place where he might descend, on the far side of the waterfall, which would take him to the rear of the settlement.

David believed that the pass at White Tiger had been destroyed to prevent anyone from leaving Teh-kang Chong with gold, and also to stop the sending of a message to Sung-hing which would result in official reinforcement. Mary Ann and Martha Ellis had been with the Japanese; they had been seized for no better reason. What the inflamed Koreans might do to the Nipponese was problematical. David had been long enough in the land to know what capture meant for women.

The clearing was little different from the other rare open spaces in the moonlit forest. If David had been more observant he might have seen that the light was a trifle brighter. Rocks and boulders were scattered about, with grasses waving between. Flowers, iris ghostly with aconite, were banded against large rhododendrons, whose pale trusses of bloom were like silver.

The way downward, to the east, seemed fairly easy. Before David had taken a second step in that direction he heard the cry of the cock pheasant, short and very loud, directly behind him. As he whirled about, light from a glimmering lantern was on his face—a lantern which had been taken down from the shielding trunk of a tree. A man held the lantern in one hand, so that the light was not only on David but also on the barrel of a gun.

Other men appeared as if out of the ground, surrounding David before he could assemble his astonished wife. A man even more bearded than Bauerlein strode up to him, standing a pace distant.

"A LITTLE evening stroll?" David was asked.

White men. Some in khaki similar to the mine issue. Others in motley attire: torn shirts, a Japanese constabulary jacket, a blue serge coat frogged across the front . . .

David said, trying desperately to keep his voice level, "I wanted to see what was on this side of the river—"

"An engineer at the mine?"

"No. Guard."

"Of course, my friend, you are here under orders?"

David's head was working swiftly. It was not difficult to guess who these men must be. Reds from the Yalu.

Teh-kang Chong was indeed caught between fires: the aroused Koreans, who worshipped and would be led by the golden diamond—these grim, half-starved men waiting to get at the gold. And White Tiger Pass already blown back into impenetrable rock. And he, David Prentice, caring nothing about the mine's wealth, blundering into the hands of these men . . .

He had to get away. "I'll lose my job if the chief finds out I've been roaming around."

"Do not worry about that," the bearded man said lightly.

Shrugging, David said, "It's the only way a man can eat around here. If I'd known what a rotten job it was I'd never—"

The Red stared at him briefly. Then he demanded, after another man had asked a querulous question which David did not understand, "What time did you leave the mine?"

"Quite a while ago. I didn't notice the exact time."

"And what did you see on your excursion?"

"Nothing."

"You felt the explosion?"

David said, "That's where the engineers are starting a new working."

The leader of the Reds spoke at length to another man, who seemed to be a lieutenant. When he returned to David again it was to ask, "How is it that you are not at work?"

"My boss ordered me to be confined to quarters for—well—"

"Being drunk?"

As if shamefaced, David nodded. Then he burst out, "What's a man to do here, anyhow? A fellow gets sick and tired of working—"

The bearded man smiled. "Working to produce gold for those spiders in America. I understand, brother. Now you are to remain here, until a decision regarding you is reached."

"This was the last thing David wanted. 'I've got to get back,' he repeated."

"A little patience. We have been waiting a long time to go to the mine. I take it that you are not completely a fool. You can guess who we are?"

David used the Korean expression: "Red Bannermen?"

"And perhaps you can be useful, of your own will and for your own benefit, to us. But do not try to leave until we permit it!"

David unconsciously glanced about. All of the others seemed willing to allow their English-speaking leader to do the talking. If the clothing of the Bannermen from the Yalu was a mixture, so was their blood. Broad, Tartar faces, knife-scarred, wind-

burned. Cut-throat Cossacks, tattooed half-castes in faded purple or maroon shirts. One or two men like the leader, all or mostly white . . .

"My name is Boronoff," the bearded man said, "and these are my—brothers. You wonder why I do not make my decision regarding you at once? 'It is because'—the thing David feared—"I am not the one to decide. He will come later. In the meantime, come with us."

David followed the leader across the clearing, at the edge of it, between two great boulders covered with moss. David now saw the entrance to an abandoned Korean working. He went down the steep stone steps to the bottom. Here, long ago, some natives who had been employed at one of the other foreign mines had started to cut into the rock, and here the Red Bannermen had been hiding.

Boronoff took David's arm, directing him past the untanned furs on the floor, on which the other Reds began to lie. Twenty feet into the ground the crude tunnel made an L, and here, in a rock chamber hardly large enough for a man to stretch out, the leader stopped. He bent down, striking one of the Teh-kang Chong matches, and lit a native oil lamp.

Then, over a spirit lamp, he brewed tea. David gulped down the bitter mess. From what the Red said, someone at Teh-kang Chong was aware of the presence of the Reds, and was helping them. Who? It had to be Bauerlein.

David said softly, "Now that we are alone, I have a message to give you, Bauerlein—"

"What?"

"Bauerlein said that when White Tiger was blown up, the Japanese who were returning to the coast had two white women with them. I am to take both of them to a place he has told me."

Boronoff said, "So you are really one of us? I might have known Bauerlein would find help at Teh-kang Chong; he is a great one!" He stopped, frowned, and then muttered, "How do I know you were sent here by Bauerlein?"

David said the only thing possible. Since the assayer had no confederate in the mine, it was obvious that there was no password. "Before I left him, he showed me something. The golden diamond."

Nodding, satisfied, the bearded man sighed. "What a stone that is! I remember when he—let us call him Bauerlein—when he found the jewel. Before he obtained it, let me tell you that it was covered with blood! And there will be blood again! These mongrels of mine fear neither God nor devil, and with the Koreans following them, how simple it will be."

David asked, "How long before the men from White Tiger will arrive?"

Again he had guessed logically.

"Soon now. The Korean hunters know the way well. We did not go. There were miners who understand explosives, who went because of the powder of the golden gem. With them were Korean brothers from the seaport, who hate the Japanese . . ."

David walked into the outer cavern, where men with tightened belts stared at him. At the top of the rock steps a man was on watch. David was nervous as a cat. There was a chance of getting the girls, even after he had blundered into the Reds' place of concealment—a chance depending entirely on his wit. And luck. Or was Boronoff playing with him?

The shadows lengthened . . . in the distance the cock pheasant called.

Boronoff rolled to David's side. "They come," he said. "No, we will not go out to meet them. Someone may have learned our signal. Wait." He nudged David. "Is there any hurry about taking the women to Bauerlein? I have a plan: we will take a little cup of tea first, when they are here; and then I will walk with you and them—"

"Bauerlein said—"

"We are all brothers, my friend!"

"In that case," David said softly, measuring the other with his eyes, "perhaps it is a good plan. We'll go together—"

"You, I, and the women!"

The Red began to comb his fingers through his beard, began to hum. He was still humming when he went with David to the larger rock chamber, and so pleased with himself that when the attacking party arrived, he placed his arm around David's shoulder.

The two nurses found them standing so. Boronoff bowed deeply from the waist. Then, eagerly, he picked up a lamp, and held it to their faces. Mary Ann's piquant loveliness gave him no pause. It was in Martha Ellis' pale and fearful face that he looked long. If he stared at her, Mary Ann kept her eyes on David. He had never seen such complete contempt; he was able to say nothing to her, although he knew exactly what she was thinking. To her, he must be all she had feared he was . . .

The man from the Yalu was explaining in English, "You will be detained here for only a moment, ladies. I assure you that it will not be long."

Matsumoto, hands tied behind him, snarled something unintelligible.

Boronoff reached out and slapped the Nipponese across the mouth.

"I will remember that," said the Japanese.

"Soon you will remember nothing," Boronoff told him.

The rock chamber was crowded with men; the armed pariahs, the men of Boronoff's pack, captured Japanese, Korean hunters in faded blue turbans who carried long, obsolete rifles. Boronoff snarled a word of command, and then said to Prentice: "We go. I do not like the way my charming brothers look at the women." He bowed to the girls. "Come with us," he said.

Martha Ellis followed as in a trance, but Mary Ann stood stock still.

"So this is what you are," she said.

David whispered, "Come. Please."

The girl said, "If I won't—"

A dark hand touched her arm; even as the shiver ran through it, she started up the steep stairs, David directly behind her. One of the men said a guttural word; another, busy tying two young patriots together, agreed . . .

Boronoff was waiting at the top; he had drawn Martha Ellis' lax hand through his arm.

"Let us go quickly, brother," he said to David. "It needs little for them to become beasts—"

A well-known voice said, close to them, "Where do you go, Boronoff?"

Bauerlein, stepping from behind a tree, stood there fingering his lip, and looking with amusement at the four.

The leader of the pack grinned all over his face. "To the place our brother here said you would be waiting, comrade. But now that you are here, perhaps we will not need our other comrade at all, eh? Why, you and I—"

Bauerlein was looking at David. He said, "I find you in the strangest places, Mr."

hidden! First in my room, and now—"

He got no further. David had been confounded by the appearance of the assaist at the exact instant when he felt there was a real chance to get away, by waiting until they were out of sight of the abandoned working in the clearing, and then knocking out Boronoff. Now that chance was gone. Every trace of the quietness and thought that had always marked David's actions was gone. He was all over Bauerlein at once, arms going like pistons in short, savage blows.

Boronoff shouted, at the same time reaching under his tattered tunic for his gun. Mary Ann grabbed at his arm, giving David opportunity to hammer a long left into the Red's face. Off balance, Boronoff tottered and, at Mary's swift push, fell squarely into the rock stairwell. He took the first of the onrushing pack clear to the bottom with him as he hurtled down.

David jerked Bauerlein to his feet. There was uncanny strength in David's arms as he lifted the assaist high and threw him after Boronoff. Mary Ann was pressing something into his hand. His fingers tightened about the butt of Boronoff's gun, and all in the same flashing action he fired twice into the pit.

Mary Ann was saying in his ear, "Martha can't run. It's been too much. You've got to carry her."

Then vines were again clutching at him, and he was tearing through the jungle again, out of the clearing, eastward. Shouts, wild and savage, harried them on. The initial intensity of the chase was saving; then the forest became silent, and to the beating of hearts was added only the heavy sound of the waterfall. Clear to the cliff above the black pool they went, Mary Ann, David, and the dazed Martha Ella.

David heard the indrawn breath of Mary Ann—cliff ahead, forest filled with searching men behind. He said quickly, "It'll be easy, darling. The pool's deep. You swim?"

"Yes. But—it's so far down. And Martha—"

"I'll go down right after her. And you. Get you both out. Still water down there. No other way. Ready?" He bent; old lips touched his. "I love you," David said. "Now—into the water!"

Unreal! Impossible. Things like this couldn't happen, not even in the far places in the Orient. He had his work cut out for him—now—put the blank-faced girl in—there she goes—

David stepped forward. There was a breath-taking, lung-filling rush downward, and he was in the pool. Deep down. Up. Air. One gulp. He struck out for the one figure he saw, and propelled Mary Ann ahead to the bank. There wasn't nearly so much current as he'd feared. Then, swimming high, he shot back across the pool, the ripples turning to silver behind him. Where was the other girl? A cold like ice in his veins crept up his legs.

With long powerful strokes he came over to where Mary Ann was standing. He demanded, "See her anywhere?"

"She—no—she—"

David circled the pool again. Once, twice he sank deep into the water, the second time needing all his strength to avoid being sucked against the base of the fall. He'd have another try, but first—

"Go down to the mine," he ordered Mary Ann. "Tell what's happened. They'll know what to do."

"You—"

"Going to dive again. Start!"

Mary Ann said, "It's what Martha wanted. To—not to live—"

"Tell Carstairs I'll be along pretty soon. Get going! You don't want to be cut off—"

"Listen!"

David heard, north of them, above the waterfall, the sound of shouting voices. A lantern bobbed. Then the sound seemed to shift, until it was nearer Teh-kang Chong.

David said quietly, "I hope you're right. That she wanted peace." He sat down and began to pull off his shoes. "I wish you could've gone down to the mine. Now you'll come with me. It's going to be fun while it lasts."

She said, "I'll go with you—anywhere."

"Of course you will," David agreed.

He turned his right shoe upside down, and, with the water, something else fell out; something which gleamed and shone and glittered. David held it up between thumb and forefinger—the golden diamond.

THE renegade priests announced it; there was no more propitious time to seize the gold and food of Teh-kang Chong than this dead Hour of the Rat, just before the sunrise. The sky demons would be watching, ready to help. Why, no man of them all would be so much as injured, though every white devil would be killed. Then the same god of thunder who had lent his aid in blowing together the pass at White Tiger—so that no Japanese could leave, nor other brown men, soldiers, enter the long valley—would send another bolt to smash the strong-room.

The pariahs from Syung-hing kneeling about Kumatsu, their leader, licked their lips in anticipation. They were unafraid; they had discovered how simple it was to throw white men into the dust. Now that Kumatsu was free to boast, he had regaled the miners with the story of the attack, in the very temple yard, upon twenty or more large *seyo-jhi*. . . why, it was hardly more difficult than chewing a tough bit of dried fish.

Bauerlein, face bruised, stood beside the oldest of the priests, bowing with mock fervor each time the name of anything connected with heaven was mentioned. The Koreans, miners and hunters from the hills, squatted on the earth. Cossacks stood together, contemptuous of these natives; their leader was using as outcrops, just as he in turn—without showing it—was contemptuous of them.

Only Boronoff and a few of Bauerlein's men remained at the rock chamber, guarding the Young Patriots until Bauerlein decided just how he might best use them as hostages for his escape across the Yalu.

"The sun stone," chanted the priest. "We have seen it. We know who is the true messenger from heaven"—pointing at Bauerlein—"and how he has come to help us. The time has arrived. We are many. They are few. Leading us will be this man who bears the level of heaven—"

"Show it to us again," a Korean cried. "Let us see the light of the sky!"

Bauerlein bowed towards the east, where the first glimmer of the sun showed behind White Tiger, paling the dull blue to faint, flowing gold.

"There is not time to waste," scolded the priest. "When the jewel is in our own temple you can pray to it all day long. Now—"

It was a Cossack who touched Bauerlein's arm, inclining his head northward as he shifted his rifle, indicating the man who was threading his unmolested way through the intent Koreans. Bauerlein saw David, advancing with the clenched left hand. The assaist's teeth bared, and he whispered a word to the Cossack, who raised his weapon instantly.

David dared wait no longer. "Skikkari chiro," he shouted. "Look!"

He held up his hand as the horde turned. In it glowed the diamond, as bright as the rising sun above White Tiger. A Korean shouted; the Cossack's rifle steadied on David; a second Korean leaped to his feet at the sight of the enchanted jewel, and the look of exaltation remained on his face as he fell forward with the Cossack's bullet through his back.

Bauerlein was roaring orders. His men tried to obey them, but the natives had become unmanageable. They had only eyes for the golden diamond. They pressed a solid mass about David, and when a Korean tried to hurt his way into the throng, a hunter's knife hacked him down. A Cossack hammered the hunter to earth, and other Koreans, rushing up towards the diamond and David, fairly tore the raider apart in fanatical fury.

Kumatsu had kept his pariahs together. He whispered loudly, "Wait, brothers. One way or another, there will be plenty of everything for us."

In the centre of a circle of Koreans David stood perfectly still, holding up the golden diamond.

He, and it, were the only cool things about. Certainly Mary Ann, waiting at the outskirts of the village, was anything but collected. She had watched David's march, heard the shouts when he lifted his hand, and the shot. She had seen him surrounded, and then had been forced to wait without knowing what was happening.

Bauerlein was doing the wisest thing, calling his men together. Bareheaded, he towered above the tallest of them. He must have been considering the possibilities. The natives, as he saw, had flocked about David. To them, David was far closer to the legendary figure who would possess the stone of the sun. He was young and clever, and the teacher of Syung-hing, had said that the One was not an old man with a beard. He was smiling. He was not afraid.

David spoke for the first time since his demand for attention. He said, "I have the"—what was the word for jewel?—he didn't know—"I have the stone—"

The Koreans roared agreement.

"I promise you food—"

Another shout of approval.

"And more gold." He knew that word, in Korean, in Japanese.

The pariahs listened; this was interesting. The veins in Bauerlein's neck stood out, throbbing heavily, as he heard David say the things that would make it impossible for the assaist to get the upper hand.

He roared, "He can give you nothing, fool! He is nothing. A guard. Without money, without clothes, without anything. You think he is the One! Why, he even stole the golden diamond from me—"

A voice roared excitedly in English, "Did he, Bauerlein? Did he? So you had Howie Nance shot from the hills, did you?"

There must have been a scuffle in the thicket between the village and Teh-kang Chong, but Ryan managed to shoot nevertheless. His shot missed; but it brought instant response from Bauerlein's men, a wild, ragged volley.

Carstairs' thin voice was unmistakable: "If your men fire again, Bauerlein, you will all be cut down. Drop your guns."

The assayer muttered a command. His men began to move slowly away from the temple, circling where David and the Koreans stood, towards Mary Ann. Towards the north and the broad Yalu.

Someone thrilled in excited tones. "Come closer. I wait for you," and in Japanese, "If I had a gun I would shoot him now—"

"You see, Bauerlein?" Carstairs called again. "You can't get away."

The bearded Akai was caught, as he had planned to catch Teh-kang Chong and its people: caught, surrounded, every escape cut off. On one side were men from the mine. To the north, where freedom lay, were the three guards who had been sent to investigate the shots heard in the hills, when David had fired down the hole of the old working—who had made short work of Boronoff's men, and had released the Japanese. To the east was White Tiger, with the pass destroyed.

Westward, then, the Koreans and Oosacks and mongrels began to move, with Bauerlein, suddenly very old of face, going along as if partially dazed.

Carstairs may have been reluctant to give the order to fire; perhaps he was almost hoping that the assayer, who was white after all, might get away. At all events, no effort was made to stop the party.

Stumbling along with downcast head, Bauerlein suddenly stopped and turned. He saw David walking slowly towards the temple, with the Koreans fanwise about him. He jerked up a revolver and, at the moment of pressing trigger, his face became the purple of rhododendron buds and he toppled over. Rage and frustration, at the very moment of accomplishment, had stopped his turbulent machinery.

Without their leader the Reds broke and ran. Not far. Here and there Korean hunters, dazzled by the gleaming gun, believing that the Bearded One had fooled them, slipped away to acquire merit in the eyes of the gods.

DAVID had ordered the Koreans to wait for him; he hurried to where he had left Mary Ann. They kissed once, without speaking, and then returned to where Carstairs was about a slow business. With the guards and the armed mine people—and the Japanese—standing about, Carstairs saw to it that knives were dropped on the ground, that the stolen rifles were recovered.

He had a grim word for the pariah. "If you will eat, you will work," he said.

Kumatsu bowed deeply. "There is nothing I enjoy better," he lied. "But I came here only because no one will give money to a poor beggar in Syung-hing. Oh, master, when I was younger, everyone who came to the temple dropped a copper in my hand—"

David said, "Ask him which temple he is talking about."

The pariah's eyes widened, and he hastened to give proof. "The temple at Syung-hing, lord, I can tell you every bush in it! Hal-ya! I sleep under a—"

"A bush? Out of sight?"

Recollection flooded through David. He said—and the older man saw nothing at the order from his guard—"Have him stripped."

David's gold-yen note which had been Kumatsu's share was found stuck against

the pariah's skin with some sort of waxy paste, impervious to warmth.

"Will you let him work at Five, sir?" David asked. "I'd appreciate it—"

Carstairs, completely at sea, said doubtfully, now, "You have a good deal to explain, Risdon. How do we know that you and Bauerlein didn't have a falling out—beginning when you and he fought in his room—"

Mary Ann said, "Oh, he couldn't—he wasn't—he didn't—"

"This isn't the place to talk," Carstairs said with finality. "Nor are you the best judge, Miss James."

And so it began all over again, with David not much better off than before. He was placed in a different room, from which escape was impossible.

To all this he said very little, after explaining what had happened, and how. He left out nothing, telling of Ryan's suspicions—which Joe Ryan verified—which had resulted in his finding the golden diamond. David had not the slightest intention of revealing his masquerade, even if it would be believed, which he doubted. He had stuck it out this long; he could keep it up. Just as he, Old David's grandson, had kept the gold of the mine.

He did insist that Carstairs live up to the promise made to the natives. The miners were given additional food and pay. Carstairs told the Koreans that the man who possessed the golden jewel was very tired and needed rest, and although rumors came to the village that the One was confined, they did nothing but talk about it, having no leader.

Kumatsu and the pariahs were divided into the different gangs. David was pleased to learn, indirectly, that the beggar was under Joe Ryan, who did his best to see that the hottest place and the hardest work was the pariah's portion.

The last of the year's work advanced more slowly than usual. Carstairs had sent two guards, an engineer, and a crew of men up to White Tiger, and clearing the pass was desperately slow and difficult.

Not once did Mary Ann see David—not until the final day when Carstairs came into David's room and said, "We're starting this morning, Risdon. I frankly admit I haven't known what ought to be done with you. I've decided finally that we'll take you to Syung-hing, and see you on a boat. Er—I've wondered: how did you fall in with this crew?"

David knew that the older man meant the Reds; but he said gravely, "If I told you, sir, you wouldn't believe me. I'm to be shipped out of the country?"

"You are. By the first possible boat."

"I see. Well, that will get the golden diamond out of Korea, anyhow."

Carstairs said thoughtfully, "You have plenty of nerve, Risdon. Do you really believe I'll give you the diamond?"

Confinement had made David jumpy. He said, "I do and you will."

"You are hardly in position to make demands. I will be the first to say that you helped us—"

"Helped you?" David asked. "I did a lot more than that, and you know it. Why, the mine would have been overrun before you fellows were out of bed! And—"

Carstairs said coldly, "Aren't you exaggerating, Risdon? After all, the other guards are hardly what you would call cowards—"

Flushing, David shrugged his shoulders. "Have it your own way," he said. "But—quietly—I don't believe you are being entirely fair, Mr. Carstairs."

Carstairs had meant to be. He was goaded now into saying, "And one thing more,

Risdon. I dislike to interfere with other people's business, and I never do it when I can help. But Miss James is—young, romantic—and—"

David said slowly, "You're too old to hit, Mr. Carstairs. I suppose you mean well. But you can go to the devil."

"I'm responsible for Miss James. I don't propose for you to—"

"What sort of a pup do you think I am?"

"I know what you are, Risdon. A young and foolish adventurer, who landed here penniless and almost took the gold of Teh-kang Chong—"

Intentions went by the board as David said angrily, "Why, you complete idiot, every ounce of it'll be mine, because—"

"Not just yet," Carstairs told him. "I thought I could get the truth out of you. Not yet or ever."

"The truth? You wouldn't know it if you heard it."

Carstairs backed towards the door. He said, "If you had been planning to make use of the deluded natives again, to get them to attack us when we are crossing White Tiger, think twice, Risdon. You will be the first to be killed." He said, without turning, "All ready. De his hands behind him."

That was how Mary Ann James saw him. Hands secured behind his back. Howell a rifle across his arm, walking in the rear. The nurse was a full fifty feet away; she held up her hand, high, without calling to him. As if saying, "Even this doesn't make any difference. Nothing does. Keep your head up, darling."

The long line of men was ready. Each native had a canvas pack strapped to his back, in which gold, fitted compactly into the red-lacquered tin boxes. All the white men were armed, and had been given their orders regarding their places in the line. Single file. The Koreans had little opportunity to whisper together at the sight of the man who had shown them the golden diamond. The order to march was given.

And so the gold went out of Teh-kang Chong. Out of the valley and, with frequent rests, when the guards were more than ever alert, up the side of White Tiger. It was noon when the pass was reached; and the Koreans again squatted for food and water, to which, on this most special occasion, Carstairs had added red pepper, honey, and a scant drop of whisky. The Prentice gold had been held secure against every onslaught. The season's work was over.

Sitting with his back against the rock at the top of White Tiger Pass, David himself was far from being being downcast. Alone, unknown, he had done his share, and more, in the preservation of the Teh-kang Chong treasure. He had made the gold really his more so than if he had actually mined it.

Ryan sauntered up, and placed a cigarette between David's lips, lighting it with a defiant stare at Carstairs. The stocky guard said, "We'll be goin' down Shimonooski way pretty soon, Dave."

Unable to remove the cigarette without losing it, David asked what was most important to him. "Have they a cable at Shimonooski, Joe?"

"Sure. They got everything there."

The guard's continued friendship warmed David. It was something to have a man like you, despite everything. And more to have a girl love you, even when she thought she knew what you were. All of the coldward-bound ships touched at the Japanese port. David would cable back to Syung-hing.

Mary Ann had said, "Anywhere, with you." Well, he'd hold her to that. David began to grin.

CARSTAIRS' disapproval was written all over his face when Mary Ann threaded her way to where David sat; but she spoke through his, "I think, Miss James, that it would be wiser if you didn't speak with Raddon."

"Was it difficult coming up with tied hands?" she asked, standing in front of David.

"It was a new sensation," David admitted. "So Korea did have something to teach you?"

The high sun was on the Japan Sea. There was a faint haze over the dark spot where Syung-hing lay between hill and bay. The harbor was empty, although there was a smudge of smoke behind one of the horns of the land that protected the village from typhoons.

David said, certain she would understand. "Yes. And you?"

Her eyes were steady and grave. "Of course."

"What was it?"

"You don't need to be told."

"I'll always want to hear you say it," said David.

Carstairs was uneasy. "Miss James, when you are in Syung-hing, I want you to talk everything over with Dr. Anderson. Don't be hasty."

Mary Ann's lips smiled, but her eyes remained serious. David thought her lovely so. As if Carstairs were not there at all, she said, "I've three months in the hospital. That's all. Then . . ."

She could school her voice, but not her hand, which touched his shoulder.

Carstairs stood up. Like David, he had been resting against the rock. He walked a little along the trail, and stood talking to Hunter.

Mary Ann had to move her hand away before she spoke. "You thought of me? At Teh-kang Chong?"

"I couldn't think about anything else."

Mary Ann dropped to the rocky trail. "I don't want you to," she said.

"Three months . . . That's too long."

"No. Yes. If—"

She stared to the east; the smudge had grown darker, nearer.

"If what?" David asked, heart beginning to thump.

Mary Ann James said: "Dr. Anderson is a medical missionary. He could—"

David was about to say: "And they have tied my hands," when his eyes widened. He saw what was in Syung-hing harbor, and this thought, from which there was no escape, held him rigid as a dead Viking, crouched so on his tomb of stones. No coastwise steamer had been making the smoke in the hazy sky above the Japan Sea, nor the vessel which was to take out the Teh-kang Chong gold, David would have known the Iris anywhere.

The Iris . . . Old David . . . Paula.

Mary Ann was saying, "Must I ask you to marry me, David?"

"No."

"Then—won't you . . ."

"No."

Softly, "Because you're like a prisoner? You aren't to me. You could be. I—"

"Don't say it!"

"But—"

She saw where his bleak gaze was. For a long time, while the Koreans drained the last drop of sweetened water, she looked out to sea, and then she said: "Is that the ship that brought you to Syung-hing?"

"Yes. And—"

Her lips were on his ear. "I don't care,"

she whispered, "who you are, what you are; a servant on the ship—somebody they laugh at. We'll never see them again. Why, I love you. Don't you know what that means?"

David said hoarsely, fire breaking the glaze of his eyes, "Yes, I know."

Since she had been unable to penetrate his despair, she touched his bound hands. "As soon as we're in Syung-hing, I'll get Dr. Anderson—"

Get out the truth, David! The Korean idyll is over. You love her. You know it. You can't love anyone else. She's a part of you. But here's the Iris. Here's Paula. Here's everything you've forgotten.

"I can't marry you, sweetheart," said David miserably.

The Koreans were adjusting their packs. Here and there a guard clicked open his rifle and saw that a shell was ready. Carstairs was giving the word for the advance, and Howell stepped out of order to be behind the bound man.

What she was thinking David guessed only too well. She was pale as death now. As David stood, she stood also, so that they were side by side.

Then she said: "I love you." Her eyes looked into his, gravely, honestly. "I love you."

"No," David said harshly, lips taut.

She put her hand to her breast, as if she could control it. Hands tied, David was unable to touch her, a touch which would have changed his decision.

Howell said: "Get going, Raddon."

For the first half-mile he had the sleek Iris in plain sight. Then, as the path went into trees, he had only his misery for company.

He saw how Mary Ann walked, with high head and blind eyes, and the sight of her was hardly to be borne. The Iris would sail out of Syung-hing . . . and that would be that.

Once, in his bitterness, he wished the yacht had never come to Korea, that he had never landed at Syung-hing, that he had never been slugged and taken to the mission hospital. Day by day, week by week, month by month he had been putting off his final reckoning, when he would become Old David's grandson again, with Paula waiting. He supposed the Orient was responsible for part of that.

His lips formed, "I'll work like the devil. That's what Mary Ann will do. I've been a fool. She loves me—a mine guard, an adventurer. I'll never know love like that again. Paula likes me. She wasn't even sure, even when we went down to Old David's cabin. But . . ."

Nor could he. He had made a mess of his love, and of Mary Ann's; but between them there had been no such promise as he had made to Paula.

The long line of gold-laden Koreans trudged steadily down the side of White Tiger . . .

Once only, during the descent, did the party stop. That was when Japanese constabulary met them. Their lieutenant demanded of Carstairs if the bound white man was responsible for the blasting of the pass; to which the manager of Teh-kang Chong responded that it was all a long story, but that the young white man had violated a minor regulation of the mine which had nothing to do with provincial laws.

At the first narrow street of the seaport Mary Ann James stepped out of the line of Koreans and white men, and waited

while they passed her. When David came in sight she was watching him.

"Good-bye," she said.

That was all. Good-bye. The end. She was gone, and David had let her go.

Through the streets the party marched. Each season the gold was kept at the house of Fujimura until the arrival of the steamer. Old Kato Fujimura made much of the coming of the gold. The event added to his sense of importance; it gave him a position beyond that of a mere shopkeeper. It made him feel as if he were the lord of an ancient province. And this year gold was something! Nations buggled over it, men hid it, since it had become so valuable that it was influencing the commerce of the world. Gold!

He stood before his house, did Kato Fujimura, in his best black silk kimono, with his most fortunate netsuke slipped through a crimson cord at his wrist—a tiny figurine of Uzume, the dread female of heaven who grants long life. He stood there importantly, for his guests this day made him a something in the village. The gaping natives already knew that the tall, elderly white man who spoke with Fujimura was the powerful foreign person who owned Teh-kang Chong and ships and much gold . . .

OLD DAVID said to the well-built younger white man beside him, "Quite a sight, isn't it? Gold coming out of the back country."

Paula Rogers asked, "Shouldn't David be coming soon?"

"The post of danger's always in the rear," Old David told her. "He'll be along in a few minutes."

Old David was never less sure of his experiment than at this moment. David would be coming down from the hills, hunger in his heart. Just what was he going to find? Paula just as he had left her? Old David watched each canvas pack being placed on the ground, while one of the Teh-kang Chong office men tallied it on his sheet.

Just the same? Old David wasn't so sure. This chap from Hongkong was obviously in love with her . . . a decent chap just as Paula was decent, and David. All out of the same world. What did Paula think about him? This the old man didn't know. You never were able to find out what youngster thought . . .

Then, head lifting, he stared. His face became something to watch as emotions chased across it. It could have been read by anyone who was watching.

Old David shuffled up to the front of the house. He had instantly marked how David's hands were bound behind him, how the younger man's head was low; not until David raised his eyes did he read the stark misery in them.

Then Old David let out a roar.

"What's the meaning of this?" he shouted.

David said, "I'm glad to see you, sir. It's a long—"

Every eye was on Old David. He was beside himself. Carstairs hurried up to him, believing he was enraged because someone had attempted to take his gold. The manager said competently, "No damage has been done, Mr. Prentice. You see, we—"

"Cut those ropes off his hands," Old David thundered. His voice cracked as he added, "What've they done to you, David?"

Carstairs said, "Good heavens!" and did as Old David commanded.

David walked the remaining steps to where his grandfather and the others were standing. He made his effort; he grinned.

"Hello, everybody," he said.

Paula stepped up to him; her lips were colder than his as they kissed quickly. "You look . . . fit," she said.

"And you," David said. It was sweet to see her. Like meeting a sister. That way.

The tall man beside Paula evidently hadn't thought much about the kiss. Why not? What difference did it make to him?

Then Paula was introducing the two men. There was color in her cheeks, high color, and David observed that she was disturbed.

He asked, "What's the matter?"

"You must have had a time of it," Paula fenced. "I—" She stopped.

David's perceptions were vastly keener than when he had first stepped ashore at Syung-hing. He glanced at his grandfather, at the other man, at Paula. He had to know what was wrong. He said, "There's a medical missionary in the village—"

The girl's hand went to her throat. Her voice was level as she said, "Yes, David. I— I said I'd— A missionary. Of course."

David's heart began to pound. Old David saw his eyes lose their sadness; saw that they were gleaming. Then David threw both arms around her. He kissed her again, he hugged her.

He said over her shoulder to his grandfather, "I've got a lot to do just now, sir. A lot to do. When I've finished, I'm going to be pretty hungry. Will you have the boat on the beach for me? I'll be out for dinner. I may bring a guest. I—"

"What's wrong with you?" Old David demanded.

"With me? Nothing, sir. I feel like the king of Syung-hing. I feel great. I never felt better in my life. I'll see you at dinner, sir."

Carstairs was saying a word to Old David. The astounded old man said, "Well!" Then he began to laugh.

Soma Fujimura whispered to his father, "What will you do? He is a dangerous man."

Frowning, Kato Fujimura said, "This is no affair for children. I am very disappointed in you. You have no sense at all. If you had discovered that the young one was the grandson of the old lord, there is no telling what it would be worth to my house. There will be punishment for you, because you are a fool."

To Old David, Paula said, "He knew—I didn't tell him—that I . . ."

Old David asked, "What would have gone through with it?"

"Yes."

Old David glanced at Paula's companion. He asked her softly, "Are you sure this time?"

"Yes! Oh, yes."

"Good," said Old David. He added, watching her keenly, "I wonder what she looks like."

Like Old David, Paula began to laugh, happily. No sign of jealousy. No remorse. "So that's why he ran away," she said. "I'm glad. I'm glad, really. David's so dear—"

"Of course he is," old David told her, as if she had argued the point. "And," he thought, "he's worth a million of that fellow you have."

HIS opinion of David mounted when Carstairs told him the story of Teh-kang Chong. His pride in his grandson rose and rose, until he could hardly contain it. David had done these things—alone, hampered on every hand! When he might have been

either dead or proved a coward. No need to worry about David now.

David himself was sitting in the bare reception room of the Syung-hing mission hospital. First one of the nurses, next the matron, and last Dr. Anderson had explained to him that Miss James was exhausted and had gone to bed.

David said he realised she must be tired, but that it was necessary for him to speak with her. He was sorry, but it couldn't be helped. The doctor was able to discern what the nurses had failed to observe; that the man was elated, and trying to conceal the fact.

It was Anderson who finally said to Mary Ann: "You might as well go down and see him. He won't leave the hospital until you do. If you wish, I'll stay there with you."

She shook her head. "I'll go alone," she said. Why had he come? She had already said good-bye . . . good-bye to what was finished and ended.

"Mary Ann," David said. He put his arms around her. "Oh, Mary Ann! It's all right. Everything's all right. I love you. I—"

"Why did you come?"

"Because—"

Her eyes were tearless. "To say good-bye? Good-bye."

Dr. Anderson was in the room, looking strangely at David. He said, "One of the men from the ship sir. He said that the boat is ready—"

The coils of David's world were wrapping about him already. He said, "Thanks, doctor." Then, without taking his arms from the girl, he said, "Doctor I've developed a good memory. Do you recall what Miss James said about ships—about the Iris? That she would like to sail on a boat? Remember?"

It would be so much easier to tell her on the Iris.

Mary Ann said, "So you can go on the ship again?" Her scorn broke through her misery. She said, "And now you're happy?"

She had to speak so. She wanted to keep him, keep him . . .

He was in the clouds. "We dress for dinner on the Iris," he told her. "You will stay, of course. Why—ah—Mr. Prentice himself will invite you." Dr. Anderson coughed, and David frowned at him. "It'll do you good. Sea air. Nothing better. And the food isn't bad—"

Mary Ann said softly, unsteadily, "If—"

"Don't be long," David ordered.

THE men at the tender were grinning. Rumor had already told them that Young David had been having a time of it in the Orient.

Jorgensen said, "We saw you, you back, sir. Did you have a good time, Mr. Prentice?"

"Your clothes gave me good luck, Jorgensen."

Mary Ann began to tremble.

"We all knew you'd land right side up, sir."

David sat beside the girl. He said to Jorgensen, "I was down more than up, but that's all over . . ."

Mary Ann said, whitely, "So that's who you are."

"I love you," David whispered.

"You fooled me . . ."

"I tried to tell you the truth, I love you."

"You . . ."

David had her hand. "I love you," he said.

She looked down at his hand. Then, in words so soft that only David could hear

them, and even he not clearly, she said, "That's why you wouldn't—couldn't—daren't—"

"No," David said. "That's why I can!" Pride made her ask, "Must you hurt me again? Bringing me here to—"

"I'll never hurt you," David said fiercely, "and I'll never let you go. You said it made no difference who I was or where I lived or what I did, and I'm going to hold you to it. I—"

Then they were against the side of the Iris. On her deck.

Old David said, "Well, it's about time, David." He bowed to the girl. "My dear," he said, "you will find him a handful. You must always wear blue." Then, "Paula, come and see the girl who stole your David."

Paula said, "He wasn't mine." And then told Mary Ann the one thing she needed to know. "We only thought so."

"Oh," Mary Ann glanced once at David. Shyly. Breath-takingly.

Old David said, "Go powder your nose, my dear. While David changes. She's to have the cabin next to mine."

Her guide was Paula, a smiling Paula.

When they were out of sight, David said, "It's good to be back, sir."

"Umm. Why didn't you get in touch with me? I'm glad you didn't. Tell me how you found that gem again. Carstairs showed it to me. My own grandmother was named Mary Ann. We'll give it to her, eh? Engagement ring. A very good idea. I—yes, it's fine, having you here again, David. She's a brave little thing. I don't believe you've made a mistake, boy. Go dress."

Dinner. Talk. About the things Old David must know. Carstairs doing most of the speaking. Mary Ann confused when David glanced at her across the table. What happened at the temple, at Teh-kang Chong, at White Tiger. The golden diamond lay on the white cloth, taking fire from the lights, gleaming, glinting, like a molten drop of the sun.

They all talked on deck, after, while Old David finished his cigar. Mary Ann was drawn into the conversation naturally, as if she had always taken part in it, as if she belonged. Paula sat beside her, in another long chair, her hand on the other girl's arm . . .

Old David said, "I'm tired. I am indeed. I like excitement, but I've had enough for one day. Good night. I suppose there's no sense in telling you children that you need rest, too. I'm going to read. Stoop at my room when you turn in, David. I won't be asleep. I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir," David said.

The moon was hung like a pained lantern over the water. There was silence, and steady stars. The temple bell rang, and the bell of the Iris was struck; then this died away also.

Mary Ann said, "I—I'm—afraid."

"Of me?"

They were standing. Her hands went out.

"No," Mary Ann whispered. "I love you so."

Down in his cabin, Old David marked the time. He looked at his book, placed it on the table beside him, and snapped out the light. He began to smile. In sleep he was still smiling.

(The End)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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